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Sixteen Books. 2 vols. in 1, 8vo, calf, RARE. 15s

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1772



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HERMAS,

OR THE

Acarian Shepherds:

A

POEM.

In SIXTEEN BOOKS.

The AUTHOR, JOHN SPENCER.

—— Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us in things of more concern
Unpractic'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

PARAD. LOST, Book viii. l. 191.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade.

YOUNG's Paraphrase on Job.

VOL. I.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

Printed by T. SAINT.

MDCCLXXII.



280. j 129.

DEDICATION.

FROM a full conviction, that *Virtue* and *Honour* appear most illustrious, when they are at once *imitated* and *patronized* by the *Great*; and from a pleasing remembrance of the many repeated professions, made by the worthy JOHN SPENCER, of his attachment to, and veneration for the Noble Family; this POEM is, with all due deference, dedicated to the Right Honourable CHARLES EARL OF TANKERVILLE, by

His Lordship's

NEWCASTLE,
July 24, 1771.

Most humble Servant,

WILLIAM HILTON.

SECRET

[illegible]

Advertisement.

BOUND, by a most solemn promise to Mr SPENCER, in his life-time, to endeavour to have his Works published; and again enjoined by his LAST WILL to the performance of it; I make no other apology to the public for presenting them with the following PASTORAL. If I may be charged with any kind of vanity in doing it, it is that of *exulting* in the thought of having my name handed down to posterity, with so respectable a one as the AUTHOR, and under such noble patronage. The sacred, and inviolable friendship, which subsisted between us, for a series of more than twenty years, hath created a sort of secret desire, that, as in life we were so intimately united, we may not in death be altogether divided! With regard to the literary merit of the work, I have no comment to make thereon: It is not my province, nor have I leisure or abilities for a task of the kind. The Author in his preface has spoke for himself. Sufficient for me to believe, that I have discovered in the performance eminent traces of the principles of undefiled religion; of pure, disinterested morality, and a perfect benevolence towards men; and, upon the whole, a fund of rational amusement. My thanks are due to the courteous subscribers, by whose timely assistance I have been the better enabled to get forward; and I flatter myself, none of them (who read the Poem seriously) will have any cause to apprehend that their generosity hath been misapplied.

The EDITOR.

The A U T H O R ' s
P R E F A C E.

I Cannot but think that a Book put into the hands of a reader without any introduction, is like conducting a curious person to the entrance of some new edifice, that he has never seen or heard of before; where, by the style of the building, at its first appearance, he may perhaps expect novelties within; but having had no information of what they may possibly be, in their form or matter, or for what intent they have been constructed, whether good or bad, he probably may become indifferent about Proceeding any further,

On this consideration, I determined to say something to the candid reader, by way of apology, and to give him a little information of what he may expect in the following sheets; in hopes such acquaintance first made, might prove a means of prevailing with him to give the whole a reading, that perhaps may procure me some share of his indulgence, before he becomes my judge.

I must, however, beg leave to premise, that should I be censured for offering my thoughts to the public, I have this to plead in my defence, that I can, with all sincerity, say (what has been often repeated by authors) that when the following poem was first attempted, I had no
intention

intention of consigning it to the press, nor had I previously drawn up any plan or design for that purpose. No more was intended by me than putting together a few private reflections, for my own serious amusement, whenever any occasional hint offered, which I thought truly interesting for my own safety and happiness, or that seemed of the most likely consequence to secure both.

As it is most certainly no way blameable to employ the imagination on those important subjects, that merit our deepest attention, from the setting forth I proceeded until I had met with PHILÆMON and LINUS. With them I found myself amused, and at last was led on to ACARIA, HERMAS, and the ACARIAN SHEPHERDS.

How I happened with these two social friends, PHILÆMON and LINUS, by whom I found the description of those visionary fields, I cannot readily explain. However, when I had got so much of LINUS's remote adventure, curiosity prompted me to gratify my own inclination, by committing the whole to writing, and connecting the subject into a more regular plan.

HERE then let me beg the reader's favour for thus offering my thoughts in a form somewhat new, and unusual; and I hope he will not be disgusted at the manner I have ushered my shepherds into the world, when I assure him it is not any vain affectation for novelty, or to distinguish myself by singularity, tho' I may have
ventured

WHAT I have attempted in the following pages, is chiefly to unmask many of those glaring delusions, which so often impose themselves upon unthinking minds, and blind the understanding; that due reflection on the morals and maxims of life might be brought near, even to the heart; and become the object of our sincere regard; by endeavouring to give the reader something of what he may have occasionally felt passing in his own breast. Something, that being read as an amusement, might at last familiarize, and awaken the noble faculties of the mind, which raise it to its highest perfection of thought, and call off the imagination from low and grovelling pursuits, to the more delightful views that lead to eternity.

I am not conscious to myself that any thing I have advanced in HERMAS can give offence, except I have any where erred by mistake; and, when I would *illustrate, offend* truth, by proceeding on a wrong principle. If that be proved, my own ignorance has misled me, and on this consideration I hope for pardon, as an error in judgment is a human weakness all mortals are more or less liable to; therefore, if not wilful, may well plead the candid indulgence.

HERMAS comes forth as the patriarch of shepherds, to expose VICE, that spread and flourished in the DELIAN'S country, bordering on ACARIA; that it might be there seen and known in all its various delusions, and abhorred with the odium and detestation it deserves; to explain its vile fascinations, which so captivate

to them. O for a sentence that might pierce them to the soul, and convince them of their danger ere it arrive. Ere death snatch them hence to that abyss of darkness, where (if truth is against them) they must be swallowed up for ever!

SURELY then, whoever can be affected by the character, has no reason to complain for being drawn in its likeness. If he or they think it a dishonour, why do they not utterly abandon it? Who but might appeal to themselves which should be blamed, whether HERMAS for his *sincerity*, or those who would condemn it? He speaks as a true friend, not to provoke, but persuade; by offering a just estimate of the value and use of whatever is most coveted and fought after by the world; how men are led away by false appearances, sounds, and names, where the grossest folly that perverts the noblest blessings of heaven to the basest purposes, is pursued as the highest wisdom. Nor should he be charged with what he never meant, the declaiming against human learning, arts, and sciences, which is wholly contradictory to what he advances. He allows, and approves of their genuine worth, and advantage to mankind in general, as well as the blessing of riches, when applied to their proper end. It is the *abuse* of those noble gifts he condemns, as by *that* they may be made instruments fit to spread the most fatal mischiefs and disorders amongst men. The superior power and influence of their possessors might possibly make them a snare of destruction

IF I may be yet further indulged with leave to proceed on the subject and characters, that fill the following pages, I would endeavour first some apology for the *choice* I have made of the characters, as well as for the *manner* in which they are introduced.

THE language of the shepherds is attempted in a style, familiar, plain, and simple; not in the lowest rustic dialect, but rather what may be supposed an humble imitation of those in the earliest ages of the world; when sages and philosophers were companions of shepherds; and, whilst in the fields, watching their flocks, observed and studied the mysterious sources of nature and art; to whom perhaps we owe what afterwards established all those learned systems of the schools. The enquiries, and reflections, of these modern swains, are only such as in the common views of life often variously affect the human mind, and at different times will intrude themselves, even on those who guard against their attacks, or endeavour to smother them in embryo. However we may seek to avoid them, they meet us on every occasion that may offer, and in all circumstances. They are no strangers to the thought, nor foreign to eye and ear, tho' they do not always prevail either to be seen, or heard with due attention, until, with death they become our last companions. HERMAS brings no new doctrines, but refers to daily experience for proof of what he advances. There are no mysteries to cloud, no impossibilities to surmount, but all is plain and open, nor are there any bigots or furious zealots amongst these

face. Who but must envy the life of those primitive shepherds, who perhaps may be very justly stiled the fathers, or first inventors of art and science. The harmony of numbers I think, is generally allowed to be of such original. These, no doubt, they made the study and amusement of their leisure hours, as they watched their flocks, both by observation and experience, on all that passed in their view thro' the sylvan empires of nature. Asia may be supposed the first arcadia of shepherds, where those pastoral scenes were opened, as their origin was in the east. Some relate that they first made their entrance into Greece from Egypt. In their progress from Greece they undoubtedly reached the delightful plains of Italy. What way soever they came to Britain, they have not been coldly received there, but welcomed with pipe and song, almost equal to those they were celebrated with in the flowery fields of Greece, or perhaps in those fairer climes of their native east. Who, but must have beheld the countries, where these abounded, with admiration and delight. History, sacred and profane, testifies that poets, lawgivers, prophets, and kings, have been shepherds and herdsmen. Who then can question the dignity and elegance of their compositions. No doubt but their poetical subjects were all attempted to be drawn from those scenes of rural simplicity, that circled around them, with which they were most conversant; where all was pleasure, content, and freedom, in their native excellence, the happy offspring of harmony and nature.

MAY

posing it likely we could be always so employed like those shepherds, but that we might have melody in our hearts, always ready to celebrate the praises of our divine Creator, in strains superior to what they can offer. This is the intention that has prompted me to trouble the public with my imperfect sketch of pastoral, that it might rouse the genius, and abilities, of those sons of the muses, whose numbers only are equal to so sublime a subject.

As business has not afforded me time to gather any spoils from the exhaustless treasures of ancient and modern authors, (observation and experience having been my chief guides in this undertaking) my speculations perhaps may appear but vague and uncertain; the sentiments faint and languid; the diction and numbers low and puerile; the images, epithets, and metaphors, foreign, injudicious, and incorrect; for if we look into nature and *read* men, only to form our characters and descriptions by what we see in both, it may be beginning with the very subjects that learning, art, and genius, have been employed in explaining since the primitive ages, when they first began to be known, and have ever since been labouring to polish, illustrate, and adorn; and perhaps have attempted them in every light the compass of thought can conceive, or the force of expression embellish. What has been described in the venerable records of antiquity may perhaps have been the means of more modern writers, by application and learning, to elucidate and improve in their
own

own works; and thus the same subjects may possibly have since passed many improvements by others. This I confess is a forlorn hope for the success of my performance. One instance: That sublime and celebrated Poem, NIGHT THOUGHTS, by the late reverend and learned Bard, DOCTOR YOUNG, came to my hands when HERMAS was far advanced towards its conclusion, and the MEDITATIONS, by the late reverend Mr HARVEY, soon afterwards. On seeing the first, I must confess, I lost the resolution of finishing my plan (as I then pursued one) but the last, by the reception and success with the public, renewed my efforts, as by these authors, I began to hope, I might happily find a guide to direct me to finish what I had in view; and, being then both living, I took the liberty to introduce their names on a very interesting subject. Having finished my plan, it often became my evening companion, and at last I was led to think it might sometime or other be made an offering to the Public. Whether it will be accepted, time will discover; I can only say, all that was in my power to accomplish the desirable end, I have faithfully performed.

BUT here starts an unsurmountable difficulty, how it may be possible for an Author so to express his Ideas, that the Reader may conceive them, with the same plainness and perspicuity, as if they were his own; so that their intent and meaning will appear the same, both to the Author and Reader? It is certainly impossible to make this sure, tho' it is the grand crite-

rion that must determine the merit, or demerit of the
 Writer; who otherwise may be misrepresented, or mis-
 understood. This surely is sometimes the case, corres-
 ponding with the conception and expression of our
 thoughts, and the different sensations we feel on the
 same occasional, or accidental subjects, whether grief,
 love, joy, surprize, horror, and the like; most of
 which are perhaps very differently known and felt in
 every breast, as the passions may be less or more af-
 fected. Thus the same views and motives, that ori-
 ginally existed in the mind, may have their various
 effects, and act in very uncertain degrees with ma-
 ny, tho' they are all from the same principle. Nor
 is it possible to illustrate, before knowing what the ob-
 jections will be. Who can solve a doubt, or remove
 a difficulty, until they are found? If I am any where
 accused of advancing an error; let it be corrected.
 Where any thing may be found wrong, far be it from
 me to desire it should be countenanced. My whole in-
 tent and endeavour is to follow, and investigate truth.
 Let all fall that will not stand that test! to do good,
 is the end I aspire after; to be approved for the at-
 tempt, is the utmost I can merit. To all those, who,
 by precept and example, shew themselves the patrons
 of true morals, integrity, and virtue, I apply for pro-
 tection, until the whole hath passed a candid exami-
 nation.

HERMAS,

HERMAS,

OR THE

ACARIAN SHEPHERDS.

BOOK I.

PHILÆMON, true of heart, of soul serene,
(Peace hail'd his door, and plenty smil'd within)
Long liv'd abstracted from the giddy crowd,
Freedom and virtue blest his fair abode;
The world's vain show he pass'd unheeded by,
His study, life; his views, eternity!
Some social hours devoted to his friends,
But more to where man's future All depends;
Each day, ere past, would still experience find,
To form his conduct, and improve his mind;
Studious to learn true wisdom's sacred lore,
And mark those heights *ſhe* bids the mortal soar,
That one supreme beatitude below,
Summit of *All*, our race of beings know,

Λ

That



That brings contentment to the human breast,
 And finds our boundless wishes where to rest;
 A blessing here, thro' pleasure, toil, or pain,
 All various ways pursue, but few attain.

Him, LINUS met, beneath the thick'ning shade,
 Where aged oaks a pleasing covert spread;
 There from the noontide-walk, ere-while retir'd,
 On nature's works they read---convers'd---admir'd!
 But LINUS now address'd his well-known friend
 With subject new, and wish'd him to attend:
 Then on the mossy turf's soft carpet near,
 This sat prepar'd to speak, and That to hear.

After short pause, as musing on the tale;
 Whilst his expecting friend observ'd him well,
 With some emotion LINUS thus began,
 PHILEMON! O PHILEMON, what is MAN!
 A being, casual as the insect race,
 Uncertain his duration, time, or place.
 Hear me with patience, hear me now relate
 What mighty things attend this changeful state;
 What opening histories led me to behold
 Man's wonderous sphere;---then thus his vision told.

When vernal sweets that deck the smiles of May,
 With brightning splendours gild the face of day,
 The still sequester'd groves bid discord cease,
 And lull our cares to harmony and peace;

Remote

Remote from bus'ness, folly, strife, and noise,
 Perplexing scene, that busy life employs ;
 Prompted by reason's intellectual power,
 The thoughtful bosom fought a silent hour ;
 A self-reflecting pause, that wakes the soul,
 And seeing part, expatiates on the whole ;
 From mortal things lifts up the devious eye,
 With looks devoted to those powers on high,
 Till life's false joys, with all their motley glare,
 Fair truth unveils, and shews us what they are.

Thus solitude, instructive school-divine,
 Prepar'd the heart, and furnish'd my design ;
 The busy passions all their tumult cease,
 And dove-wing'd contemplation fill'd the breast ;
 Then musing deep on nature's mighty plan,
 The state, the being, and the end of man ;
 For what decreed, what purpose, or what fate
 Th' All-forming Essence did him first create :
 Immers'd, in worlds of thought, on all we see,
 Space, motion, bodies ;---what the Deity
 That bounds their powers--how All of mortal breath
 Fall, in one blended mass, the prey of death ;
 Intent on fair creation's vast sublime,
 Causes, effects, and providence divine,
 Free-agency, mortality---the soul,
 How these all act, and what conducts the whole.

Amidst this endless maze the fancy stray'd,
In search of knowledge, as the wishes led.

Those strong affections that possess the mind,
What might can conquer, or what chains can bind,
Whilst our immortal part, reason's bright beam,
Lights into nature far as may be seen ;
But dark the views beyond this penfile ball,
How little's known of the ETERNAL-ALL !

NEWTON ! whose art its further height descry'd,
Found still an INFINITE ! so gaz'd and dy'd :
Impenetrable powers our lot confine,
Ages appear but particles of time ;
As morning funs, they rise and pass away,
Then close in silence, like the busy day.
Perpetual changes hurry on thro' all,
States, kingdoms, nations, empires, rise and fall ;
In different views the bustling race of man,
Runs to and fro, then sinks to earth again ;
Wealth, grandeur, fame and pow'r, as they precede,
Still seek the living, and forget the dead.
'Twixt this determin'd point and what's to come,
Expanding thoughts in heaven-born wishes roam ;
Interminable vision fills the breast ;
Astonish'd reason finds not where to rest.

Whither wou'd man God's secret hand pursue ?
That surely's not the work he's sent to do !

Alas !

Trembling, explor'd broad desolation's waste ;
Dark vale, that hides the *present* from the *past* ;
Where flux of ages, like the changing tide,
Run to their bounds, then as they rose subside.
Imagination, big with things to come,
Look'd back on blank oblivion's spreading gloom,
Painting to fancy, thro' fate's dreary way,
Fall'n death-born regions, blotted out from day ;
Where kingdoms, states, the monarch and the
throne,

Lay heap'd in earth, that once so glorious shone ;
Again the mind beholds their heroes reign,
Again loud triumph seems to spread their fame,
Their short successions how the thought enjoys,
And catches the descriptions as they rise,
What periods time allotted them to share,
How blaz'd their pomps, then made them what
they are :

Strange the phenomenon, what views engage,
What wonders oft were crowded in an age.

At these deep-shadow'd objects aw'd and pleas'd,
A reverential fear my bosom seiz'd,
Absent, more absent, things familiar grew,
As prospects lessen in the distant view;
Far from my breast their faint ideas fly,
And Future's dread Immense, in thought drew
nigh, All

‘ Whence blackning moulds with muddy juices feed
 ‘ The tainted herbage, and luxuriant weed ;
 ‘ On these the beast may browse, or swine unclean
 ‘ May taste for food of That which once was man ;
 ‘ The creatures, form’d for slaughter’s bloody store,
 ‘ Whose mangled flesh had feasted man before.

‘ How short a space compleats a cause so strange,
 ‘ How mortals perish, lost in such a change.
 ‘ To-day, as Gods, that o’er their works preside,
 ‘ To-morrow, filth, too loathsome to abide !

‘ Alas ! how scatter’d since our race began !
 ‘ Vales, mountains, rivers, seas, are full of man.
 ‘ How many, whelm’d beneath the briny wave,
 ‘ To whom the dreary deeps become a grave ;
 ‘ Went down, unseen to every mortal eye,
 ‘ And buried fathomless, forgotten lie !

‘ Whilst time runs on as one continual stream,
 ‘ On its huge shoals what broken wrecks are seen
 ‘ Of ancient cities ; kingdoms, long destroy’d,
 ‘ Structures of old, some mighty monarch’s pride ;
 ‘ Grand powers, that once astonish’d nations fear’d,
 ‘ Empires of fame, the Gods themselves rever’d ;
 ‘ What now their tatter’d remnants that remain,
 ‘ But monuments of folly, and of man ?

‘ Thus seasons, years, and ages steal away ;
 ‘ Alas ! they vanish as a yesterday :

‘ Thus

‘ Thus we our course thro’ life’s throng’d orbit
‘ range,

‘ In various revolutions move and change ;

‘ Our awful period reach’d, our destin’d fall ;

‘ We fet in death, the night that covers all.

‘ Yet how the present hour employs our care,

‘ Lost to ourselves, unconscious what we are.

‘ Deluded mortal, canst thou comprehend

‘ Thy first beginning, or approaching end?

‘ Life’s as a tale, ’tis vision all we know,

‘ Uncertain whence we come, or whither go ;

‘ A present being, whilst of life possess :

‘ Impenetrable darkness veils the rest.

‘ O Death, tremendous horror, fable doom,

‘ Black chaos, fill’d with everlasting gloom ;

‘ Where anarchy, and hideous ruin, spread

‘ Nocturnal fears, that hover o’er the dead ;

‘ There desolation lays creation waste,

‘ And pale destruction, trembling, looks aghast.

‘ Lone silence keeps the joyless wards below,

‘ Glum sullen guest of wretchedness and wo ;

‘ Sad as their parent Night thick vapours lowr ;

‘ Grim Shadow frowns o’er all the ruinous store,

Where nations lie, and grandeurs of the throne,

‘ Are, with their late possessors, sunk and gone.

B

‘ To

' To this vile state (O Death!) thy cold embrace,
 ' In fatal triumph drags all human race;
 ' Such are thy blasted regions, such Decay,
 ' To earth's dark bosom sweeps mankind away.
 ' Deathful and dole this prospect of the tomb;
 ' Alas! to think we've such a change to come!
 ' Ye long-departed millions! who shall tell,
 ' Whither ye vanish'd at your last farewell;
 ' Thro' the dark mazes of extended space,
 ' Thought roams in vain to find your hidden place;
 ' That wide Remote, invisible to man,
 ' Where now ye live in glory, or in pain;
 ' Was that discover'd to a mortal's eye,
 ' Struck with amaze, he'd tremble, gaze, and die.
 ' Ah what, vain world, what thy delusive joys?
 ' All thou canst boast the hand of fate destroys;
 ' See man! thou weak uncertain creature, see
 ' How little parts eternity and thee!
 ' Its vast Immense All hastening to explore,
 ' Fathomless ocean! where we find no shore;
 ' 'Tis but a breath that keeps us yet secure,
 ' Nor is that breath one future moment sure,
 ' Each hour perhaps some casual ills are near,
 ' Perils of death surround us every where;
 ' Oft latent woes, how sudden, intervene,
 ' Rush on the dark event, and close the scene;
 ' What

- ‘ What harbingers of fate await thy doom !
- ‘ What strange Escapes preserve thee from the tomb !
- ‘ O frightful desolation ! not to *be*,
- ‘ Stern King of Terrors ! to be seiz’d by Thee ;
- ‘ Blotted from life---Ah ! how the bosom dreads
- ‘ To meet corruption in thy doleful shades.
- ‘ O ! when frail nature feels its own decay,
- ‘ That life might steal insensibly away !
- ‘ Free from bewilder’d thoughts that ever range,
- ‘ In search of certain, yet uncertain change,
- ‘ Death certain once, but when, alas ! unknown,
- ‘ How great the future doubt !---what is to come.
- ‘ Does learning, wisdom, every science join,
- ‘ Thou man of fame, to make the secret thine ?
- ‘ Say, can thy towering genius comprehend
- ‘ God’s secret will, or how his works extend ;
- ‘ What form’d at first the vast mysterious plan,
- ‘ This fabric of the heavens, earth, and man ?
- ‘ Taught by mechanic rules what hast thou seen ?
- ‘ Some moving springs of nature’s vast machine ;
- ‘ Judgment, and fancy, with divided light,
- ‘ Confuse thy notions, and elude thy sight.
- ‘ How soon, alas ! thy prying schemes are crost,
- ‘ In infinite profound of wonders lost.
- ‘ *What are we ?* Is that knowledge not our own ?
- ‘ No, we are strangers to ourselves unknown :

- ‘ The race is man; the species, and the name
- ‘ We all discern; but who shall more explain?
- ‘ Who can define the secrets of his soul,
- ‘ Search out himself, or scrutinize the whole?
- ‘ Who, or what was, this now-aspiring man?
- ‘ Whence comes he? Whither goes? Tell me!--

“ Who can?

- ‘ Who sent him hither, thus ordain’d to live?
- ‘ Whence did he this existence first receive?
- ‘ How enter’d life, or whence the mighty cause
- ‘ That gave him being, and that being laws?
- ‘ Say, is his birth from time’s first dawn believ’d?
- ‘ Had he existence ere the womb conceiv’d?
- ‘ If so, what was he in that pristine state?
- ‘ In fate’s dark Archives does it bear a date?
- ‘ When his remains to native dust return,
- ‘ Say, what is then of this late man become?
- ‘ Can mortal eye his viewless flight explore?
- ‘ What is the change when he is man no more?
- ‘ Who can distinguish in polluted earth,
- ‘ Our human dust, who knows which part had
‘ breath?

- ‘ Monarchs and princes thro’ the paths of time,
- ‘ Consume alike, alike the havoc join;
- ‘ Pyramids, domes, the crown, and diadem,
- ‘ Crumbled to dust, who tells us which were them?

‘ Such

‘ *Nothing!*---absurd, sophistic, vain surmise,
 ‘ A Negative, Omnipotence denies :
 ‘ If all’s from *nothing*, what’s his power supreme?
 ‘ Whatever is, say, is it not from him?
 ‘ What! out of *nothing*, could there be a cause,
 ‘ To furnish all things, and direct them laws;
 ‘ Whilst he perform’d the work, himself ordain’d,
 ‘ Was *nothing* all in his creating hand?
 ‘ Is what thou seest not in Immensity
 ‘ *Nothing*, because invisible to thee?
 ‘ From empty *nothing*, was all Being born?
 ‘ Can empty *nothing* ever change to form?
 ‘ Strange! that from Nonentity should rise,
 ‘ All that has life, or earth, or air, or skies;
 ‘ That heaven’s glorious hosts of birth divine,
 ‘ From nothing once, should now immortal shine.
 ‘ If all creation thus from *nothing* sprung,
 ‘ Blank origin! to what does man belong?
 ‘ Vague Being, left in this remote abode;
 ‘ A helpless exile, stranger to his God.
 ‘ Great Power! if thus our race began to *be*,
 ‘ Can it be said, we live and move in Thee?
 ‘ Alas for human kind! of *nothing* born,
 ‘ Heaven knows them not, to *nothing* they return;
 ‘ As in beginning was, th’ Eternal Power
 ‘ Is now, and will remain for evermore:

‘ But

- ‘ But if of *nothing*, This did man create,
- ‘ Annihilation then’s his certain fate.
 - ‘ But can’t Almighty Power from *nothing* raise
- ‘ Stupendous works! who comprehends his ways?
- ‘ Say, can Almighty Being cease to *be*,
- ‘ Where *nothing* is, can there be Deity?
- ‘ Has *nothing* then a Being? surely no ;
- ‘ *Nothing* is void, and was for ever so ;
- ‘ Ideal phantom, vacuum forlorn,
- ‘ Unseen, unknown, where e’er there’s found, or
 - ‘ form ;
 - ‘ Nor dwells below, nor ever yet had place
- ‘ Within the wide extended realms of space ;
- ‘ Nor can be trac’d thro’ all the infinite
- ‘ Of heaven, or earth, where darkness is, or
 - ‘ light :
 - ‘ *Nothing*, the absent shadow of a name,
- ‘ Thro’ mortal, and immortal, proves the same :
- ‘ Nor is it in eternity, or time ;
- ‘ Nor where, or what, can thought of man define.
 - ‘ Heaven! lend thy aid, thro’ this perplexing
 - ‘ maze,
 - ‘ O learn me how to number out my days,
- ‘ To trace the wilds of this mysterious plan, .
- ‘ To know myself, and what’s ordain’d for man ;
 - ‘ Who

‘ Who shall resolve me?—What these doleful views
 ‘ So cloud my breast—what thoughts the soul
 ‘ confuse!

‘ From visionary horror set me free,
 ‘ Remove my doubts, or let me cease to be!
 ‘ The flying moments urge my tardy speed,
 ‘ Fate’s nearer warnings shew my doom decreed;
 ‘ Shew me, this present *self* must soon be laid
 ‘ Within the silent chambers of the dead.
 ‘ What sets the world to show but worthless toys,
 ‘ Vain folly’s play-things all, that time destroys.
 ‘ So shadows, fleeting o’er the gaudy plain,
 ‘ In empty waste disperse their vapoury train.
 ‘ If time and change with speed incessant haste,
 ‘ To lay the universe of nature waste;
 ‘ If heavenly worlds, with earth’s low pendant ball,
 ‘ And all creation must to ruins fall,
 ‘ Nor leave a star to shine, a moon, or sun,
 ‘ Their then determin’d system’s raz’d and gone;
 ‘ When this grand desolation shall draw near,
 ‘ When heavens and earth in one huge wreck
 ‘ appear;
 ‘ O say, when that vicissitude is o’er,
 ‘ Shall life return, and make us as before?
 ‘ This body rising to revisit light,
 ‘ Tho’ lost for ages, in the womb of night!

‘ Or

‘ Alas! his brutal passions form within,
‘ A paradise of folly, vice, and whim.
‘ Can what’s impure in spotless radiance shine,
‘ Or heavenly virtues charm the Libertine?
‘ Can any such, a higher bliss conceive,
‘ Than what their darling sensual objects give?
‘ These paint fantastic scenes, and gaysome views,
‘ Such as their vain deluded wishes chuse:
‘ These, as their Gods, they wantonly revere,
‘ False hopes have fix’d their heaven of heavens there.
‘ Hope forms ideal glories to the mind,
‘ Of brutal Pleasures, vast and unconfin’d;
‘ Thro’ vary’d prospects, whimsical and lewd,
‘ Looks round, and thinks ’tis all beatitude;
‘ Thoughts roam at large, new passions fill the breast,
‘ Wishes are boundless, folly knows not rest.
‘ The Miser would his paradise behold,
‘ In rocks of diamonds, and in mines of gold;
‘ The Prodigal, the Vain, the Debauchee,
‘ Folly’s their heaven, Vice their Deity;
‘ Each would immortalize the sin he loves,
‘ For this, imagination ever roves:
‘ What joys possess’d! what pleasures yet to come!
‘ Good men are fools! by virtue they’re undone!
‘ How swells the bubble with his own esteem,
‘ How wise, how happy, in his mighty scheme;
‘ Till

- ‘ No antique ruin, no inscription nigh,
‘ Nought left to guide the more observing eye;
‘ What monuments long guarded there by fame,
‘ Did falling man to after-times proclaim;
‘ Perhaps a waste, where once those structures stood,
‘ Or brambles thicken in the solitude;
‘ Owls from the shade, lament the wasted towers,
‘ And long lost seats within those Ivy bowers.
‘ Consuming fate, such revolution brings,
‘ The filthy rags may mix with dust of kings!
‘ Forgive ye mighty, yet not brought so low;
‘ Forgive! and tell me, are these things not so?
‘ Answer thou man, in all thy pomp and pride,
‘ When death shall lay thy gaudy plumes aside;
‘ When all, in which thy earthly glory shone,
‘ Is quite extinguish’d, and the blaze is done;
‘ Left stripp’d of honours, empty, and forlorn,
‘ Returning naked, naked as when born:
‘ Art thou not captive in the hands of death,
‘ With kings and beggars rotting into earth;
‘ One mangled ruin — all thou wast before;
‘ Chaos unseen, a being known no more!
‘ Dreadful reflection to the good and wise,
‘ If thus all knowledge of existence dies!
‘ What can these glum, these doleful thoughts
‘ relieve?
‘ What breast such darksome wonders can conceive?
‘ Existence

' Vain Man! thou dark, thou despicable thing;
 ' What anxious care does sense of being bring?
 ' Just long enough in life's short track to know,
 ' How thou must perish in its overthrow;
 ' If thus (O powers!) we, hapless mortals, fall,
 ' Who but might wish he ne'er had been at all!
 ' But hark! methinks I hear some Idiot cry,
 ' What! is the puny wretch afraid to die?
 ' Then laughs at misery, mocks its fatal sting,
 ' And mentions death as some unmeaning thing.

' But tell me (veriest triffler!) tell me why
 ' This scornful boast, know'st thou what 'tis to die?
 ' Hast thou experienc'd death's despotic power,
 ' Know'st thou the work of that important hour?
 ' When broken gasps prolong thy short'ning breath,
 ' Say then (thou scoffer) what thou think'st of death;
 ' Tell the tremendous views, thy thoughts explore,
 ' Just going where thou shalt be seen no more;
 ' As brooding darkness blots thee out from day,
 ' And vital powers forsake thy stiff'ning clay,
 ' Each useless limb as earth, benumb'd and cold,
 ' Thy ghastful look, how dismal to behold!

' Can thy past joys this last sad hour relieve,
 ' That scene of horror canst thou now conceive?
 ' 'Twixt thee and life what miseries intervene,
 ' What pains without, what agonies within;

Time!

' Unknown to man, the soundings or the coast,
 ' Where shall we steer, when in its darkness lost?
 ' O thou HIEROPHILUS! where roams my friend!
 ' Whom do thy sacred counsels now attend?
 ' What region my HIEROPHILUS conceals?
 ' O tell me where the heavenly wanderer dwells!
 ' My drooping heart thy sage advice implores,
 ' Thou dear companion of my happier hours;
 ' Ah! knew'st thou how my anxious soul's distress'd,
 ' Thou'dst footh my woes, and give the bosom rest.
 ' My glowing hopes how luckless absence cross,
 ' Just ripening into virtue, thou wast lost;
 ' Else I had gain'd true happiness by thee!
 ' Who from this deep remorse can set me free?
 ' Torn with its anguish, that I'm doom'd to bear,
 ' The fainting bosom meditates despair!
 ' Too much life's swelling pomps engag'd my time,
 ' Or I had learnt thy faith, thy rules divine:
 ' Fatal neglect! I now must bear to know
 ' By woes, the wretched feel, the wretched's woe.
 ' Man's proudest honours, how beneath himself,
 ' The meanest Virtue's greater than *his* wealth;
 ' Strange! that this sovereign Delegate on earth,
 ' Shou'd boast of things beneath his rank and birth;
 ' He, of more worth, than all the world, possess,
 ' Shou'd level his condition to the beast;
 ' Yet

But none appear'd! then with attentive mind,
 On what I'd heard, on what I first design'd;
 Resum'd my busy scheme, with doubts involv'd,
 By all these new enquiries unresolv'd;
 More lost in deep reflection's mazy field,
 I still pursu'd the things yet unreveal'd;
 Again I sought for paths to certain bliss,
 Man's fondest hope, his grand hypothesis.
 Unsatisfy'd, unfix'd, the fancy rang'd
 To catch the views, but still each object chang'd;
 Ideas cou'd no certain end explain,
 Causes immense elude the search of man.

Traces eternal (of a date unknown)
 Empire of God! coeval with his throne,
 Looks all the dreary waste of ages o'er,
 And sees when nature's self shall be no more;
 Retir'd, improves the blissful joys she feels;
 And with celestial meditation dwells.
 Far hence from groveling crowds these wonders lye,
 Far in the bosom of immensity!
 They're undiscern'd by grandeur, wealth and show,
 Or all these earth-born vanities below;
 Folly, and Vice, are not admitted near,
 They quit the sight whenever these appear:
 Glory and peace, and sympathy divine,
 Dwell in that great, that infinite---Sublime.

Deep in these solemn views the soul retir'd,
 Saw happiness, and as she saw, aspir'd!
 When to the mental eye, a landscape rose,
 Fair as Arcadian plains, methought were those;
 Smooth rising hills, thick oaks and cedars crown'd,
 Tall spreading pines the flow'ry vales surround;
 Here springs, and rills, enrich'd the rural dale,
 Meek shepherds there in breezy shades regale;
 O'er downs and hills the bleating flocks were led,
 In meads, and opening marsh, the cattle fed;
 Yet more remote, the vary'd prospects change:
 Here farms, with plenty stor'd, and there a grange,
To

To these where next adjacent countries lye,
 Pastures and pleasing Villas met the eye:
 The whole how sweet, delectable and fair,
 Healthy the soils, fresh odours fill'd the air.
 Where daizy'd banks had rais'd a verdant seat,
 The woodbine breath'd, and curling jessamines met;
 Fresh daffodil, the lily, palm, and rose,
 In florid groups their fragrant sweets disclose;
 The purpled violets, cowslips, crocus, thyme,
 O'er hill and lawn in gaudy beauties shine;
 The hyacinth, the pansie, and primrose, spread
 Their glossy spangles o'er the widening glade;
 Each rising bud breath'd out a rich perfume,
 Spring's prideful glories sparkled on the bloom;
 Sol's orient beams, as bright'ning o'er the field,
 With pearly gems the flow'ry herbage guild;
 Iris, thin-rob'd, in all light's purest dyes,
 With bright ethereal splendors arch'd the skies;
 Salubrious smells perfum'd the wafting gales,
 From blossom'd wilds, and aromatic vales.
 Each way I turn'd, at every different view,
 As prospects vary'd, the delight was new;
 So blest, so charmful did the whole appear,
 It seem'd a second Eden planted there;
 Nor flowerets nurs'd by partial seasons rose,
 But spring, with all its full-blown chaplet glows.

The

The Nymphs for garlands crompt the spangled green,
 Or walk'd soft chanting by the chrystal stream;
 In arborets near the watchful shepherds lay,
 To tend their flocks, or shun the noon-tide ray;
 Thence sloping mountains join'd their lofty chain,
 And stretch'd their shadows o'er the widening plain;
 Low shrubs beneath in thick grown verdurës stood,
 And deck'd the margin of a silent flood;
 Here from the sun-brown'd hills the flocks descend
 And seek the grott where leafy alchoves bend;
 Projecting craggs, beneath the woodland shade,
 Along the banks a deeper gloomness spread;
 The lowing herds that fly Sol's bright'ning beams,
 Bath'd in the flood, and sipp'd the gliding streams.

All round me smil'd joy, plenty, health, and peace,
 Each way I gaz'd the mind was lost in bliss.
 How poor to these (me thought) were Tempe's fields,
 Or all the fancied charms that Hermas yields;
 Happier delights dwell in those brighter climes,
 More heavenly fair their blest elisium shines,
 The lucid Æther blush'd with sunny glow,
 Soft as those rays that ting'd the wat'ry bow;
 Such spring ne'er felt in all the gleams of May,
 Or autum rip'ned by hesperian day;
 The Sylvan song, and converse mild and sweet,
 Wak'd every grove, and gladden'd each retreat;

Nor

Nor could I fancy but a hand divine,
 Had led me on to some celestial clime;
 The seat of rest, where blest Immortals rove,
 In tranquil pleasures thro' the plains above;
 If ever such in distant sojourn stray
 To worlds illum'd, with heaven's remoter ray;
 Or in some suburb near the throne of light,
 As from a villa view the star-hung height.

Now cross a furrow'd ascent's sloping side,
 Where russet glades each bordering field divide;
 I walk'd the smooth grown path, which led me on
 To further views in countries yet unknown;
 Where labouring teams, the faithful plowman's care,
 For future crops the mellow soils prepare;
 Th' industrious farmer sees content and peace
 Smile o'er his glebe, and bless'd with new increase,
 In grateful lays, as either till'd his land,
 Praises were sung, praise to the giver's hand;
 One thankful hymn, one heart delighting strain,
 Join'd chorus round, and cheer'd the fielden plain;
 Whilst teeming clods which sprouting plenty yeild,
 With future stores and growing harvests fill'd,
 Strew'd o'er the fertile lands the bladed grain,
 Far as the borders of the wide Champain,
 To where the spreading down's fair smooth-brow'd
 height,
 Adds hills to hills that intercept the sight;

Thence

Thence from the airy summit I survey'd
 The vales beyond, with rural hamlets spread;
 Where rills, and myrtal groves, enrich the scene,
 And grazing herds o'er-spread the village green.

High on a mountain's side, where hazles grew,
 And blossom'd hawthorn, in its virgin hue,
 Shepherds retir'd beneath a cool retreat,
 To spend the day, in social friendship met;
 Sweet brier, and woodbine, nature's flowery care,
 They often crop'd, and snuff'd the spicey air;
 The feather'd choir, midst waving copses near,
 Tun'd their loud carols to the rising year;
 Whilst sun-deck'd hills, wide opening to the sight,
 Spread o'er the chrystal brooks an amber light;
 Where rustling reeds, and sedges faintly green,
 With chequer'd shadows ting'd the dimpled stream;
 Deep in the rushy dale, or marsh near by,
 The sounding bittern rais'd her lonely cry;
 Some then remark'd, amongst the feather'd kind,
 What gifts to each by providence assign'd;
 What modes, what forms invariable, belong
 To either tribe, what odes of changeful song;
 Each order in one certain plumage dress'd,
 Alike the food, the music and the nest;
 How charmful those that hail the hours of light,
 How ominous and sad the birds of night,

Whilst

Whilst airy songsters greet the blaze of noon,
 They silent lurk within the deepest gloom,
 Or haunt those lonesome cells by ruin made,
 And ever seek the desert and the shade.

Here loftier thoughts inspir'd the shepherd throng,
 Of nature's wond'rous secrets pleas'd they sung;
 Others, apart, were reasoning on design,
 Free will, and fate, and providence divine:
 A language such as ne'er untutor'd swain
 Was known to speak, or chant in doric strain;
 Some rustic song employ'd the reed before,
 A simple COLLIN was allow'd no more.

To what extent does heaven-taught wisdom grow,
 From humble truth what founts of knowledge flow!
 Truth leads the passions to their native skies,
 Can make a peasant great, a COLLIN wife.

Next on the state of life their tales begun,
 Events of time, past, present, what to come;
 When LARAN spoke, a sage experienc'd swain,
 Of elder birth, who long had watch'd the plain;
 Shepherds! (he cry'd) where now these fields appear,
 And flowery landscape decks the smiling year,
 Once groans, and night-born ills, and sorrow spread
 Their cheerless shade, and cover'd all with dread;
 Pale misery, throbbing grief, and mournful doom,
 Tenants of darkness, dwelt within the gloom;

E

Lone

Lone melancholy dole, and ghastly fear;
 Midst stormy outrage wild, stalk'd every where;
 Polutive lust, with wrinkled veins, begat
 Mad frenzy, jealous rage, and burning hate;
 Black fullen guilt, scoul'd deathful by their side,
 And stern revenge, and wrath-begotten pride;
 These cruelty, with iron-hand, pursu'd,
 All clotted o'er by slaughter, wounds, and blood;
 Malice, and canker'd envy, bloated spleen,
 Fell chiefs in power, held their despotic reign;
 All else but vice, these tyrant ills destroy'd,
 Captives to these, our fathers liv'd and dy'd;
 Curse, big with horrors, spread its baneful train,
 Of doubtful cares, and life-perplexing pain;
 Goblins, and monsters of infernal kind;
 Fancy had nam'd, and painted to the mind;
 How elves, and ghosts, from heavenly climes exil'd,
 Groan'd thro' the woods, and haunted every wild;
 All seem'd death's lightless empire here below,
 A vale of tears, a land of sin and wo,
 Till ASTROPHIL! of heart benign and kind,
 Mourn'd o'er their ills; lov'd ASTROPHIL! design'd
 By heaven's decree, to purge those glooms of night,
 And call forth fair-ey'd virtue, child of light!
 Long he with suppliant prayer address'd the throne
 Of healing mercy, and with wailful groan

Of

Of forlorn shepherd ; to the realms above,
 In mingling sighs invok'd the God of love ;
 Till from that seat where endless mercy flows,
 O'er ARNA's fields the bright'ning day-spring rose,
 And wide extending thro' the night-born shade,
 Its lightsome rays on all ACARIA spread.
 His glad associates hail'd the dawning bliss,
 And fair-wing'd virtue brought celestial peace ;
 Each wond'ring shepherd knew his fears no more,
 Heaven smil'd serene, where horror frown'd before ;
 Louring despair, glum sorrow's vapoury train,
 And self-tormenting anguish fled the plain ;
 Delightful plenty chear'd the gazer's eye,
 And sun-reflecting radiance fill'd the sky ;
 New to the mind content and pleasure came,
 (Content and pleasure of ethereal name!)
 Fresh varied sweets did thro' the whole appear,
 As when warm nature decks the vernal year ;
 Shepherds amaz'd their long lov'd PAN adore,
 Charm'd with delights they ne'er had known before ;
 Then in each temple of the grove or hill,
 Their solemn rites to idol gods fulfil ;
 Sung rural carols, and in revel loud,
 Around each altar sacrific'd and bow'd,
 Rustic and wild, with zeal, by error rais'd,
 False Deities they honour'd, thank'd, and prais'd ;

Blind reverence paid for such beatitude,
Zeal wrong apply'd, but the intention good.

When ASTROPHIL, sage shepherd, rose to tell
Of this dire cause, by which their fathers fell;
Warn'd that surviving race, of wrath to come,
And bad them hence beware e'er yet undone;
All with attention from that happy hour,
Heard and believ'd one great superior power;
Teacher of truth (they cry'd) behold us thine,
Thou learn'd in mysteries, of that will divine;
Immortal being to our souls explain,
O learn us how we may that state attain!
A state where happiness shall still go on,
When worlds are ceas'd, and mortal nature's done;
Where gloomy damps ne'er come, nor ghastly fear,
Nor frowning tempests chill the smiling year;
Where gay some plains beneath eternal day,
In glory shine, and suffer no decay;
What fields of pleasure open to the mind,
Unfading joys, and prospects unconfin'd;
O! teach us how such knowledge may be won,
Reveal this God, make this Creator known,
To such a father his lost sons restore,
O learn us how to worship and adore!
When ASTROPHIL, with pious cares oppress'd,
In humble suit the God of power address'd,
Begg'd

Begg'd his regard to bless the good design,
 And spread the knowledge of his will divine;
 That wanderers, long misled, might learn to know
 (Benighted yet with ignorance and wo)
 Their servile state, and from the vale of death,
 Redeem their future welfare, whilst on earth:
 Heaven heard his wish, and blest his pious care,
 By daily proofs of his accepted prayer;
 Increasing knowledge, as he taught, inspir'd,
 Virtue, the more it's known, the more admir'd;
 One faith, one hope, one harmony of mind,
 United all, to heaven alone resign'd.
 Erst where the temples to each idol's name,
 Were fill'd with antick shows and rites prophane;
 Now humble votaries prostrate at the shrine,
 Of sacred truth, with incense more divine;
 To heaven's Almighty sovereign tun'd their lays,
 And joyous sung the kind Redeemer's praise;
 Their daily lessons, knowledge to encrease,
 And learn the ways of meekness, truth, and peace.
 Great science this! O ASTROPHIL! from thee,
 Thou man of God! we walk in liberty;
 In ancient times from thy known precepts sprung,
 Heaven-gifted wisdom, and the sacred song;
 By thee (blest guide!) ACARIANS learnt to know,
 Life's business in this mortal state below;
 Whilst

Whilst ignorant, with vice and follies blind,
 How did thy mighty reason light the mind;
 Still God and Nature were the shepherd's theme,
 In new discoveries of a power supreme;
 The simple swain cou'd trace in nature's plan,
 The heaven-rai'd worth and dignity of man;
 Cou'd search the wonders of the hand divine,
 And look beyond the transient views of time;
 'Tis thus from thee, great patriarch of renown,
 That faith, and truth, and virtue, handed down
 From age to age, yet bless the humble plain,
 These happy fields, and the ACARIAN SWAIN.
 To thee, immortal ASTROPHIL! we owe
 All we of man's existence truly know;
 By thee, a father of almighty power,
 Our elders found, to them unknown before;
 By thee, our Maker, whence our race begun,
 With mercy's smile receiv'd us as his own;
 Ah! what discoveries to that soul extend,
 Which finds its parent God its dearest friend;
 Thanks, endless thanks, love, reverence and fear,
 Be given to Him whose mercies sent thee here;
 If those who bless mankind distinguish'd shine,
 In fields of light, how bright a portion's thine!
 Where thousands hail thee from these mortal plains,
 And thousands yet for whom that bliss remains;

Led

Led by thy virtues to that high abode,
 In heaven's immortal domes shall meet their God;
 Whilst ages still repeat thy strains of yore,
 (Strains how unlike what shepherds sung before)
 Thy pastoral hymns, the grateful swain inspire,
 And pious ardour cheers the sylvan choir;
 Indulgent to thy worth, our fathers rais'd
 The column high, on which each stranger gaz'd,
 And with attention, wonder'd, read, and prais'd. }
 But to its mould'ring base th' engraven stone
 Perish'd with age, is now eras'd and gone;
 Yet venerable o'er ACARIA's plains,
 With us thy awful mem'ry still remains;
 Nor time shall e'er forget OLYMPIA's cares,
 Her hopeless cries and penitential prayers;
 OLYMPIA! first of all the virgin throng,
 In harmony of voice and tuneful song;
 Sacred to heavenly virtue's loftier strain,
 Chanted sweet carols to the rural train.

Lo! hence where yonder ruins meet the eye,
 And antique sculptures now in rubbish lye;
 There once ('tis said) a druid temple stood,
 By length of years and cankering time subdu'd;
 Where towards the Eastern Dawn the shepherds paid
 Their morning vows, then sought the gloomy shade,
 To

To consecrate the day with mirth obscene,
 Or wanton sports, and gambols on the green ;
 Whilst yet remaining dæmons held their sway,
 And led the hearts of wandering swains astray,
 Till heaven-extending powers resistless shone,
 And all ACARIA worship'd God alone :
 Then on the ruin'd temple's sinking base,
 A higher structur'd pile adorn'd its place ;
 Rais'd to OLYMPIA's mem'ry, faithful maid !
 And her lov'd tale to after-times convey'd,
 A caution for each future age to come,
 To shun the paths where evil beings roam :
 But low in ruins lye its last remains,
 An height that once o'erlook'd the neighbouring
 plains.

OLYMPIA, here, the pious and resign'd,
 Of form divine, and of celestial mind ;
 Whilst yet the infant dawn of virtue smil'd,
 When innocence may soonest be beguil'd ;
 Harmless delighted, as in evening fair,
 All nature glow'd, and sweets perfum'd the air ;
 Led forth by contemplation's charming lure,
 With raptur'd thought, lone, silent, and secure ;
 She heedless rov'd, till dusky twilight spread
 Its feeble ray, and glimmer'd thro' the shade ;

Strait

Strait distant to her eye, array'd in light,
 A stranger walk'd, when wond'ring at the sight,
 Soft music tun'd the deep harmonious lay,
 And evening warblers hail'd the close of day;
 Enraptur'd and surpriz'd she view'd the form,
 Bright as the tinctures of the opening morn:
 Youthful it now appear'd, and o'er the plain,
 Seem'd to approach, as some familiar swain;
 With fear she gaz'd, yet wond'ring what it meant,
 Believ'd some angel-guest, or gloried faint;
 Nor thought the danger, till from Eastern Sky,
 A brightness rose, refulgent to the eye;
 When from a gleaming cloud soft thunders broke,
 With awful sound, and thus the vision spoke.
 ' Fly! fly OLYMPIA! fly that fatal form,
 ' 'Tis all infernal! Hear, whilst heaven forewarn;
 ' Fly, quickly fly! the powerful foe comes on,
 ' Escape, or in a moment thou'rt undone!
 ' 'Tis dire illusion, spectre of the night,
 ' That blaz'd in noxious vapour, 'guiles thy fight,
 ' And thro' its wonted haunts, when hid from day,
 ' Growls to devour, and seeks its hapless prey.'
 This said, the brightness clos'd, the warnful sound
 In silence ceas'd, and all was gloomness round,
 When sad OLYMPIA! trembling and amaz'd,
 On changing forms and gliding phantoms gaz'd;
F
Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, and lost amidst distressful wo,
 She cry'd, and fled the strange approaching foe;
 To heaven incessant call'd, implor'd its aid,
 As one in hopeless ruin left betray'd.
 When sudden, thro' the night, fair gleams appear'd,
 Which more display'd those direful ills she fear'd;
 Till from the lonely vale's deep shade below,
 Some hast'ning shepherd met the ghastly foe;
 Soon as the friendly visitant drew near,
 The phantom vanish'd, and dispel'd her fear.
 When thus with welcome voice, the stranger cry'd,
 OLYMPIA! fear not, heaven's thy watch, thy guide;
 This night its sacred dictates sent me here,
 Thou'rt now in safety, nor is danger near;
 I'm ASTROPHIL! then cease thy flying speed,
 See! shepherds wait thee on yon dusky mead,
 Thither in safety I'll conduct thee on,
 There tell, this night, what heaven for thee has done;
 There celebrate thy high Deliverer's praise,
 And chant his mercies in thy wonted lays.
 Then blest (she cry'd) ye Powers above,
 O blest for ever be your love!
 When I in hell's dark glooms was lost,
 'Twixt fear, despair, and horror tost,
 Then pitying angels heard my cry,
 And great Jehovah look'd from high:

I live! I live! my god to praise,
 His mercy spreads its gladfome rays;
 I live, and ASTROPHIL is near,
 The guardian of our plains is here :
 O shepherds! let your songs applaud,
 The bounteous mercies of our God ;
 Now join your thanks and praise with me,
 So late from death and hell set free,
 E'er this their victim I had been,
 Had not his mercy stept between ;
 His mercy snatch'd me from their power,
 And sav'd me in the dreadful hour :
 Glory to that immortal name,
 May heaven, and earth, and we proclaim!
 With heart-felt rapture all the rural throng,
 In loud'ning chorus join'd her grateful song ;
 To fair OLYMPIA! honour'd, lov'd, and prais'd,
 Those thankful swains the antique column rais'd ;
 Where now by age, behold! its reliëts lie,
 Heap'd in confusion, formless to the eye.
 But hasten shepherds, let's away,
 For see! ALTÆMON'S Flock's astray!

Or spread the further prospect's distant view,
With plenty's smile, in pleasures ever new)
Far wand'ring on, by slow and silent pace,
Lost in the sylvan beauties of the place;
I reach'd a winding vale, with sheepfolds spread,
O'er which ascending groves project their shade;
Where tuneful warblers thro' the coverts round,
Their serenade of varying wood-notes sound;
Beneath, from cistern'd rocks, where springs distill
Their oozy stores, and feed the murmuring rill;
From pastures near the lowing cattle came,
To taste the stream, and oft the thirsty swain
Set on the dusty turf, amidst the shade,
By tall-grown pines, and flowery thickets made;
(When panting sheep that shunn'd the fultry beam,
Of mid-day fun, beneath the hillock green,
Or mouldering bank, lay stretch'd) the fountain
fought,

And seiz'd with thankful joy the cooling draught.
On

On either side, broad caves, and mossy cells,
 In forms grottesque, gloom walks, and craggy dells,
 Spread umbrage round, there shepherds watch'd
 their care,

Or rang'd supine to taste the balmy air.
 Near these aloft, as flow'ry Carmel sweet,
 A mountain seen, above each neighbouring height
 Rear'd its high front, and with its woody brow
 Shaded the deep extended vales below.
 Here on each bank, smooth tall-grown verduries join,
 Whose friendly boughs support the sprouting vine;
 Hard-by the flow'ry shrubs and thickets spread,
 With fruit spontaneous deck the pleating shade;
 Garden of sweets—Fair labyrinths of rest,
 Solace, with choicest stores of nature blest;
 Walks sacred to the shepherds and swain,
 When summer glows along the sun-gilt plain.
 To these fair views! (Delight my gladsome guide)
 Ascending up the towering mountain's side,
 I thence survey'd the ample fields near by,
 And spacious countries widening to the eye;
 Dispos'd to every wish, by heaven design'd,
 To bless the happiest fancy of the mind.

Now reach'd the top, where noon-tide glories
 beam'd
 Their sparkling rays, such as the poets feign'd,
 Deck'd

Deck'd in his cloud-wrought splendors, Sov'reign
Jove

Descending, spread thro' the Idalian grove.

Walking this spacious summit such I found

The Height Imperial, with its splendors crown'd ;

Thro' each projecting View, soft-gleaming rays

Glanc'd on the eye, and mix'd their lambent blaze.

The smooth-turf'd lawn, the walks and green
parterre

Open around, and draw the purer air ;

Whilst spicey groves, that o'er the centre spread,

Their alchoves blend deep o'er the inmost shade, }

Where nature ever keeps her serenade.

The songful birds by day—the nightingale

In evening's gloom renews her hapless tale.

Amongst these sweets, at noon-tide's fultry hour,

The shepherds meet to worship and adore ;

To heaven's watchful powers their voices raise,

And join like them their raptures, thanks, and praise ;

To Him ! th' Eternal Being, all supreme,

To Him, immortal love inspir'd the theme ;

Whilst the delighted eye, infreshning glow,

Seem'd to behold all paradise below.

What muse can sing of pleasures so refin'd,

Virtue alone can paint them to the mind !

Here

Here in the airy temple's solemn shade,
 Sacred to song, where virtue's rites are paid;
 I near approach'd, and list'ning to the strains,
 Beheld a rural choir of nymphs and swains;
 Silence ensu'd, all hush the seated throng,
 When RAMON next (a blithesome shepherd) sung.

Hail solitude! thou balm of peace and rest,
 How chaste thy pleasures, how serene, how blest!
 What are life's gay fantastic scenes to thee,
 When hence we look into eternity!

Ah! how amazing does that height appear,
 When contemplation brings the prospect near:
 This transient world, led on by vice and fraud,
 Seems as a tumult, wandering far from God;
 Lost in time's giddy maze, how they pursue,
 The same broad wild of vanities in view;
 Perplex'd with shadowy forms, false hopes, and
 cares,

Of shipwreck'd thought, that wishes and despairs;
 Blind folly's empty vapours blaze and die,
 And mirthful pleasures, as the moments fly;
 What is it else earth's flattering glories shew,
 But they themselves thus bidding all adieu;
 Alas! ye grasp at happiness in vain,
 They have it not—it comes not in their train,
 Follow'd with gloom, remorse, distress and pain:

}
 Till

Till the dark bosom, vex'd with thorny strife,
 Feels death's cold hand put out the lamp of life.
 What dreadful danger waits each future hour,
 Heaven guard the mind 'till danger is no more;
 The next approaching Eve may prove my last,
 No morn to come, can I recal the past!
 Where sinks the thought, shall one false joy ensnare,
 To risque eternal vengeance and despair!
 O self-benighted mind! thus passion-led
 On what's thy trust, where is thy reason fled;
 This night, how big with fancy'd years to come,
 This night, perhaps, resigns thee to the tomb!
 Is this the hope of man, the worldling's boast?
 See life forsake him, and his all is lost!
 O give me joys that never pass away,
 Eternal joys that never can decay:
 Thus ever may these peaceful regions round,
 With grateful praise, and hallelujahs sound!
 EVANDER next, a fair and youthful swain,
 With heart-felt bliss renew'd the sylvan strain.

Hail! sweet sequester'd solitude,
 Hail to my bosom! heavenly good!
 Far hence the panting soul shall rise,
 To roam at large her native skies.

Inspir'd with rapture, praise, and love,
 (Foretaste of endless bliss above!)
 With kindred saints, in blest abode,
 Adore, and seek her parent God!

Welcome ye shades, and rural scenes,
 Ye flowery vales, and silver streams;
 Ye vocal groves, and awful bowers,
 Where virtue all her sweets restores.

Whence meditation's piercing eye
 Leads up the active soul on high;
 In rapture, where she's dimly shewn,
 These promis'd glories yet to come.

Such were the seats for Man design'd,
 Ere vice had first debas'd his mind;
 Such, Innocence! thy happy soils,
 Thy rural bliss, and virgin smiles!

Ere yet the throbbing heart had felt
 The inward pangs of sin and guilt;
 Come then, ARDELIA! rural maid,
 Come! let thy converse bless the shade.

At thy approach all smiles with joy,
 Whilst all that's lovely meets the eye;

As gleams of spring thy presence warms,
And virtue brightens in thy charms.

Beauties, in all thy form appear,
But in thy mind—what beauties there!
Ask, what *that* Innocence cou'd be,
To know it best we look on thee!

Haste then, thy heaven-born warblers join,
And learn the song thy art divine;
Come cheer the labours of the day,
Hasten sweet fair, O haste away!

S H E P H E R D S.

NOW THIRSI, thou, that best canst touch the reed,
And CELADON, with charming voice proceed;
Come ye, to whom these better gifts are given,
Inspire our hearts to join the choirs of heaven—
See! PASTORELA comes, and ROSELYND,
Be their lov'd strains in rural concert join'd;
Fair ARETHUSA, ZEPHILINDA too,
With SYLVIANA 'cross yon neighbouring view:
See AMORET! AURELIA, quit the plain,
And PHLORIMEL the sweetest of the train;
Come then ye charming swains! exert your skill,
And every breast with grateful raptures fill;

Join

Join every shepherd! let your voices raise
Your souls on high, to sing th' Eternal's praise!

C E L A D O N.

Ye woods and wilds! the mind's serene retreat,
'Tis here I find mankind sublimely great;
Here mounts desire, here reason learns to know
Man's true distinction from the brutes below:
Here, in itself, the active mind retires,
Here, health delights, and heavenly truth inspires;
Wishes and hopes, that infinite extend,
Pursuing pleasures that can never end!
Here, with the self-existent power I roam,
With Him possess eternity to come!
Divine ambition, whither leads the soul?
To Him, the God! who rules and guides the whole.
Vain world! thy pomps, with what contempt I see,
My bosom spurns mortality and thee;
How mean, how trifling, how absurd and vain,
Thy wealth, thy show, thy grandeur and thy fame;
To what diminish'd, fading ere began,
How much beneath the heaven-born soul of man.
Alas! what can thy faithless joys reveal,
Like what I now within my bosom feel;
First glorious Being! can I think on thee,
And envy crowns their earthly majesty;

May I (poor swain!) in endless durance rest,
 Be in thy courts an heir of glory blest;
 And stoop to wish for Aught that's here below,
 Or seek my bliss in gilded scenes of wo;
 What ever haunt I tread, thy spirit's there,
 Something of thee is present every where;
 Thy mighty works my soul thro' nature sees,
 Thy voice I hear soft whisper'd in the breeze;
 In fields, or plains, or groves, or leafy bowers,
 I meet thy hand, and feel thy active powers;
 The spangl'd floweret, rich with tinctur'd dye,
 By its fresh beauties, shews thy wisdom nigh;
 Each plant, each insect, fashion'd to its kind,
 By thee (great God) shews nature all design'd;
 What gaudy hues the infant swarms invest,
 The reptile Fly's in shining plumage drest!
 Amazing works! with wonder all inspires,
 Who can behold, but praises and admires!
 A God! a God! all nature loud proclaims,
 Man, only Man, that bounteous God prophanes:
 Man, spurns his laws, and mocks at doing ill,
 Perverse, and disobedient to his will.

Here summer's Brood, what dainty colours gild,
 How shine yon toyless lillies of the field,
 Nurs'd by thy care: much more thy favour'd Man,
 The noblest work thou didst on earth ordain;

O!

O! learn us, Lord of all these glebes and plains;
 Learn us, thou father of we humble swains;
 Learn us thy mighty wisdom to adore;
 Learn us to know thee, and to bless thy power!
 Are sun, and moon, and stars, and all that move
 In order, thro' yon sky-raised vault above,
 That ever-glorious thro' their courses shine,
 Still lending aid, and measuring out my time;
 Whilst I, unmov'd, a being born to die,
 Regardless on this mortal breath rely.

Tho' far as the uplifted eye can gaze,
 I see the whole, still numbering out my days;
 These aid my life in this short watch on earth,
 And thro' their seasons bring me down to death:
 This short duration, when its time shall cease,
 Conveys me to perdition, or to bliss!

Perhaps this humid turff on which I stand,
 Is but some gross remains of perish'd man:
 Great once in power, and high in deeds of fame;
 Wasted to dirt, and left without a name.

T H I R S I S and C E L A D O N.

O Earth! what thy proud sons affect to be;
 Yet thus, alas! they fall and mix with thee:

Think

Think then, Omnipotence, with equal power,
 Can from his dust the wasted man restore ;
 From yon black moulds might speckled serpents
 rise,

Or long death's captive man, might man surprize;
 Perhaps a dreadful squadron fierce for war,
 And jostling heroes in the martial car ;
 Or shocking murders, vice's mad career,
 In ripening bodies might to life appear,
 That now but harmless earth, where bury'd deep,
 Their forms dissolv'd, in silent atoms sleep :
 Men, reptiles, animals, whate'er before,
 Say, can't the first creating power restore ;
 Prepare the mass committed to the dust,
 And bid the various seeds give up their trust ?
 If this dark clod was once a human frame,
 Can't its Creator fashion it again ?
 If form'd from dust of earth, a living soul,
 Who can *his* all-creative hand control ?
 Collected from the ground, say, cannot He
 Soon bring it back, who caus'd it first to be ?
 Swarms not the glebe with beings once on earth,
 How crowded life, had they a second birth ;
 Ages, to ages, every breathing form,
 Since first their kind at the creation born ;

Vales,

Vales, rivers, hills and plains, wou'd all appear,
As rushing into being every where ;

The squalid mire, or filth, that now we shun,
Might prove a monarch, once of high renown.

LINDAMOR here, LYSANDER's social friend,
With tuneful thought the sacred pastoral join'd, }
And sung in strains that told his arduous mind. }

Thrice happy shepherds! on happy fields and
plains,

Where comfort dwells, and every blessing reigns ;
Wealth, fame, ambition, grandeur, pomp and show,
The mighty names of happiness below,

Have here no place, far banish'd from our clime,
We've joys more perfect, pleasures more sublime ;
Pure simple nature, stor'd with every good,

Gives health, and peace, life's sure beatitude :

This was the mortal bliss design'd for man,

This was the state that Innocence began ;

All else is wanton riot, foul excess,

The bane of life that poisons happiness :

Weak sick'ning nature sinks beneath the load,

And rank diseases revel thro' the blood ;

The slack'ning nerves, the latent misery share,

Crush'd with a weight they were not meant to bear ;

The more of this each sensual passion feels,

The more, alas! the stubborn heart rebels : ,

A mad confusion seizes all the man,
 Self-murderer like, he greedily takes the bane ;
 For happiness pursues his certain fate,
 And with abundance crurst, he dies in state.

C H O R U S.

Bless then, ye swains! the bounteous hand,
 That gives us blessings unrestrain'd,
 Directs us what their uses are,
 And makes our happiness his care.
 O bless Him more—and more our joy;
 Bless Him, with love and extasie!
 Bless Him, the God, to whom we owe
 Ourselves, and all our bliss below:
 Whilst heaven and earth shall thus agree,
 Who can be happier (Swains!) than we,
 If on earth for heaven blest,
 What happier state can be possess!

A R D E L I A.

Riches, fame, and pleasures flow,
 Smiling fancy to invite;
 Horrid evils, black with wo,
 Wear the mask of young delight.

How

How the luring vision charms,
How the thrilling senses glow;
How the noisy world alarms,
With wealth and pleasure, pomp and show!

E V A N D E R.

For these fond Man forgets his time,
Engag'd with all the empty scene;
His wishes after phantoms climb,
Till death, grim tyrant! steps between.

Thus the subtle serpent's wiles,
(Left the fraud thou'd first be known)
Still amuses and beguiles,
Till the fatal hour comes on.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Bless then, ye swains! the bounteous hand,
That gives us blessings unrestrain'd;
Directs us what their uses are,
And makes our happiness his care:
O bless Him more—and more our joy,
Bless Him, with love and extasie!

H

Bless

Bless Him, the God, to whom we owe
Ourselves, and all our bliss below,
Who saves us from those baits of wo!

}

SYLVANUS, and POLYDORE.

Yet, shepherds, whilst the lambkins feed,
And flocks all graze, let's tune the reed;
Then sing to him our songs of praise,
Who guards our safety, hears our lays.

He gives the art, he gives the song;
To Him our grateful strains belong;
He fills the streams, he decks the plains,
Preserves the flocks, and cheers the swains.

He makes the rural landscape gay,
And sees our sportive younglings play;
He cloaths the lawns, and fattening foils,
He soothes our cares, and crowns our toils.

These verdant bowers, our seats of rest,
Are all by Him perfum'd and drest:
Our wand'ring sheep, that range the hills,
And grazing herds, his bounty fills.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Each mountain, cloath'd in summer pride,
Those daily blessings here enjoy'd;
One universal chorus raise,
All! all are vocal with his praise!

P A S T O R E L L A.

Mild innocence and plenty here,
As time's first ages, new appear;
Serene delights the soul inspire,
With all that virtue can desire.

Purling rills, and peaceful shades,
Fruitful vallies, mossy glades,
Flowery glebes, and blooming fields,
All that health, and pleasure yields.

S Y L V A N U S.

No wanton riot revels near,
No BACCHUS with his wild career;
No cankering ills these plains infect,
But all is harmony and rest.

True social friendship, joy and love,
Fair emblems of that bliss above;
Such here our heart-felt pleasures flow,
Uncheck'd with glooms of guilt and wo.

Exalted extasies divine,
Rapture endless and sublime;
All that can bless the life of man,
In its short contracted span.

Such (happy shepherds!) such are we,
Whilst heaven guards our liberty;
What can the world like this bestow,
Might we possess the whole below.

Then strive to join
In strains divine,
With all that sing above;
With Seraphs, Angels, Saints, and Powers,
Adore the God of Love.

Come choral Nymphs and join the song,
The joyful Eclat yet prolong;
Sing shepherds, if ye can declare
By verse inspir'd, what those high beings are.

D A M O N

D A M O N and R O S E L Y N D.

Say, where do those harmonious throngs,
Their adoration pay?
What are their glories, What their songs?
Where shines their cloudless day?

D A M O N, *solus.*

In some far regions, wide, immense,
Remote, from yonder sun or stars;
Bright regions undiscern'd from hence,
Where heaven the gates of light unbars.

Beyond the eye's most lengthen'd sight,
Beyond the sun's far piercing beam,
Beyond the awful glooms of night,
Beyond creation's empire seen.

Long ere the earth's fair landscape rose,
Or new-born Man had hail'd the day;
Ere light did farther worlds disclose,
Or Phœbus shed his golden ray.

Or

Or age or time (first-born of cares)
Those earliest of terrestrial date;
Ere nature took the form she wears,
Ere the dark register of fate.

Before all this immense was known,
JEHOVAH's glorious empire shone!

L Y S A N D E R.

Tho' peopl'd climes in every star,
And blooming fields may radiant shine,
Millions unknown to grief or care,
Perhaps possess that whole sublime.

Nature, more bright and more refin'd,
Perfect in all her charming pride,
With visions of beatitude,
May fill the orbs where they reside.

Fast as the wishful fancy's view,
Still meditates on beauteous change;
Those pure delights they there pursue,
May lead them to enjoy and range.

Yet, O ye songful trains rejoice!

Rejoice in him who plac'd ye here,
Whom we shall praise with angel's voice,—
Where higher heavens yet appear.

P A S T O R E L L A.

Come shepherds from this fult'ry gleam,
Retire to yonder inmost bower:
Come taste the spring's refreshing stream,
Come feast on heaven's bounteous store.

For us prepar'd, see it bestow,
A banquet from each fruitful tree;
What sweet delicious juices flow,
How grateful their variety!

Come taste the apple, pear, and plumb,
Dates, nuts, and figs, see tendrels climb;
With balmy grapes in clusters hung,
All presents from the hand divine!

C H O R U S.

O blefs his mercies, blefs his love!
Blefs Him! by whom we live and move;

Blefs

Bless Him who gives this plenteous store,
O bless his name for evermore!

Thus happy with this cool repast,
Free from foul gluttony and waste;
For all these blessings fair and good,
Let praise return him gratitude.

In social converse seated round the bower,
With mutual bliss they spent the happy hour;
Such grateful praises flow'd from every breast,
Immortal angels might have shar'd the feast:
When POLYDORE, the youth-beloved swain,
Courteous and mild, to LEDIA thus began.

See LEDIA! see! the tender lambs,
With harmless innocence and play,
Diverted by their simple sport,
An emblem to the breast convey.

The guileless heart, serene and pure,
Uncumber'd with life's boding cares,
Feels angel-sweetness in the mind,
And angel-tasted pleasures shares.

How

How tamely mild, how humbly by,
 Each careful dam that gave them birth,
 Seems to approve their harmless joy,
 And looks delighted at their mirth.

So we thy sheep, heaven's shepherd! lead,
 To where thy choicest blessings lye;
 And may we, as those harmless flocks,
 Be ever guiltless in thine eye.

Thus, lovely LEDIA! thus in thee,
 Virtue and innocence unite;
 Such then each charming grace must be,
 That gives the soul its true delight.

The good ARISTUS, faithful swain,
 Hoary and old, in virtue found,
 Long taught us * here his sacred strain,
 Till call'd to be with glory crown'd.

Thy father's friend, his moral guide,
 That learnt him all the lore of heaven;
 By his examples here employ'd,
 Was peace and truth, and mercy given.

* The bower of Aristus, where he first instituted the custom
 to meet and celebrate the day in pastoral entertainments sacred
 to virtue and friendship.

Him lamented every swain,
When death had snatch'd his life away ;
The weeping shepherds fled the plain,
And left their flocks and herds astray.

Young ARMON! blest with every grace,
(Alas the hand of fate!)
Follow'd to his eternal place,
And left this mortal state.

When every shade with wailful song,
Their destinies proclaim'd,
In elegies the vocal hills,
And lonely streams complain'd.

But lov'd MARINA! beauteous maid,
The pride of every plain,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, fought the sad gloom,
And thus bewail'd the swain.

‘ How dark the scenes that once appear’d so gay,
‘ When youthful ARMON hear’d the toilsome day ;
‘ Here as the length’ning shadows brown’d the vale,
‘ Still ARMON’S voice renew’d the evening tale ;
‘ His knowing mind, with subjects ever new,
‘ Unbosom’d wond’rous nature to the view ;
‘ How

‘ How artless, how sincere was his design,
 ‘ His simple tales, how pleasing, how divine!
 ‘ The soul amidst celestial splendours woke,
 ‘ What heart-felt rapture kindled as he spoke;
 ‘ Bright on the mind what heaven-beam’d glories shone,
 ‘ Angel-delights, to earth-born joys unknown;
 ‘ Truth, love and friendship, pure as morning light,
 ‘ Glow’d in my breast; love! that can souls unite;
 ‘ Love, generous love! exalted and sublime,
 ‘ That knows no guilt, nor blushes with a crime;
 ‘ Then happiness, thro’ grove, or field, or mead,
 ‘ For ever blest time’s hasty-footed speed;
 ‘ Virtue, meek power, bright, amiable, and fair,
 ‘ Fill’d life’s swift hours with all that softens care;
 ‘ But ah! who can those wasted joys restore,
 ‘ Farewel the hope! lov’d ARMON is no more!
 ‘ How oft with gentle speech, and tender sigh,
 ‘ He thus address’d me; say, MARINA! why
 ‘ Thy bosom grieves, when nature’s beauties fade,
 ‘ And sullen skies o’erspread their wint’ry shade;
 ‘ Alas! that form, so delicate, so gay,
 ‘ Must like those flowery treasures droop away!
 ‘ Ah! all those lovely charms that bless the eye,
 ‘ Like tinctur’d sweets, must wither too, and die:

' The hand of time, how certain and how soon,
 ' Will nip thy youth, and blast that tender bloom;
 ' Those polish'd features, cankering age will rust,
 ' And crumble all thy beauties into dust!
 ' Yet in the school of mortal life untaught,
 ' Sighs fair MARINA! at the gloomy thought?
 ' Best, fairest work, creation form'd below,
 ' The dearest pledge it cou'd on man bestow;
 ' Assume thy sex in all their pristine charms,
 ' Virtue is thine, virtue these fears disarms.
 ' Then angel-like, MARINA we shall find,
 ' Immortal as the beauties of her mind!
 ' Much more (she cry'd) but more I blush to tell,
 ' How ARMON prais'd!—I weep—alas! he fell—
 ' But witness heaven! if I his praise approv'd,
 ' I was not vain, I knew 'twas ARMON lov'd;
 ' ARMON! the pride of all the shepherd throng,
 ' What nymph or swain but list'ned to his song;
 ' What heart but felt the kindling rapture soar,
 ' But now—Oh fate! lov'd ARMON sings no more;
 ' I heard him praise, I heard! who cou'd refrain,
 ' 'Twas ARMON's voice! 'twas ARMON's tuneful
 'strain.
 ' When thus he sung, and wail'd our mortal state,
 ' Its wretched frailties and attending fate

- I lov'd, I listen'd, life's false joys I spurn'd,
- And thought myself the hapless thing he mourn'd.
- If e'er to you (fair nymphs!) in field or grove,
- Some future ARMON thus express his love;
- Mock not his tale, nor trust your blossom'd prime,
- All beauties leave you but the charms divine.

L E D I A.

Ah! once when summer's sultry beams were
spread,
And wand'ring shepherds sought the cooling shade;
When zephyrs gently breath'd thro' every grove,
And nought was heard but harmony of love:
In every dell where feather'd warblers met,
Or in the bushy covert's close retreat;
Each fair-wing'd choir with emulation rais'd,
The wood-land odes, all nature sung and prais'd!
Whilst joyous swains, o'er hill, or dale, or mead,
Awak'd the fielden pipe, or tun'd the reed;
The gadding herds, from Sol's descending beams,
Rush'd into thickets, or embrac'd the streams.

Then from the height that dusks yon bending
vale,
Where hollow caves receive the sweeping gale,

Came

Came good ARISTUS! follow'd by a train
 Of rural youths, devoted to the plain;
 With these descending from the mountain's brow,
 He sought the Umbrage, Verdures spread below;
 Oft for us all, did heaven's high throne invoke,
 O POLYDORE! how pleasing what he spoke!
 Where spreading pines had crown'd the heights
 above,

And solemn meditation haunts the grove,
 Deep in the shaded rock thick boughs conceal,
 Stood the once lov'd retreat of ASTROPHIL;
 Its mossy grot, high arch'd with shelving stone,
 Was oft his temple, when retir'd alone;
 Ah me! how holy reverence aw'd the eye,
 How sweet reflection kindled extase;
 Then how delightful too the prospects were,
 How new, how various, did those scenes appear;
 How nature in neglected beauties smil'd,
 Thro' the grand mazes of that awful wild;
 What pompous greatness met the gazing eye,
 As hills to hills in ponderous heaps on high,
 Rear'd their broad fronts, and seem'd to reach
 the sky.

Aloft on these are seen the grazing kine,
 Whilst kids and goats the precipices climb;

Bleak

oak dreadful heights! where scatter'd forests
 grow,
 overhanging cliffs, that darken all below;
 their top-moſt peaks, that hide the mid-day fun,
 old barren waſte, to ſwains and flocks unknown;
 here ſnow and ice congeal one harden'd maſs,
 that rends the cloudy thunders as they paſs;
 ſarp-pointed ſummits catch the evening ray,
 and meet the morn in its aerial way;
 deep in the vales, fair woolly tribes divide,
 feeding, wander round a mountain's ſide.
 Beneath theſe views a crowded landſkip flood,
 all the varying glooms of ſolitude;
 from crags, the rooted oak's wide-covering ſpray,
 the ſhadow'd o'er our ſolitary way;
 round, ſhrubs, trees, and plants, and brambles
 blend,
 where woods divide, there hanging groves deſcend;
 now moſs-grown dells yawn'd diſtant thro' the
 ſhade,
 diſt ſhatter'd rocks, with creeping ivy ſpread;
 the fence'd in crowded thickets, dark and lone,
 dark oozy caverns hide the dripping ſtone;
 here healing herbs in many a cluſter grow,
 luxuriant round the broken ſhelves below;

Next

Next the tall elm, and poplar shades are seen,
 Fresh primrose gleams, and lillies deck the green;
 There, purling brooks, that part each woody side,
 Hastening to join, in wanton streamlets glide;
 Near by, a cat'raet, from the heights above,
 Impetuous down the precipices drove,
 O'er shrubby cliffs, and pendant steepes, pursu'd
 Its rapid course, to meet the silent flood;
 Wide to its banks the gathering current spreads,
 Then smoothly swells, and murmurs thro' the meads,
 Where cooling verdures spangled o'er with flowers,
 Present a choice of nature's sweetest stores;
 Along the winding vales Sol's genial beams,
 With blaze of lambent glory gild the streams;
 Soft in the watery surface as it flows,
 With brightest fruits the pictured landscape glows;
 Now here, now there, as objects intervene,
 Like distant lakes, the deep'ning mirror's seen;
 Till from the eye its liquid current steals,
 Immers'd in shades beneath the woodland hills.
 But of such sights (tho' then observ'd so well)
 With various more,—I have not skill to tell;
 Alas! the faint description I've express'd,
 Shew nothing like what's painted in my breast.

By sage ARISTUS led, we reach'd a cave,
 Whose moss-green verge small oozing riv'lets lave,

Still

Still, cool retreat, from summer's noon-day sun,
 To tumult, noise, and busy life unknown;
 Above, high mid-wood rocks umbrageous rise,
 Where lofty beeches point to yonder skies;
 The sloping banks, with verdures shaded o'er,
 Seem'd to project;—An aromatic bower
 Flower deck'd, a silent grot, deep worn by time,
 Furnish'd and form'd by nature's own design.
 Salubrious streams, thro' hidden mines supply'd,
 That, fill'd with balm of health, unnotic'd glide;
 Slow gushing forth the little eddies run,
 Pure and unmix'd from whence their source begun;
 (Rich precious store, sure antidote for pain,
 Given to heal the vapid life of man)
 As baths prepar'd, two rocky channels fill,
 Then purl thro' grassy glades a trickling rill;
 Thence mixing streams, the lenient waters flow,
 And in their confux meet the depths below;
 More distant views wide opening landscapes spread,
 Far to the South by vary'd prospects made.
 This (cou'd your thought supply but what I mean)
 Is nature in her grand profusion seen;
 Works, that Art, how high soe'er it climbs,
 Might blush to see, and hide its dwarf designs;
 Peace, health, and pleasure, thro' the whole abound,
 Encircle all, and shed their blessings round;

There meditation in retirement dwells,
 And all but heaven from the mind expels.
 Thus our blest guide, ARISTUS, led us on
 Thro' those retreats, to him, for ages known;
 Oft seated there, he shun'd the glare of day,
 When virtue chas'd all meaner cares away;
 From her still haunts meek contemplation stole,
 And with her hallow'd visions fill'd his soul.

Now on the verdant couch, that spread the ground
 With dazy'd seats, we view'd the prospects round;
 Then mark'd the crowded mountains how they rose,
 O swains! what vary'd wonders nature shows!
 Solemn and awful all, each mingling shade,
 Seem'd a recess for meditation made;
 Lov'd ASTROPHIL, in those lone walks of yore,
 True wisdom taught, unknown to swains before.

The good ARISTUS, who in silent hour,
 With heaven conversant, knew each secret bower,
 Now listening to our phrase, the converse done,
 First gently sigh'd, then thus his tale begun.

O thou, PALEMON! thou my bosom friend,
 Ye shepherds hear! ye virgin-trains attend!
 Hear me, your elder swain, ARISTUS long
 Knew yon gay fields, whilst ÆGON yet was young;
 Often his goats have climb'd that mountain's brow,
 Where herds in smooth-grown pasture wander now;
 Then

Then a rough wild, where shrubs and brambles grew,
 Thick woods of oak, and dark night-shading yew;
 Waters, that by that farther mead appear,
 Once roll'd along in soft meanders here;
 By yon fair vale (such once, tho' now defac'd)
 The limpid brook in many an angle past;
 As peaceful art embellish'd o'er the green,
 And to new channels led the winding stream,
 'Mongst groves and walks, deep dell, and grassy
 glade,
 Thro' sunny lawn, or verdure's thickest shade;
 As nature seeks the simple hand of skill,
 Not to direct, but to obey her will.
 O'er-looking all, a rural mansion stood,
 Where mild contentment smil'd in solitude,
 There ÆGON dwelt, who once that mansion grac'd,
 Now known no more, by changeful time laid waste;
 Of ÆGON's self, who once possess'd those plains,
 An urn of dust is all that now remains;
 New generations since enjoy'd his store,
 Improv'd the fertile glebe, and are no more.
 Mortality! how loud thy warnings call,
 What future changes hasten on to all;
 The face of earth, how varying to the eye,
 What transient scenes!—The moments how they
 fly!

Where now those fathers, pious, and renown'd,
 That walk'd of old these soils ! where to be found ?
 Where but with him they humbly serv'd on earth,
He who receives them from the glooms of death ;
 Whose mercy warn'd them of a wrath to come,
 Now hails them welcome to their better home,

O ÆLON ! ADRIAS, RABAN, THESTIS, ye
 Of hallowed life, transfer such gifts to me ;
 O may I with the holy, wife, and good,
 Be numbered Lord ! for thy beatitude ;
 Ye sacred trains that ever hymn on high,
 Ye saints that roam those worlds above the sky,
 My soul enraptured meditates your bliss,
 I long to meet you in those fields of peace ;
 O friends ! receive me if from thence ye know,
 Aught of us weary pilgrims here below.
 POLEMION, AGER, LYCIDAS of old,
 (Lov'd names, in sacred annals left enroll'd)
 Ah ! might some spark of your celestial fire,
 Illume my breast, and bid the soul aspire ;
 Aspire to reach that wisdom all divine,
 By which ye now in endless glories shine ;
 O ! let some portion of your worth remain,
 To cheer my days as yet I watch the plain ;
 Whilst your bright path I eagerly pursue,
 The dazzling vision opens to my view,
 And points the way that leads me up to you.

Fathers,

Fathers, by whom meek virtue's laws prevail,
 Whose worthy deeds yet fill the shepherd's tale;
 O may my lot, when this short present's o'er,
 Be then with you, with you for evermore!

Hear me, O heaven! hear my ardent prayer;
 May I with them thy endless glories share;
 On earth my panting soul pursues their way,
 O lead me up to everlasting day!

Let me with them my parent God adore,
 Meet (heaven ascending thought) to part no more.

What numbers there sweet hallelujahs join,
 What saints and martyrs since the dawn of time,
 From Him who first the earth's new surface till'd,
 Ere yet the ancient patriarchs watch'd the field;
 Thro' all successive ages come and gone,
 Millions, on millions! now to man unknown;
 With faithful ABRAM in the bowers of bliss,
 Possess those promis'd realms of joy and peace;
 Glorious associates! O the dazzling scene,
 When such bright trains all heaven welcomes in;
 Eternity, that boundless source of light,
 Peopl'd with nations various, infinite;
 What strange amaze must then alarm the soul,
 Just loos'd from flesh, what wonders thro' the whole;
 Celestial thrones will then light up our way,
 And music meet us in the glittering ray;

What

What comfort here, what views such hope inspires,
What heavenly friendship, what sublime desires;
Where, when a thousand years; nay, thousands,
gone,

Shall I be found? In pleasures here unknown;
Pleasures, eternal pleasures, rest, and peace,
Nor grief can e'er return, nor pleasures cease.

Hear, mortals hear! who seek your All on earth,
And build your utmost hopes on mortal breath;
Alas! the winged hours pass swift away,
With them your pleasures dwindle to decay;
The present things, so eagerly pursu'd,
Are but luxurious fancy's transient food,
That ends with life, life terminates the whole,
Falls to its dust, and leaves a famish'd soul;
Where then your trust? Where ends your hapless
scheme,

When pain and death have darkned all within?
Departed spirits, holy and divine,
With hosts of kindred angels live and shine;
They, from the world's entangling follies free,
Reach those bright kingdoms where they long'd
to be.

O when I view these high wide spreading trees,
Fair scene of shady solace, rest and ease;

Those

Those woods, and groves, and fields, we daily range,
 So oft their masters, and their verdures change ;
 I think, beneath those boughs our fathers sat,
 They too enjoy'd the same indulgent fate,
 They too were lords of all these fields and plains,
 Themselves now earth ; the fertile glebe remains ;
 We too, like them, how soon must quit the shade,
 Within the grave's small-measur'd confines laid ;
 Even yonder oak must quit its old domain,
 Consume with age, and leave a naked plain,

Father of nations ! God of infinite !

Of power unbounded, and unbounded right,
 Here and beyond all worlds thou'rt present still,
 Atoms, and worlds, alike obey thy will ;
 Preserve thy creature, Lord ! whose life's a span,
 Preserve even me, because thy Image Man ;
 From these poor fields and flocks exalt the mind,
 Fit my desires for pleasures more refin'd ;
 Send down that guide who led our fathers right,
 To those blest mansions in thy realms of light.

Now Even dim'd the sun's low setting ray,
 And shadowy twilight warn'd the swains away ;
 When lowing herds for food no longer roam,
 But wander tow'rsd their dormitory home ;
 The counted flocks by watchful shepherds told,
 Forfook the hills, and gather'd round the fold ;

When

When thus the joyous fwains at closing day,
Releas'd from toil, in chorus tun'd the lay.

Come rural nymphs, and shepherd-fwains,
Come hymn your praises o'er the plains;
Hofannahs to your God belong,
Hofannahs, once blythe shepherds sung;
When angels hail'd the earth with peace,
Tidings of joy, and endless bliss;
Thus in those fields, in gloom of night,
They prais'd and sung in heavenly light;
Still bright, more bright the vision shin'd,
Still heavenly hosts the chorus join'd;
Come then exalt your thoughts on high,
Night ne'er shall shade that purer sky.

So sung the joyous choir, till eve dispers'd
The social throng, and left their flocks to rest;
Soon after this, to glory unreveal'd,
Heaven took our good ARISTUS from the field.
Thus ceas'd fair LEDIA's tale, all listening gaz'd,
Then with one voice this hallow'd concert rais'd;

Great heavenly shepherd, prince of peace,
Thou guardian of our flocks and plains,
May'ft thou those blessings yet encrease,
Long granted to thy humble fwains.

What

What thanks, what praise, to thee we owe,
From whom alone all blessings flow;
Form'd by thy hand, we rose to Be,
And all we are, receive from Thee.

O! may our hearts with rapture own,
The gifts thy grace has given;
May here thy blessed will be done,
On earth, as 'tis in heaven.

S H E P H E R D S.

Come with thy majesty and love,
Let us thy power adore and praise,
And hail thee from the worlds above,
Warm'd with thy bright-etherial rays.

Eternal shepherd! quickly come,
We feel thy awful presence near:
O let it to our hearts be known,
That thy beatic love is there!

C H O R U S.

Expel all thence that's not of thee,
Prepare thy own abode;
Set every thought from bondage free,
And worthy of a God.

O shall each phantom, vain delight,
Oppose its powers to thine;
Shall vice and folly dare thy might,
And mock at love divine!

Or shall the stubborn breast rebel,
Preferring guilt and sin;
Dares the proud heart its saviour tell
Thou shalt not enter in.

O heavenly shepherd! just, benign,
Thy power, thy right maintain,
All happy, peaceful, and serene,
Within our bosoms reign.

Parent ineffable! descend,
The God, the visitant, and friend;
Possess this body, thine alone,
Make it thy temple and thy throne.

THIRIS, CELADON, PASTORELA,
PHLORIMEL.

Whom, gracious shepherd! whom have we,
'Mongst hosts of angels, whom but thee,
Who hear or know us humble swains,
To bless our flocks and guard the plains?

Whom

Whóm else can give us strength and aid,
Whene'er with grief or toils dismay'd;
Whom to preserve us thus unknown,
In heaven whom, but thee alone?

Saints, martyrs, patriarchs, know us not,
Perhaps they've long our fields forgot;
Once social friends, or kindred here,
Shall they our advocates appear?

Fathers of old, and men of God,
Who now enjoy thy bright abode;
Will they quit their extasies,
And cease for us to hymn their joys!

Feel they our wants, know they our state,
Have they ordain'd the will of fate?
To them we're strangers, and unknown,
We've none in heaven but thee alone!

Thou art our father, guide, and friend,
To thee we're known, on thee depend;
Thou'rt all we wish, our hope, our trust,
Gracious, omnipotent, and just!

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS,

Who can alter thy decree,
Who can help us, who but thee,
What are kindreds, nearest ties,
What is all that man enjoys?

Shall we not then forsake them all,
And live obedient to thy call;
If they deny the God we serve,
Then what regard can they deserve?

What is the nearest, dearest friend,
What all that thought can comprehend;
If it oppose our endless bliss,
What can it give that's worth our wish?

CORYDON and ALEXIS,

Kindred, like the seasons change,
Time and absence makes them strange;
Int'rest vary'd, friendship done,
Whom to trust but thee alone!

Quick from our hopes their objects fly,
We're bury'd in our progeny;

Successive

*Successive changes still go on,
Thou art faithful, thou alone.*

A L E X I S.

*Thou who livest for evermore,
Eternal, all-creative power;
To everlasting thou'rt the same,
In glory, worship, might and fame.
Thou who livest for evermore,
Unending, unbeginning power, &c.*

C H O R U S of S H E P H E R D S.

*Then gracious shepherd! hear our cry,
In mercy to thy swains draw nigh;
Thou Lord of all, to thee alone,
Are all our wants and wishes known.*

*Thee, thee alone! we grasp to hold,
Ere worlds were made, thou wast of old,
Save us, immortal power divine,
Save us at the last close of time,*

*O save us Lord! our future hopes
Are centred in thy gracious love,*

When

When all beneath thy kingdom drops,
Support us then with thee above!

What else, ah! what is worth our care,
Sure all was rais'd, was form'd by thee;
Finite these heavens, earth and air,
But thou (great God!) shalt ever Be.
Thou! O thou! shalt ever Be—!

A L E X I S.

Man! how ambition feeds thy swelling cares,
What strife, what toils thy anxious bosom bears;
What then thy golden views, thy treasur'd store,
What else but toil? are thy enjoyments more?
Maugre thy pomp, thy power, thy gorgeous train,
Thou'rt poor, and blind, and naked, wretched man!
Till shrouded round with thick'ning clouds of wo,
Thou know'st no more, of pleasure, wealth or show;
For ever then they vanish from thy sight,
And leave thee lost, in silence, death and night.

B O O K IV.

NOW from the hill, each shepherdes and swain
Descending, fought their flocks that roam'd
the plain,

Except ALEXIS, youthful and divine,
(How bright is virtue in that morning prime!)
All that was graceful in ALEXIS shin'd,
All that was good, adorn'd and blest his mind :
How much belov'd (the youth!) I need not tell,
How much esteem'd, when he deserv'd so well ;
To me, with courteous welcomes drawing near,
(His soothing voice dispel'd each awful fear)
With kind salute he led me to the bower,
And bad me welcome to their rural store ;
Mean while, with open freedom he explain'd
Their pastoral life, and his associates nam'd ;
Told whom they were that in the choral throng,
Had tun'd the reed, and which had join'd in song ;
Inform'd me of each train I'd seen before,
Where they frequented, and the names they bore ;
Told what to each (ere happy there) befel,
What scenes of heaven-born pleasures where they
dwell ;

Of



Of flocks and herds what portion each enjoy'd,
 Where either's bounds, the fertile glebe divide;
 The sacred haunts where all their rural trains,
 Conven'd at times, to join their doric strains;
 From morning orizons to evening's toil,
 How they enjoy'd contentment's rosy smile;
 'Tis thus! (he cry'd) we taste ethereal bliss,
 'Tis thus we find the happiness we wish,
 Our joys ne'er waste, our comforts ne'er can cease. }
 Not so the sordid worldling's narrow mind,
 Within its sphere of vanities confin'd,
 Unconscious what a phantom life pursues,
 For fading dreams they crowns of glory lose,
 Low as the parent clod go down to death,
 Blotted from time, they sink again to earth,
 So oft, serene, and clear, Sol's evening rays,
 Gild the fair landscape with their setting blaze;
 How charming look the fields with light and shade,
 What glaring prospects to the eye display'd;
 But ah! how soon, whate'er was gay and bright,
 Turns one dark mass, shut up in glooms of night.

Lord of glory! power and might,
 Lord! over death, and hell, and night,
 Great, universal, infinite,
 Almighty Ruler of the whole,
 Whom none can conquer, none controul.

Faithful

Faithful shepherd! bless our plains,
 And bless (great God!) we humble swains;
 When all is wrapt in solemn gloom,
 Like sleeping silence, hush and dumb.

When all the worldly tumult's ceas'd,
 And active life's compos'd to rest,
 Methinks! unbounded nature shares,
 A pause, exempt from hopes or cares.

But sure nor sleep, nor wasting day,
 Stops time in its far destin'd way;
 Creation's wondrous orbs pursue
 The mighty works they've form'd to do.

Thro' circuits vast, they wander on,
 In ceaseless round, and space unknown;
 No pause of rest their work suspends,
 No date of time their sojourn ends.

Nor years nor ages as they run,
 Have ceas'd their speed since time begun;
 This earth, and heav'n's moving spheres,
 Still leading moments into years;
 But man, alas! machine of clay,
 Must rest, tho' life pursues its way.

Sunk down in sleep, dark helpless state,
Thousands their morning views await,
Act o'er their hop'd, their fancy'd scheme=
And catch their future views in dreams.

To busy thought what phantoms rise,
What dwarf conceits, and mimic joys;
What early projects to be done,
Tho' life may then its period run,
And never see to-morrow's fun!

Or fate in secret hour of night,
May banish all their vain delight,
From dreams and visionary mirth,
Awak'd to sickness, pain and death.

Then hastening foul! O! haste away,
To seek the climes of endless day,
Where glory shines, enshrined in power,
Unfold'd by sorrows midnight hour.

Break the enchantment, break it soon,
This transient vision of the tomb;
All's airy vapour, empty shade,
Guileful hopes, for ruin spread.

Watch and preserve, ye heavenly powers!
Thro' night's dark reign, sleep's guardless,
lonely hours;
Awake my soul! while life shall last,
See! how the flying moments waste!
Wake, ere this short'ning present's o'er,
And I return to life no more;
Left fall'n from sleep to depths unknown,
Perish'd and lost, I sink undone.

Rise! from these deathful scenes of night,
To those cerulian worlds of light,
Where over-watchful cherubs blaze,
And ministring angels sing and praise;
In high immortal glories blest,
With endless life, and light and rest;
Pleasures! that fill ethereal plains,
Where the God of glory reigns.

Whilst wrapt in darkness, lost in sleep,
Vain drousy mortals live to weep,
Amidst fantastic joys and dreams,
A world of visionary scenes:
Forget, these empty! empty cares,
These needless troubles, causeless fears;
Leave all below, with angels rove,
Amidst thy native realms above,

Here, after thoughtful pause, with lifted eye,
 Again he spoke,—O world of extasie!
 Where! where's the path! to thy sublime abode,
 Say, can it be by mortal footsteps trod;
 That boundless infinite, where shall I find;
 Only survey'd by the eternal mind!
 Who thro' the deep recesses of the sky,
 Has view'd those dazzling mansions set on high?
 To whom is the Almighty's dwelling known,
 Endless duration! where thy awful throne,
 Thou, that exists from ages unbegun. }
 What thought can travel the eternal round,
 Or measure back till its beginning's found?
 All! all! thou one unfathom'd deity,
 Receive their being and their bliss from thee!
 All, all are thine! all first thy tender care,
 Whether thy vengeance crush, or mercy spare;
 Tho' neither seen nor known, but unexplor'd,
 Yet seen and known, and reverenc'd and ador'd;
 Known by his spirit, in his wisdom seen,
 Far as our mortal powers can reach to him;
 Yes, Thou in whom we live, and move, and be,
 My heart, my life, my soul, are full of thee.
 Father! sweet word of happiness and peace,
 The God, the parent of our future bliss;
 O how the wonders of thy love amaze!
 What mortal tongue can celebrate thy praise?

To

To thee, to thee unknown, we fly,
Eternal power of majesty!
Thy mercy will our souls embrace,
And shew thy glories, face to face.

O when that wond'rous scene's unveil'd,
When thou'rt in all thy powers beheld!
What shall our transformation be,
We worms of earth, approaching thee!

In glory's utmost fields of light,
Centre of wonders infinite!
Mansions of bliss, shall we attain?
'Tis promis'd by thy awful name,
The just shall live thro' thy eternal reign.

}

O how my raptured soul aspires,
On wings of love's seraphic fires!
How my glowing wishes rise,
To meet their hopes beyond the skies!

Vain world, adieu, thou childish show,
How mean, how wretched's all below;
I come! I come! thou blest abode,
O bear me, angels, to my God!

My

My heart, my hope, my all is there,
O! leave me not thus helpless here:
Yet here, content I still can be,
Content to suffer, if for thee;
'Tis heaven, Lord! where thou art near,
Yea, empty world! 'tis heaven here.

Set all thy vanities aside,
Thy riches, pleasures, pomps, and pride;
The victim lives to suffer yet,
Then comes his misery to complete,
Thy cruel vengeance, base deceit.

Thy persecution, scorn and shame,
Thy tortures, poverty and pain;
Thy gloomy woes, that spread the earth,
Thy heart-felt groans, thy cells of death;
But (if th' Almighty's aid is near)
His soul shall find a heaven there!

(Here, interrupted with a rising sigh,
The starting tear gush'd silent from his eye)
Such was the fate of father, brother, friend,
And such, thou lovely martyr! was thy end;
Faithful ONEMIA, gentle, meek, and good,
The hallow'd virgin! seal'd it with her blood;

As

As spotless innocence, resign'd and mild,
 The tender victim tortur'd and revil'd;
 Suffer'd unmov'd, and from their cruel power,
 Breath'd out her soul in prayer, and sigh'd no more.
 And Oh! a father! how he bore his part,
 Fearless he spoke the language of his heart;
 Amidst his anguish (scenes of death and wo)
 He spurn'd at all the evils life cou'd know;
 Dying he felt superior talents given,
 And rose triumphant from the rack to heaven.
 Poor slaves (he cry'd) increase your torments still,
 Let men for devils act the tyrant's will;
 These mortal ills shall vanish with a groan,
 Life quits its seat, and your revenge is done;
 Th' almighty Monarch, of eternal cause,
 Receives me hence, and angels sing applause!
 Wherethen your power, your penal tortures, where,
 They cease to be, immortal joys appear!
 Say, can your rage reach heaven's tremendous
 throne,
 Poor ants! what has your mighty vengeance done?
 Bereav'd a fellow mortal of his breath,
 Whilst ye yourselves are sinking into death;
 All-conquering time! shall soon revenge the deed,
 How sure the fatal hour, how swift its speed!

Dare

Dare ye who gave not life, affix its date,
 Ye dying atoms! can ye alter fate?
 Dare ye, assassins! dare ye yet assume
 Th' Almighty's power, and pass his creature's doom!
 Ye dark eternal terrors! deep and fell,
 Ye blackest horrors, where the murderers dwell!
 Might ye now open all that ghastful scene,
 And shew those dire infernal wards within,
 To check these hard'ned miscreants in their crime,
 Or wou'dst thou, God of mercies! make them
 thine;

To catch them trembling midst their massacres,
 From reeking slaughter to thy peaceful joys!
 My breath dissolves—Oh! might it only bear
 To mercy's throne, one last prevailing prayer;
 That when this mortal being is no more,
 These might free pardon from that throne implore,
 And die in peace, uncharg'd with black'ning guilt,
 The pains I've suffer'd, and the blood they've spilt;
 How mild the rack, if thus with mercy blest,
 O grant it heaven! Oh! grant my last request,
 Here fled the soul to its eternal rest.

What thrilling griefs! yet what elated thought,
 What glimpse of heaven itself my bosom caught;
 Sorrow's dark mist soon vanish'd from the mind,
 Compos'd I stood, undaunted and resign'd;

Exalted

Exalted reason, freed from all below,
 Seem'd to conceive the bliss that angels know.
 A brother bled! my breast with pious care,
 Envy'd the torture he was doom'd to bear,
 Unpitied, but with heart affecting prayer:
 He, as a free-will offering to be slain,
 Forgot to groan, and triumph'd in his pain,
 Till feeble nature sunk beneath the weight,
 And sent him shining to the fields of light!
 When strait the fierce Assassins gaz'd and fled,
 (As conscious of their guilt) with panic dread.
 Some, loud implor'd the pitying eye of heaven,
 As frighted exiles, from its mercies driven!
 Whilst Superstition, with terrific power,
 Stalk'd dreadful on, deep-stain'd with human gore,
 'Midst vengeance loud in horrid triumph led,
 Stern Fate's proud Chief! with flaming trophies
 spread;
 That trod on All, or human or divine,
 Bow'd not to him, nor worship'd at his shrine.
 Mean while the suppliants rais'd their plaintive cry,
 And more invok'd those gracious powers on high;
 More strong, more urgent each pathetic prayer,
 Till true Repentance conquer'd their despair;
 As yet they wept each past horrendous crime,
 Heaven's peaceful mercy shed its love divine.

N

But

But Oh ! as broke from hell's black den of night,
 The raging Tumult, with infernal spite,
 Seiz'd the sad victims! all the mad'ning crowd,
 With blasphemy, and imprecations loud ;
 Arm'd with death's cruel fury (dreadful scene)
 Hew'd gaspful wounds, and mangled every limb,
 Distorted every joint, stretch'd every pore,
 Pluck'd out their tongues, and drank the reeking
 gore.

Amaz'd ! I fled, confus'd at what I saw,
 Chill'd with detested horror, dread and awe.
 Up roar and slaughter wide confusion spread,
 Beneath their tortures fainting mortals bled ;
 Trembling I ran, dejected and dismay'd,
 Till heaven reliev'd my woes and sent me aid ;
 Preserv'd my soul from death, reliev'd my fear,
 Renew'd my inward bliss, and sent me here ;
 Where many now, escap'd their dreadful doom,
 Thro' persecution's thorny paths are come ;
 Here, heaven in peace we worship and adore,
 Till call'd to fairs and martyrs gone before.
 Here, we're preserv'd by heaven's peculiar care,
 Here, for its endless glories we prepare ;
 Here, protected by its power we rove,
 And pension'd on its bounties, praise and love.

Eternal

Eternal shepherd! shall we fear,
Is not, Lord! thy presence near,
Ever watchful to defend,
Saviour, Guardian, God, and Friend!

What force, what might, can thine withstand,
What power can pluck us from thy hand;
Or who disturb the state of rest,
Thy arm protects, thy will has blest!

To thee! to thee! our songs we raise,
To thee, where gloried seraphs blaze,
And chanting angels hymn thy praise;
Hosannah! in the high't to thee,
We'll sing thro' all Eternity!
With hallelujahs! still adore,
And love and praise, for evermore!

Without thee, nature's but a wild;
Without thee, darkness reigns within;
Tho' pomps and pleasures round us smil'd,
They wou'd but greater miseries seem.

If thou art absent from the soul,
What gloomy horrors chill the breast,
Want and emptiness the whole,
Tho' crowns and empires were possess.

Now milder evening in the east begun
Its dewy steps, and the declining sun,
Now far descended down the ruddy west,
Warn'd nymphs and swains, to seek their hours
of rest;

But first, the flocks to hurdled folds repair,
And bleating lambs demand the shepherd's care;
Then loved ALEXIS! courteous, free and kind,
Took his adieu, his pastoral charge to find;
Snatch'd up his crook, and from the mountain's
brow,

Haft'ned to seek the scatter'd flocks below.

Gazing a while, I on the summit stood,
Amidst the charms of happiest solitude;
The fainter eye of eve, serene and mild,
In light and shade, thro' prospects fair and wild
Spread vary'd scenes, and furnish'd new delight
One softening Glow, till fading into night.
Thus whilst the feasted eye in transport gaz'd,
Harmonious sounds a sylvan concert rais'd;
The distant shepherd's pipe, the evening song,
The joyous warblers, nature's feather'd throng;
Of thicket, vale, or grove, or woodland shade,
Or secret bower, the evening serenade:
To them, the bleating flocks, * the leading bell,
The lowing herds, the later PHILOMEL,

Added

* The sheep that leads the flock has usually a bell hung on his neck, which makes a tinkling sound.

Added a tribute to the rural bliss,
 And clos'd the day in harmony and peace;
 Enjoying pleasures infinitely more,
 Than ere in with the mind conceiv'd before;
 Time stole the hours insensibly away,
 And absent thought forgot declining day;
 Till (as from vision woke!) alarm'd I view'd
 The browner vales, with humid pearls bedew'd;
 Each pleasure sadden'd, wand'ring there alone,
 A friendless stranger, in a place unknown;
 Yet all so happy round reliev'd my care,
 Harmonious, sweet, delectable and fair;
 I cry'd! with transport, what have I to fear,
 Heaven has a watch of guardian angels here!
 Then from the mountain's height in paths un-
 known,

I wander'd on to reach the bordering Down;
 Still as I pass'd new vigils hail'd the ear,
 From villas, fields, and lonely hamlets near:
 Down by a hanging wood, whence smooth-
 turff'd Soils

Spread various prospects, deck'd with Flora's smiles,
 And warblers' tuneful sounds, I took my way,
 By the dim light of low departing day;
 When thus returning swains that sought their home,
 These grateful lays in rural chorus sung.
 Here,

Here, faithful swains! how blest we dwell,
In leafy bower, or humble cell;
Best fitted for this mould'ring clay,
This present, to be done away.

Yet may we sing our blessings here,
The pride and beauty of the year;
Of virtue! blissful state possess'd,
We've joy, contentment, peace, and rest.

All nature smiles around,
With joyous pleasures crown'd,
Birds chant on every spray;
Melodious echoes fill,
From every grove and hill,
The chearful realms of day.

Soon as the morning dawns,
Woods, thickets, dales and lawns,
Awake their mirthful strains;
On daizy, pansy, and thyme,
The twinkling dew drops shine,
And pleasure decks the plains.

The matin wood-notes rise,
In concert to the skies,
(Sweet morning hymn of praise)

Wid

Wide arb'rets spread,
Their chequer'd shade,
To cool Sol's noon-tide rays.

The Sylvan Bower,
With ripening store,
Of fragrant sweets adorn'd;
Invites the swains,
To quit the plains,
For them those sweets are form'd.

When evening mild,
Soft fancy's child,
Dims o'er the bright serene;
Night warbled song,
Delights the throng,
And serenades the green.

S H E P H E R D.

As this thin dusk, calm evening's gloom,
So, when life's fatal night shall come,
The soul from earth shall wing its way,
Thro' death's dim shade to endless day!

Second C H O R U S.

Happy state! that's never done,
Climes that know no setting sun;
Shining kingdoms ever bright,
Regions fill'd with joy and light;
Cares and fears shall then be o'er,
Night and death return no more!
But glory in its brightest noon,
Shall blaze as one eternal sun!
There the soul from earth retir'd,
Shall see her God, so long desir'd;
Shall see him too, undamp'd with fear,
In all his Majesty appear;
Amidst that infinite sublime,
Where all his powers tremendous shine;
Meridian glory's utmost height,
That holds his awful throne of light!

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Heaven's temple who shall see,
Palace of eternity!
Who! Ah who! may dwell in thee?

A S H E P H E R D.

Even simple swains, that love and fear
Their parent God, may enter there;

An

And glorify'd with Him for ever shine,
Beyond the reach of fate, or wreck of time.

When these had pass'd, a shepherdess alone,
Homewards retiring o'er the grassy down;
With heart-exulting praise, sought her abode,
And cheer'd the dusky gloom with evening ode.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Come opening sweets! of earliest bloom,
Fresh tender buds of infant spring,
When first the breathing gales perfume,
Where angels haunt, and shepherds sing.

Blossom! ye roseat bowers and groves,
Where graces dwell, where virtue roves,
And spotless virgins court her smile;
Let blessings crown these blissful plains,
Reward each faithful shepherd's toil,
And teach our hearts celestial strains.

'Tis done! harmonious sounds divine,
Affembling swains delighted hear,
All that's gladsome meets the eye,
All that's pleasant charms the ear.

Enraptured with inspiring song,
The joyous shepherd tunes his lays,
On every side a hymning throng,
Bid vocal hills resound his praise.

The Sylvan shades, where verdures spread
Their welcome glooms, are sacred made,
With adoration praise and love,
Echoed thro' the sounding grove :
By day, what blessings cheer the fight,
What rest and comfort brings the night!
Whilst life's few fleeting moments last,
Bliss! to bliss! succeeds the past,
Whilst the hasty minutes fly,
Posting to eternity!
Till of endless joys possessest,
With beatific vision blest ;
Where, wrapt in heaven's Almighty power,
Sin, pain and death, are felt no more!

So sung the Damsel, so the joyous trains
Of Shepherds sung, retiring from the plains.
Still to the ear each distant prospect round,
In vary'd Odes return'd the grateful sound,
Till evening's deeper shade had clos'd the day,
And warblers now sat silent on the spray.

When

When thus alone, unmindful of the night,
 Charm'd with these softer scenes of new delight,
 I wand'ring, unresolv'd what then to do,
 What home to seek, what purpose to pursue.
 Without a guide, benighted and unknown,
 I sought some hamlet by, or neighbouring Town;
 Till by green paths o'er winding hills convey'd,
 (Green paths, that seem'd by frequent footsteps
 made,
 To humble villa on the spacious plain,
 Or rural grange of some distinguish'd swain)
 I rov'd, still searching as their angles led,
 To find some shepherd's hut, or lonely shed;
 Or cottage, grot, or cave, where as a guest,
 Lost and forlorn, I might have leave to rest.
 But sheep-tracks all that different way divide,
 To lawns beneath a flanting mountain's side;
 Far in the trodden maze, I doubtful stroll'd,
 Till reach'd where late a swain had pent his fold,
 Thence soon directed by the sudden noise
 Of watchful dog, I felt returning joys;
 The distant signal 'larm'd my tardy haste,
 With eager steps thro' various scenes I past,
 When wand'ring thro' a woodland's close retreats,
 All round me seem'd a wilderness of sweets;

On every side, the crowded fruits and flowers,
 Invited to their aromatic bowers.
 Pass'd on, again the opening prospects clear,
 And thro' the dusk the glimmering fields appear;
 The various beauties, o'er the landships spread,
 Lay undistinguish'd in the falling shade;
 The dim survey imperfect objects fill'd,
 Uncertain what the straining eye beheld;
 Nearer approach'd, thro' phantom-scenes of night,
 Appear'd a friendly Roof, how blest the sight!
 Returning pleasures sunk the thoughts of Care,
 Resolv'd I went to seek admission there!
 Close by a winding vale the mansion stood,
 Before it fields and meads, behind, a wood;
 A gentle stream, that chrystal rills supply,
 Beneath the sloping Downs ran murmuring by;
 Bow'd from the walls, to form a green retreat,
 Fresh myrtle Bower o'erspread a mossy seat,
 Where tuneful swain! with shepherd's rural song,
 Warbled his numbers distant from the throng;
 Here, in his evening solitude retir'd,
 Heaven's grateful praise his glowing breast inspir'd.

Thus his SOLILOQUY.

From care, from pain, from misery and wo,
 The direful lot of hapless man below;

From

From earth-bewilder'd maze (so life appears,
 Checquer'd with pleasures, and deprest with fears)
 I taste the perfect bliss of love divine,
 A Happiness, eternal and sublime;
 All that can bless this mortal state I find;
 'Tis ever heaven in a tranquil mind!
 High as the thought can climb my pleasures lye,
 Pleasures! no ills can blast, no fate destroy,
 Safe in the hand of thee, (O power unknown!)
 I fear no ill, I dread no wrath to come;
 Guard but my treacherous self, the only foe,
 Can spoil my bliss, and bring me down to wo.
 But thou, O tender parent of my soul,
 Watch o'er my will, my stubborn self controul!
 O guardian—father of infinity,
 Myself, my safety, I commit to *thee*;
 To Thee! who rais'd my Being from the dust,
 On thy All-sovereign power alone I trust.

With raptur'd Angels may I sing,
 Their high Creator, Prince and King;
 With them permitted to enjoy
 Visions of love! and extasie!
 Who blest with Attributes divine,
 With thee in endless glories shine,
 Great as their views, and as their birth sublime!

} What

Firm, as th' unshaken rock, they each confide,
 Their breasts no fate can shock, nor fear divide,
 Virtue cements the faithful tie for life,
 Unconscious of suspicion, guile, or strife;
 In minds so just, a friendship so refin'd,
 Wou'd seem as angels mix'd with human kind!
 Pardon this glowing thought! 'tis plain and free,
 Spoke from a grateful heart, inspir'd by thee;
 I'm here a vagrant, friendless and alone,
 A forlorn wanderer, foreign, and unknown,
 That in these happy climes, have spent the day,
 Now lost in night's dim paths, I seek my way
 To some thick bower, with peaceful silence blest;
 Or covert of a grove, where I may rest:
 O tell me! (friendly shepherd) where to find,
 Some mossy bed, to be a while reclin'd;
 Some dazy'd couch, beneath the spreading trees,
 Screen'd from cold dews, and shelter'd from the
 breeze;

For sure one vary'd scene of new delight
 The day has been; propitious be the night!

Kind AREDON (such was the shepherd's name)
 Cry'd, leave the vales, and woods, and dewy
 plain;

Unwholesome damps may chill the midnight air,
 Come! see my cottage, take a lodging there;

Welcome!

Welcome! whoe'er thou art, heaven's bounty's free,
 Quit lawns and fields, and take repose with me :
 This said, he led me to his fair retreat,
 Palace of peace, perfum'd with every sweet ;
 The night was calm, the prospect all serene,
 Heaven's choicest blessings stor'd the fruitful scene ;
 Near by, a bubbling stream had tun'd the gale,
 With sleep's soft murmur, from the lonely vale
 Lov'd PHILOMEL, to groves, or hills, or plains,
 Hid in the secret covert, thrill'd her strains.

B O O K V.

NOW reach'd the rural mansion, dimly seen,
My guide, with grateful welcomes, led me in;
What blessings crowd that hospitable door,
Where nature's wants supply'd, we ask no more:
'Tis happiness all seek, but seek it where?
Monarchs might stoop for crowns and find it there.
A place for life's retirement first was shewn,
Sacred to holy offices alone;
Here, (cry'd the swain) I meet my God in prayer,
Here praise, adore, and tell him all my care;
My secret thoughts, tho' known to him before,
I offer up, and mercy still implore;
O heavenly converse! dismal the abode
Of him, who lives a stranger to his God;
That asks no mercies, owns not any given,
But ever mocks the Majesty of heaven;
Benighted thro' life's gloomy track of wo,
His heart ne'er feels the kindling rapture glow,
Vain perishable things, he still pursues,
And labours for the husks that swine refuse;
From day to day, his follies lead him on,
Still seeking happiness! but finding none;

No

No dawn of glory, no seraphic joys,
 No hopes immortal on his wishes rise,
 No heaven-born comforts elevate his soul,
 Low as the sensual brute, or groveling mole;
 A darkened cell of misery all within,
 Dungeon, where loathsome vices lurk unseen;
 Deep den of wild confusion, black as night,
 Unblest with one celestial beam of light;
 The clouded mind, no hallow'd transport warms,
 Nor heaven delights, nor infinite alarms;
 Thick darkness dims the eye of reason there,
 That never sees eternal truths appear.

View the poor cot some thankful swain enjoys,
 See thence how high his hopes and wishes rise;
 Eternal comfort in his mind appears,
 Whether express'd in raptures, or in tears;
 Whether he strives incessant with his God,
 By thanks, and praise, or groans beneath his rod.

The first, the last, the sovereign, all supreme,
 He bids us ask, and who can give but him!
 Yet our creator shall we not address,
 He bids us ask, can his command be less?
 Ask and receive,—The promise made to man,
 Will we not ask, yet hope we shall obtain?
 Ev'n He who holds the cause of life and death,
 The utmost heavens, and this crumb of earth;

He bids us ask, and bids us too believe,
 That what we truly ask, we shall receive;
 Who then, thou guardian of infinity,
 Thou all-sufficient, but wou'd fly to thee!
 Thou, who keep'st the everlasting store,
 Exhaustless treasures, and eternal power!
 What then on earth more awful can we see,
 Than prostrate mortals, when addressing thee!
 Hear thou, Omnipotent! O deign to hear!
 Lift me to heaven, fix my converse there;
 Wilt thou admit a sinful mortal's prayer,
 Open thy joys, and think him worth thy care!
 Wilt thou, by whom the worlds unnumber'd roll,
 Look down on man and dignify his soul!
 Wilt thou on earth this creature guard and guide,
 Till with his kindred faints he's glorify'd;
 Before thy mighty presence shall he shine,
 The son of dust, in glories all divine!
 I'm lost in adoration! won'drous scene,
 What equals this, ye favour'd race of men!
 But I forget the care I owe to you,
 That kind indulgence to a stranger due;
 Come! take a short repast and bless my store,
 Taste the kind bounties of Almighty power.
 Here from a small apartment, neat and plain,
 With graceful look a courteous matron came,
Who

Who shew'd a rural banquet there prepar'd,
 A banquet, such as humble shepherds shar'd;
 Her household care, the wholesome dishes made,
 Viands of creams and fruits the table spread;
 Thanks given to heaven for the daily food,
 With arduous praise, and meekest gratitude;
 Frank open freedom, complaisant and kind,
 Without reserve, our mutual converse join'd:
 The banquet done, due thanks again to heaven,
 With grateful heart were for those blessings given;
 When tales of moral truth, or things divine,
 The joys, the pleasures of that happy clime,
 Were told; sweet solace to a stranger's ear,
 Sooth'd with delights, attentive still to hear,
 Till rural trains, all chearful, gay, and free,
 As angels blest with happy jubilee!
 Enter'd and sung in more than mortal lays,
 Their great Creator's glory, worth, and praise;
 The heavenly concert! all my soul inspir'd,
 Charm'd with their songs, I list'ned and admir'd;
 Sublime their strains, beyond my reach of thought,
 Strains, by the choirs of hymning cherubs taught;
 My soul, unus'd to such celestial lore,
 Forgot the earth, and I seem'd man no more!

Whenceas'd these harmonies, they join'd in prayer,
 Commending all to heaven's peculiar care;

Imploring

Imploring humble peace, that bond of love,
 No vice might break, no fraudulent guile remove;
 That grace and truth, might bless their fellowswains,
 Preserve their flocks, and safely guard their plains;
 That all prepar'd to meet their change to come,
 Might rest secure in night's approaching gloom,
 Or should death's fatal summons! meet them there,
 They next might wake, in glory's happy sphere;
 Thus done, their benedictions, prayer and praise
 They bade adieu and tun'd their watchful lays.
 Vain midnight revels! death begotten joy!
 That sorrows blast and dark'ning ills destroy;
 Divan of woes, that hell's dark powers create,
 Death, arm'd with all the vengeful bolts of fate:
 What mad fantastic change mankind pursue,
 What wild enchantment has the thought in view?
 Can mortals triumph in their overthrow,
 The butt of vengeance, and the mark of wo;
 Can Man of Reason, then, make earth his sty,
 Can wallowing in corruption give him joy,
 Can he in foul pollution's depths expire,
 To sink for ever in its loathsome mire?
 Ye angel-tutor'd shepherds! swains divine!
 That seek your bliss beyond extent of time;
 What heart-felt raptures in your bosoms glow,
 Unknown to earth's parade of empty show;

What

What greater ends your heav'n rais'd minds explore,
 Eternal Worlds, when earth shall be no more :
 Unperishable glory crowns your joys,
 Prospects, that ever brighten as they rise ;
 Immortal, as the God who form'd their bliss,
 Beyond conception, as beyond your wish,
 What glorious hope ! what dignity in man,
 How great the work in his creator's plan !

The matron, now express'd her household care,
 And unreserv'd, excus'd the homely fare ;
 How amiable the beauties of her mind,
 Her aspect chearful, and her will resign'd,
 Her conduct wise, her welcome kind and free,
 Of gentle manners, and of verity ;
 No affectation in her actions seen,
 Her language guileless, and her looks serene,
 In her soft presence, truth and virtue smil'd,
 As MARTHA careful, and as MARY mild.

On various life our topics next begun,
 What mercies known, what providence had done ;
 On doubts, and dangers, the decrees of fate ;
 The power that rules and guides this mortal state,
 O'er wiley vice, what mercies still prevail ;
 New matter found, prolong'd the moral tale,
 Till eve far spent, the careful matron rose,
 And shew'd a bed prepar'd for my repose ;

Night

Night past (the shepherd cry'd) I seek the field,
 Soon as the ruddy sun has day unviold
 O'er hill, or dale, or plain, or grassy mead,
 T'unpen the fold, and set the flocks to feed ;
 Whilst youthful morning, o'er the landskip smiles,
 And with ambrosial blifs rewards my toils ;
 The early breeze, the eye-refreshing greens,
 And warblers songs, fill nature's lovely scenes :
 How beauteous round the widening prospects spread,
 One tender glow of blended light and shade ;
 Yet all's imperfect happiness below,
 Imperfect all we wish, and all we know ;
 No earthly pleasures certain to endure,
 Nor is even virtue's self, from ills secure ;
 'Tis thou, eternal Shepherd ! keep'ft us free,
 Led to no danger, whilst we trust in thee.

The matron here, (with interrupting sigh,
 As the swollen tear stole silent from her eye)
 With looks that signs of anxious care express,
 From us retir'd, and sought her place of rest :
 I ask'd why grief had thus surpriz'd the dame,
 In realms so happy, whence these sorrows came ;
 All seem'd one tranquil state of true delight,
 All that can charm the mind, or bless the sight ;
 None cou'd suspect a misery, or a crime,
 Cou'd e'er intrude on pleasures so divine.

The

The courteous Shepherd, grave with solemn thought,
 Reply'd, what wonders has delusion wrought;
 These fragrant fields, these vallies, groves and
 streams,

These lawns and hills, woods, mountains, sylvan
 scenes,

At their extent have countries bordering near,

Where Folly's wild fantastic fons appear;

Elves, Dæmons, Genii, spirits, curst and fell,

In those dark climes permitted yet to dwell,

Since ASTROPHIL, the shepherd's first defence,

Arm'd with celestial aid, dispel'd them hence;

Sometimes the shadowy wanderers burst their
 bounds,

And o'er these glebes pursue their nightly rounds;

Vice, in a thousand phantoms, tries its art,

To lure the eye, and catch the yielding heart:

Pride, lust, revenge, and all that haunts the gloom,

Fatal to man, oft various shapes assume,

Now light, now dark, now meteors, now a star,

As best may suit to mask from what they are;

For us the wiley spectres prowl unseen,

Spread wide their spells, and watch to lead us in;

From field, or grove, lone woodlands, dell, or plain,

Catch by surprise the unsuspecting swain;

Loft in nocturnal maze he feels their power,
 And falls their captive from that fatal hour;
 Snatch'd fudden to those ever-thick'ning glooms,
 Where deathless Wo, deep-veil'd in misery, roams;
 Queen of those realms, beneath whose ebon throne,
 Distemper'd pain, and gnawing anguish groan;
 Woods, fells, foul boggy marsh, and desert drear,
 Whirlpools, and stygian gulphs, are center'd there;
 Wide burning sands thro' all promiscuous spread,
 And fulphurous plains, hid in infernal shade;
 Loud hurricane, and tempest, bellowing round,
 Shake the forlorn, rank poisons taint the ground;
 Thro' the dim air the firey serpent flies,
 Conceal'd below the venom scorpion lies:
 Thence, frightful Chaos wild, forbids the sight,
 Clos'd in the confines of eternal night,
 Where Death in all his fatal triumph reigns,
 And horror yells in everlasting chains;
 Torrents eruptive burst in streams of fire,
 With flaming vengeance red, and curses dire.

Happy thou stranger! lodg'd in safety here,
 Expos'd to night, thou might'st have perish'd there;
 The Matron wept for sufferings once her own,
 The direful cause a brother, and a son!
 ADULMO, boldly vain, nor care or fear,
 Forwarn'd his breast to shun the dangers near;
Deep

Deep in the solemn shade where vapoury gloom,
 Had hush'd delight, and hid each virgin bloom;
 Unguarded wander'd, when a feryn voice,
 Oft warbled to his ear unwonted joys;
 Gayforms, in sprightly mirth, by glimmering light,
 Shone from the grove, and chear'd the dusk of night,
 Chanting their *Orgies* foul, in sportive lays,
 With revel loud they sung their midnight praise;
 Advancing next came on a choral train,
 When thus their visionary scenes began.

See! in yonder fields of air,
 Wand'ring Jays the dance prepare;
 Now they seek the forest shade,
 Fancy shews their gay parade;
 Æriel spirits waste the night,
 In frolick sports and wild delight:
 Come MOPS and ALEB, ZEMA come,
 AZMUTH, MAB, and JEPHSICON;
 Laughing RUBOR! fill'd with wine,
 DESPHON, ZELNA, AGATHINE;
 Come ye sisters of the gloom,
 DUMO, PHENIS, NUBAN come!

Second C H O R U S,

See! the sportive round's begun,
 Night has veil'd the distant sun;
 Now silent hours of darkness reign,
 Again we haunt the field and plain,

See! yon dusky skirted cloud,
 Grief and fear, and sorrow shroud,
 Black'ning vapour masks the moon,
 Sable rides the midnight gloom!

Thro' the Lunar fields and vales,
 Busy'd nations spread their tales,
 Marking with attentive eye,
 Secret views of destiny.

On this lower world they gaze,
 'Midst their shine of borrow'd rays;
 Range their countries, beamy climes,
 Far as light reflected shines.

Their influence, shed here unknown,
 And in airy tribes come down;
 Join them quick ere forc'd away,
 By the opening eye of day!

Ere

Ere the star of morn appear,
Ere the cock forwarn it near;
Ere the chanting lark arise,
Whilst Aurora lights the skies.

The breeze, the shade, the silent grove,
Invite us now to wine and love!
Cynthia spreads her trembling beams,
Night's pale goddess gilds the scenes.

Rapt'rous transport now be felt,
Awful night reveals no guilt;
Catch the moments as they fly,
Welcome! mirth and revelry.

Palace of eternity,
What have we to do with thee!
What are thy ambrosial stores,
Joy and love shall now be ours.

A E R I A L, a leading spirit.

Fabled tales of fainted thrones,
Dreadful Deeps, where horror groans;
Shall these tales disturb our mirth,
Wand'ring fancy gave them birth.

Here,

Here, we taste salubrious air,
Here, we conquer glum despair,
Here, changeful vapour forms our court,
And latent mischiefs crown our sport.

C H O R U S.

How pleasing thus our midnight toils,
O'er lands, or lakes, or sea girt isles!
Arise! ye Naiades, from caverns steep,
Within the bosom of the deep.

Rise! and join our jocund mirth,
On these flow'ry plains of earth!
Quit your wat'ry cells below,
Ere the growling tempest blow,

From your airy seats on high,
Starry threshold of the sky;
Vagrant spirits hasten near,
Haste to join our swift career!

From care and fear, and danger free,
Haste to meet our jubilee;
Whilst in the chambers of the East,
Night presides, and mortals rest.

See the Pleiades are driven,
Up the topmost steep of heaven ;
Clouds from breaking vapours stole,
Hover round the dusky pole.

Appearance of a Shepherd and Shepherdess.

Now your tipfy frolicks try,
Catch the smiles of youthful joy,
Rofy pleasure! love and wine!
Shall bathe us here in mirth supine.

A distant C H O R U S.

Hark! hark! the rustling leaves,
Mov'd with the panting breeze,
Tell EURUS nigh,
And now from high,
Affembling beings come;
From upper climes of air,
The winds remotely bear,
Their cavalcade,
Thro' the dim shade,
Down to the glade,
With us do laugh and roam!

Green mantled from the sea,
Our fummons now obey,

Ye

Ye Naiade-Train,
Hid in the main,
Beneath the moss-grown cave ;
Where streaming oceans flow,
Amidst your courts below,
And rowl the tender wave.

Second C H O R U S.

Nymphs of mountains, groves and dales,
Subject for the shepherds tales,
Leave lawn and glade,
And secret shade,
Where midnight elves reside ;
Or quit the cross-road wild,
Where lonesome grave exil'd,
* 'Neath rubbish stones,
Inhumes the bones
Of some fell Suicide !
Come grisly TYPHON ! now appear,
Play thy antick gestures here !
With frolick tales,
And madrigals,
Bring the phantom Beings near.

* Custom of throwing stones on the grave of a Suicide.

Grand

Grand C H O R U S.

They come! they come! the ghostly throng,
 Ærial spirits, join the song,
 Laughing mirth, and gay delight,
 Join the Chorus of the night;
 From the air, the earth, and seas,
 O'er the banks, and o'er the lees;
 All advance to join us here,
 Spectres, goblins, sprites appear!
 Now 'tis ours, this span of time,
 Mirth and love, improv'd by wine.
 Black Despair forgets to moan,
 And tortur'd Beings cease to groan.

Come, all that's sweet, and all that's fair,
 Now perfume the earth and air;
 Savory herbs and flowerets strew,
 Sprinkled o'er with pearls of dew.
 Nature's feather'd choirs rejoice,
 Give the vales and woods a voice,
 From the sparrow to the dove,
 Chorus round your songs of love.

Now glaring vision entertain'd his eye,
 With brighter objects, as the fiends drew nigh;
 A while, the stranger-guests amaz'd he view'd,
 Unusual in these haunts of solitude;

R

Far

Far gleaming splendors, lightn'd o'er the plain,
 And laughing pleasure, rous'd the mirthful train;
 Variety of all he wish'd, he saw,
 Nor truth persuades, nor Doubts his bosom awe!
 In soft desolving trance, he revel'd on,
 To Wo's abyss, with fatal charms undone;
 Fantastic shapes, delusive sons of air,
 Led him exulting on to meet despair:
 AREMON in his cottage, heard and saw
 The phantom scenes, surpriz'd with fear and aw=
 But knew not then of lost ADULMO's state,
 Nor saw him haste to his approaching fate;
 Soon downy slumbers seiz'd AREMON's breast,
 Hush'd all his cares, and sooth'd him into rest.
 Still headlong on, the rash ADULMO ran,
 (Charm'd with the jovial sports) to join their clan
 Thus pass'd the hapless hours, till kindling dawn=
 Had ting'd the skies, and brightn'd o'er the lawn=
 When, much lov'd DAPHNIS! here an elder swain,
 Arose, and foremost of the shepherd train,
 (When morning lark salutes the infant day,
 Folds are unpent, and shadows fleet away)
 Passing a darksome woodland's gloomy side,
 A voice well known, still DAPHNIS! DAPHNIS! cry'd,
 I'm lost ADULMO!--DAPHNIS, all surprize,
 Affrighted gaz'd, with horror in his eyes
Beheld

Beheld his kind ADULMO! on the ground,
 Prepar'd for endless ruin, seiz'd and bound;
 Beset with hateful monsters' watchful glore,
 Distress'd he lay, a victim to their power:
 Help! help my DAPHNIS! quickly! quickly come!
 O haste to save me from eternal doom!
 Behold! the flying moments drive me on
 To dark perdition, and to worlds unknown!
 Charm'd by the false appearances of night,
 Infernal spectres have deceiv'd my sight,
 Destruction seizes—more, what tongue can tell?
 Life, light and hope, and thou, fond world, farewell!
 I sink! I perish! hear my pitying call,
 Ye happier swains! and fly my ruthless fall;
 O cry to heaven! cry with earnest prayer,
 For one that's left to horror and despair;
 Heaven perhaps wou'd hear you ere too late,
 And to its mercy snatch me from my fate.
 Here with one dreadful groan, in wild uproar,
 The vision fled, ADULMO was no more!
 Thus vice lures on, with vain delusive joy,
 Then plunges headlong to eternity.
 DAPHNIS! with horror and with wo distress'd,
 As yet his soul the dismal scene possess'd;
 Paus'd on a while; then mourn'd, alas! alas!
 Smote on his breast, and fled the haunted place;

Yet in his mind, uncertain what he'd seen,
 Whether a real wo, or but a dream;
 Back to a neighbouring villa, o'er the vale,
 Surpriz'd he ran, to tell the dismal tale;
 When near a mountain's side, with sheep-tracks
 spread,

(Where brambly hills o'er-look the distant mead;
 Whilst on the lawns beneath, young lambkins
 play'd

Round crowded folds, pitch'd o'er the slanting glade)

Sat sweetly chanting, by a murmuring rill,

In vale low shelter'd,—ARCAS, ASPHODIL;

His LARIA too! soft partner of his care,

LYSANDER, THIRIS and PALEMON there.

His falt'ring speech soon told the dreadful deed,

Alas the tidings! what has fate decreed!

Woods, vallies, groves and streams, all, all deplore,

The shepherd lost, ADULMO is no more!

The elves and spectres, of the haunted shade,

Have snatch'd him hence! the much lov'd swain's

betray'd;

Guard, ye blest sylvan trains! against the foe,

O friends! beware that last redeemless wo!

Our high, eternal shepherd! power supreme,

Let us invoke! none can preserve but him;

Come!

Come! join petition to his throne above,
 Cry for his succour, and intreat his love!
 Soon thro' these happy climes, the tidings spread,
 And joyless shepherds mourn'd in every shade.

The Matron long bewail'd the swain undone,
 Still wept his fate, and thus forwarn'd her son:
 Alas! my POLIO! see a mother's tears,
 Pity her anxious soul! for thee she fears;
 Shun (my dear youth) the paths where dæmons
 stray,

Venture not near, they wander to betray;
 Think by what hapless fate my brother fell,
 Avoid the deathsome region where they dwell;
 Keep in these sacred bounds to mercy free,
 Admit no foe betwixt thy God and thee!
 Trust not thy own frail heart, 'twill sure deceive,
 Thy will alone can no secur'ty give;
 Vain are the resolutions of the mind,
 If but with self-sufficient views design'd;
 Such force the wiley charms of vice display,
 They mock thy power, and whilst they smile betray!
 Allurements shun, to trust thyself is pride,
 By that rash act alone ADULMO dy'd.

The youthful swain! then sooth'd his mother's
 tears,

Partook her blessings, and dispel'd her fears;
 Alas

Alas frail Man! Intention, if delay'd,
 Surpriz'd by vice, forgets the vows it made ;
 The youth, in luckless hour! delighted stroll'd
 In evening's dusk, when shepherds left the fold ;
 Led on, from hill, to hill, where new delight,
 His thoughts amus'd, pleas'd with these scenes of
 night ;

Till in a dusky bower, he sought repose,
 Fragrant with flowery shrubs, and blushing rose ;
 Here sunk in welcome rest, supine he lay,
 By undiscover'd phantoms led astray.
 Fatal neglect, alarm'd with sportive dream,
 He chas'd delusion, in a vision seen ;
 First, as when evening faintly meets the eye,
 As softer radiance beams the western sky ;
 Whilst yet the sun a-distance shoots his rays,
 Clears from the cloud, and spreads his milder blaze ;
 When the fresh drops of late descending shower,
 Shine in the grove, and glitter on the flower ;
 O'er spring-deck'd plains, or where the streamlets
 flow,

In golden Shine the gilded landskips glow,
 Ere shadowy vales forebode the fall of night,
 And sullying vapour dims the fading light.
 So seem'd what now to POLIO's eye appear'd,
 Fair beauteous prospects, here no ills he fear'd ;
 When

When in the guise of shepherdes and swain,
 First, two approach'd, and next a rural train;
 Frolick, and gay delights employ'd the time,
 Song, dance, and dalliance, sportive mirth and
 wine;

Oft from the reed some soft harmonious lay,
 Charm'd POLIO's breast, thus chanted to betray.

But mark, how first the pleasing scenes commence,
 Fair as the rosy smile of innocence,
 Till by degrees, as guilty pleasures rise,
 Vice spreads its charms, and throws off all disguise;
 So in the fragrant grove, or flowery field,
 Oft lurks the venom-snake, in sweets conceal'd,
 The harmless youth, who banks of flow'rets spies,
 He hastes to cull, treads where the serpent lies,
 Feels the swoln poison bite, and trembling, dies. }
 Now with their well tun'd harps the vallies rung,
 And thus the wiley charmers play'd and fung.

First C H O R U S.

See, on yonder mountain's brow,
 That lofty beech extends its bough;
 Where high, as points the topmost sprig,
 Watled round each bordering twig;
 The chattering Pye hath built her nest,
 There broods her young with downy breast;
 Oft

* Oft the warns when strife shall be,
 Oft tender lambs become her prey;
 Bosom'd beneath, in woody range,
 Shelter'd stands a rural grange;
 Fruit and herbs the garden yields,
 Corn and clover spread the fields;
 A yard, with swine and poultry stor'd,
 Laughing plenty fills the board;
 Where the farmer takes repast,
 With his hinds, or with his guest;
 Then the herds for shelter low,
 Weary oxen quit the plow,
 Maids from Dairy, fair and neat,
 Bring their milk, and butter sweet;
 Cheese, a relish to digest
 The rustic viands of the feast;
 Mirth and bumpers now begun,
 Chorus till the setting sun.

Lanes, high wall'd with mossy stone,
 Banks, with shrubby thickets grown;
 Slanting down that hollow road,
 Lead us to the wish'd abode;

* A remark often repeated in the country, that where Magpies gather and chatter near a house, it is a certain token of some strife or contention in that neighbourhood.

Sandy

Sandy mazes spread the way,
 Checquer'd o'er with gild of day;
 Thro' the spreading trees above,
 Solemn nature's wild alcove;
 Primrose beds, on hillock dank,
 And blushing vi'lets paint the bank,
 Where (whilst warm with summer ray)
 Kindling glow-worms light the fay:
 Again, branch'd out o'er field or lawn,
 Or plain, or waste, the path leads on,
 Where spring in all its beauty blooms,
 And youthful zephyrs spread perfumes;
 When bladed corn from early toils,
 Thick'ning, cloaths the fertile foils;
 Where the quail, with love elate,
 Hid in verdures, calls his mate;
 These, the bearded forest stray,
 And thro' furrow'd viftos play;
 Secret, in the dewy shade,
 Cover'd with each spreading blade,
 Till the crop in golden hue,
 Gives the farmer back his due;
 ' Then come reapers, strong and blithe,
 ' Then the mower whets his scythe;
 Then the buxom lassies free,
 Keep their evening's jubilee!

S

Then

Then how rich the beauteous scene,
 Till the harvest's gather'd in!
 How the plover where he dwells,
 In the warren's stony cells;
 Or from rock, or sandy dale,
 Whistles to the nightingale;
 Runs delighted on the down,
 Till the blush of morn comes on!

Beneath yon yews, in vales remote,
 Night-wand'ers haunt the lonely grot;
 Where baleful shades give sorrow birth,
 And brood the chilly damps of death.

Second C H O R U S.

See! yon thick-set hedge-row, fill'd
 With limes and plantains, shade the field,
 There the warblers build the nest,
 There the Thrush and Black-bird rest;
 Deep within the inmost shade,
 First the secret plan is laid;
 Where thick'ning shrubs new blossom'd o'er,
 Form their close reclusive bower;
 Thro' the bush from eye secure,
 Either way an aperture;

These

These materials are convey'd,
 And the small foundation's laid;
 First (supporters put across)
 From the stream, and banks of moss,
 The new structure still goes on,
 Till its walls are daub'd and done;
 Their labour finish'd, love employs
 The pair, as yet the fabric dries;
 Then beneath the leafy gloom,
 Settled in their vernal home;
 Careful watch Invader's eye,
 And their artful cautions try
 To lead the prying school-boy wrong,
 Who haunts their shades, and seeks their young;
 How happy, when the downy brood,
 By chirpings ask their early food;
 With careful look, and cautious toils,
 The joyful parent picks the foils,
 And roves to find the morsel sweet,
 A morsel, such as younglings eat:
 He then conveys it safely home,
 And when the daily meal is done,
 Mounting on some neighbouring spray,
 Rapt'rous chants his rural lay!
 Yet suspicion, gives him fear
 For his little household near:

ftly by the hidden nest,
 ft he flies with anxious breast,
 r at distance (growing late)
 hirps and calls his feather'd mate;
 safely met, their labours o'er,
 Till morn appears, they roam no more,
 But from bush to bush around,
 On the tree, or on the ground,
 Near about the happy place,
 That protects their callow race;
 Yet, too joyous to contain,
 Oft he chants the short'n'd strain;
 Nuptial rites to celebrate,
 Sings and hovers round his mate;
 Tuning love-notes o'er their young,
 Soft and kind the amorous song;
 Till Eve day's western beauty veils,
 Then to the nest in silence steals.
 The morn return'd, with hasty wings,
 Again he warbles, roves and sings;
 His wonted toils small leisure spare,
 Till bounteous nature ends his care.
 From hence below are distant seen
 The smooth-turf'd vale, and chrystal stream
 Spreading ozers by the brook,
 Darken o'er each cranny nook;

There the wild-duck, and the teal,
 Oft their floating brood conceal,
 In yon furzes, fern and brake,
 That furround a shallow lake;
 Heath-cock runs, and wand'ring fwain,
 Thro' the hathers seeks his game.

General C H O R U S.

From the village, or the grange
 Haunted oft by goblin strange,
 Watchful round when night comes on,
 Barking curs with hollow tone,
 'Larm the vales, and woodland's lone. }
 Whilst the cock in his abode,
 Chants the hour with clarion loud,
 Thro' night unblest with moon or star,
 Directs the wand'ring traveller.
 There see! (where branching oaks extend)
 From cottage hid, the smoak ascend;
 Where the goblin and the fay,
 Now resume their toils, and play;
 The housewife fairy, neat and trim,
 Sees hearth, and floor, and dressers clean;
 Goblin at the cream-bowl swills,
 Grinds the malt, and copper fills;
 All their work and sporting done,
 On the hearth they bask alone, Till

Till the wakeful hour of day,
 Or the cock-crow warns away;
 But shou'd early hind arise,
 Each his noisy footsteps flies;
 Whilst the sparkling stars are clear,
 Ere the breaking dawn appear;
 Come! let's taste these pleasures soon,
 Come Ærial shepherds! come!
 Roam the happy regions round,
 Where these pleasing scenes abound;
 To yon sylvan shades resort,
 Fauns and satyrs wait our sport;
 The wandering Dryad's steps we'll trace,
 And hail the Genius of the place;
 Come Ærial shepherds! come!
 Ere the light'ning morn draws on.

Now opening prospects, spread with ample fields
 Of various hue, the shifted landscape yields;
 So as when first luxuriant nature strows
 Her bounties round, and all her sweets bestows;
 When on a distant plain, where vapours brood
 Their airy train, a shining temple stood,
 The stately dome for awful rites appear'd;
 Solemn to view, by gazing crowds rever'd;

From

From thence wild, forms in phantom tribes come
on,

With flash of livid fires the midnight shone!
Of haughty presence, vengeful and severe,
Ambition strode, and led the strange career,
A spectre plum'd with every tinsel blaze,
When Rumour loud proclaim'd, attend and gaze!
Their mighty leader! clamorous Throngs pursu'd,
Fame's golden trumpet sounded where he mov'd;
Before him, Fortune, deck'd in all her spoils,
Spread shining joys, and fix'd her golden toils;
In antick scenes, wild fancy strew'd the way,
With gilded pomps, and pleasures soft and gay.

On wings unpois'd! the rising monster flew,
Light as the air, and as uncertain too;
One moment whirl'd aloft! then downward thrown
Along the ground, he restless grovel'd on;
With every blast, like sudden meteor tost,
Now blazing high, and now in darkness lost.
Next rose a dame, as Venus, bright and fair;
Such her false charms, and such her beauties were;
With all enchantments that can lure the mind,
Deceive the heart, and make the reason blind;
She led a sprightly train, the God of Wine,
The monster-fashion'd *Bacchus*, call'd divine!

With

With quaffing bowls, loud laughing tumults led,
 Mad Revelry obscene, his temple spread,
 Where plac'd on high, the phantom structure stood,
 'Midst spreading oaks, a mountain crown'd with
 wood,

A wide ascent the airy building shew'd,
 A path of easy pleasure, smooth and broad ;
 Behind, a Vale where death's dark minions rove,
 Hid in the shadows of an ebon grove,
 Spreads lonesome waste, the dismal realms of doom,
 Black dens of night that yews and cypresses gloom,
 Where tainted breeze with noxious vapour kills,
 And all the vale with loathsome carnage fills ;
 The opening temple, bright'ned o'er the scene,
 Fair views appear'd, gay prospects, fresh and green ;
 Here (powerful spells prepared) the shadowy
 throngs,

In noise and riot raise their mirthful songs,
 To powers of darkness ! hymn their wanton praise,
 And hail its prince ! with their devoted lays.
 The youthful swain ! unconscious of the wo,
 Caught with the varying splendors of the show,
 Felt new-born passions kindling in his breast,
 And long'd to taste those pleasures unpossess ;
 Illusion's subtle powers his wishes won,
 Rous'd mad desires, and urg'd his fancy on ;

Eager

Eager he hast'ned to ascend the hill,
 All nearer seem'd, and all appear'd more real;
 Sometimes attentive to the loud career,
 In absent thought believ'd himself was there
 To catch their laughing joys, grasp every bliss
 That pleasure painted to his fondest wish:
 But all was empty vapour, pathless, void,
 Imagination only, not enjoy'd;
 Alas! in vain, his weary footsteps climb,
 The splendours distant, and more distant shine;
 Mirth's smiling joys met his impatient eye,
 Yet as he strove to reach, they seem'd to fly;
 Thro' all in view, the bliss he sought appear'd,
 The prospects light'ned, and the objects clear'd:
 Bewilder'd thus, and eager to be blest,
 Wild expectation labouring in his breast,
 Pride's lofty form! in taudry vestments gay,
 From hill to hill, enormous strode away;
 Their God of Wine, with all his frantic train,
 In noise dispers'd, and left the lovely Dame.
 With eager views he hast'ned to the grove,
 Where all seem'd pleasure, harmony and love;
 Each secret hope with rapture fill'd his mind,
 To seek delight, and revel unconfin'd;
 Nearer, and nearer, his approaches seem'd,
 To all he sought, to all he now esteem'd;

T

The

The ascent gain'd, in pleasure's wide abyss,
 Believ'd whate'er desire cou'd ask, was his;
 Alas! he rov'd for happiness in vain,
 Possession brought perplexity and pain;
 The charms were fatal, the enchantment such,
 The phantom Beings vanish'd with a touch;
 Desires and passions prompted yet the more,
 Expected happiness still fled before;
 Enchanted by the spell's attractive force,
 He rose (and wond'rous!) stung with hell's remorse,
 Ran frantic on, to reach the bliss design'd,
 Thro' thickets rush'd, o'er rocks and mountain's
 climb'd;

Eager! more eager, ever to pursue,
 The distant objects yet within his view;
 Dangers and difficulties, still encreas'd,
 And hopeless disappointment warn'd his breast;
 The changeful visions from his gazing eye,
 As faster follow'd, still more distant fly.

Now wakeful morning! thro' the murky shade,
 Its saffron light on every summit spread;
 Swains from the villa, met the wanderer near,
 Wonder'd his haste, and thought he fled with fear;
 Aloud they call'd, the now regardless swain,
 With swifter speed he hasted o'er the plain,

Then

Then rapt'rous told his golden dreams of bliss;
Mock'd their intreaties, and pursu'd his wish;
False future hopes, his 'wilder'd fancy led,
Far from their cry his luckless footsteps fled;
Aloud they warn'd him of approaching fate,
But cries and tears, and warnings were too late;
His lov'd LAURANA! wept, and call'd her swain;
Yet her lost POLLIO! answer'd not again;
Regardless, he abandon'd vice pursu'd,
The flying visions still his heart illude;
The wailful shepherds! gaz'd, as dumb with grief,
Saw ruin near, yet none cou'd yield relief.

They watch'd, till lo ! a blasted vale remote,
That yawn'd with darksome caves and shaggy grot ;
Black dens of wo, where yelling monsters reign,
And pestilential vapour spreads its bane !

**All these one dismal wreck of misery seem'd,
Infernal chaos ! haunt of every fiend !**

Where grief and gnawing anguish pierce the soul;
Sullen despair, and fiery vengeance howl!

Affrighted POLLIO! view'd the deep forlorn,
Fain would have fled, but cou'd not then return;
Death, from a fable den, unhear'd with light,
Ghastly appear'd! grim spectre wrapt in night!
His aspect gloom, with every horror frown'd,
Woes, rumour! shrieks and groans, still loud'ning
round; T 2 The

The trembling Shepherd struck with dire surprize,
 Aloud to heaven rais'd incessant cries ;
 Now left a victim in the hands of death,
 Implor'd for mercy ere bereav'd of breath ;
 In this sad state to grief and wo resign'd,
 His looks exprest his agony of mind.
 Mean while thick tainted fogs, the prospects shroud,
 And clash of thunders rend the bursting cloud ;
 One dreadful uproar shook the lonesome wild,
 All now look'd horrible, that late beguil'd
 With soothing pleasure ; bellowing tempests roar,
 Where vice and mirthful revel charm'd before ;
 Here hapless POLLIO ! took his last adieu,
 Death stopp'd his groans, and snatch'd him from
 their view.

The Matron Mother, 'larm'd with boding fears,
 At cries and lamentations now she hears,
 Ran instant forth, beheld the closing scene,
 When POLLIO fell ! and prostrate on the green,
 With wailful voice, she cry'd, ' My son ! my son !
 ' Lost in perdition ! perish'd ! lost ! undone !
 ' O thou, once lovely youth ! once Virtue's pride,
 ' How art thou fall'n ! how are my hopes destroy'd !
 ' Once Heaven's favourite, gentle, meek, and blest,
 ' How hast thou lost the happy fields of rest !
 ' Hopeless, redeemless, sad distressful fate,
 ' Condemn'd to vengeance, how forlorn thy state ;
 Vengeance !

' Vengeance! the sentence of Almighty power,
 ' Misery eternal! what can sink thee lower!
 ' Ages unnumber'd, shorten not thy doom,
 ' Those past, there's an eternity to come!
 ' O must thou grapple with this dreadful foe,
 ' In black despair, and never ending woe,
 ' Nor know (when time and all its works are o'er)
 ' One glimpse of hope! one beam of comfort more!
 ' Yet dire distress, I dare not lift an eye
 ' To heaven for thee, nor raise one breathing sigh;
 ' No, heaven the throne of mercy, can't bestow
 ' One gracious smile to mitigate thy woe;
 ' Judgment, eternal judgment! when decreed,
 ' What power can alter? Who can intercede?
 ' From endless torture, who can set thee free?
 ' O! hapless POLLIO! what I feel for thee!
 ' Hadst thou but heard a mother's warnful cry,
 ' Or seen the tears that fill'd her gushing eye,
 ' Hadst thou regarded then a mother's smart,
 ' The tender language of her bleeding heart;
 ' But sure a mother's care, her faithful tale,
 ' To warn thy safety, cou'd not then prevail;
 ' O! hadst thou list'ned, list'ned ere undone,
 ' For heaven train'd, I yet had had a son!
 ' But now a mother's agonies are vain,
 ' She dares not ask, nor can relieve thy pain,

' The

‘ The heart-felt sorrow, and the melting tear,
‘ For thee my son! thee, once to me so dear!
‘ The penitential groan, the urgent prayer,
‘ Wou’d heaven affront, and vanish in despair:
‘ Yet, O benign Creator! just and good,
‘ Be yet thy mercies on my soul bestow’d;
‘ O guard me! keep me, from the wrath to come,
‘ Watch me, my God! or I’m alike undone;
‘ From every ghostly danger set me free,
‘ O let me praise, and bless, and dwell in thee!
‘ Offended father! hear thy suppliant’s cry,
‘ Dispel my griefs, and lift my soul on high;
‘ ’Tis done, my bosom feels its wonted peace,
‘ Feels still the hopes of everlasting bliss;
‘ On thy indulgent mercies let me gaze,
‘ And with exulting angels, bless and praise;
‘ Preserve, great shepherd! one to sorrow born,
‘ A childless mother, widow’d and forlorn;
‘ O Thou! who mak’st the meanest worth thy care,
‘ Succour my drooping soul, accept my prayer.’

Each shepherd-train, the weeping Matron join’d,
With suppliant cries, contented and resign’d;
To every grove, or plain, or vale, or mead,
Lawn, hill, or dale, the woful tidings spread;
With universal voice, each bowing low,
Implor’d protection from the guileful foe;

In

In prayer and watchings, thro' a certain bound,
The faithful parties take their nightly round,
As those, ere while, that made their visit here,
With midnight hymn, who watch the borders near;
ANDUMEA thus (for so the Matron's nam'd)
Bereft, alas! of every kindred friend,
Was left the general care of courteous swains,
As they in fair possessions shar'd the plains,
But blest with plenty in my humble cell,
I ask'd her here, with me she deigns to dwell;
Hers is the household care, I ask no more,
Each lives for heaven, and each divides its store.

Now with some pious vows to heaven address'd,
Saluting each, we each prepar'd for rest;
When straight the hospitable fwain withdrew,
Wish'd me repose, and took his kind adieu,
Early intending with his wonted speed,
To seek the fold, and turn his flocks to feed;
How pleasant seem'd the shepherds humble seat,
By art and nature uniform and neat;
True happiness enliven'd all within,
Fair as the clime, and as the mind serene;
Prayer, extensive as their fields and plains,
Their flocks and herds, their labours, and their
fwains;
Was daily made, that unity and peace,
Might fill their hearts, and blessings with encrease,
Might

Might guard their safety, make them heaven's scare,
And future glories for their souls prepare.

Sleep, life-refreshing balm! now lull'd the mind,
And busy fancy, slumbers soft confin'd ;
Then peaceful rest from contemplation stole
My downy thoughts, and eas'd the weary soul ;
'Till lost in silent gloom, and still repose,
I slept supine, ere chearful morning rose,
Refresh'd with opening dawn, awak'd my joys,
As yet its kindling rays illum'd the skies ;
When brighter Phoebus in his eastern height,
Had usher'd in his rosy beams of light,
The searching eye what new discoveries found,
What rural scenes of bliss, what pleasures round ;
Sure nature there her choicest gifts bestows,
There happiness its true contentment shows.

Springs, lakes, and woods, green meads, and
murmuring rills,

Close from the sight, amongst the distant hills,
Each lone retreat fresh blossom'd shrubs adorn'd,
Hid in the maze that flowery woodlands form'd,
The shelter'd groves that near the cottage spread,
With new-blown sweets perfum'd their pleasing
shade ;

The fertile lands, Spring's fairest gems bestow'd,
The spangled waste with shining dew-drops glow'd ;

How

How rich the carpet! Nature gay and mild,
 Adorn'd in all her brightest splendor, smil'd,
 Amidst the peaceful haunts of solitude,
 Blest with the songful nations of the wood:
 Nor here high towers, nor regal palace shone,
 But happiness, to palaces unknown,
 Diffus'd contentment, pleasure, rest, and ease,
 Courts brilliant shine, but shine unblest with these;
 Plain simple nature, healthful, bright, and fair,
 Reign'd undisturb'd, no fawning flattery there;
 Blessings unmix'd, pleasures that ne'er betray,
 Friendship sincere, and truth without alloy.

Happy descending, from my rural state,
 Expecting me, the ready Matron sat;
 With fruit, and milk, and wine, a kind repast,
 She spread the table for her stranger guest;
 Struck with the evening tale, I secret sigh'd,
 Bemoan'd her griefs, and mourn'd her friends
 destroy'd;

She, with officious care, prepar'd my feat,
 Shew'd me the store, and press'd to stay and eat
 Of savory banquet, ere I bade adieu,
 With grateful thanks, to new delights in view.

B O O K VI.

NEXT in those wilds, where feather'd warblers sing,
 And Zephyrs nurse their progeny of spring;
 A rural farm, with smiling plenty spread,
 Soon met my view, by choice and fancy led;
 Where grazing herds, in flowery pastures feed;
 Range the wide fields, or seek the cooler mead.
 Nurs'd by the milk-maid's care, the cadeling lamb,
 Some orphan of the flock, that knew no dam,
 Left to their charity, with bleating cry,
 Express'd its wants, and ask'd a kind supply.

Around, the spreading poultry fought their food,
 And winged mothers led their chirping brood;
 Heaven strew'd her bounties, blessings gave increase
 Of plenty, crown'd with industry and peace;
 To herded cattle fattening on the field,
 The fruitful soils their richest dainties yield,
 The fragrant herbage round they cull and taste,
 Till they themselves become the master's feast;
 When Want affails, the whole attend his call,
 Surround the crib, and seek the foodful stall.

The lowing Kine, in tame obedience stood,
 Waited release, and chew'd the healthy cud,
 Each

Each with distended udder here convey'd
 Her milky store, and daily tribute paid :
 The labouring Oxen near, for service broke,
 Bow down their necks, long passive to the yoke ;
 Thro' seasons till the teaming earth for grain,
 Then burthen'd with its products, drag the wain.
 The crowded barns like nature's store-house seem,
 And spoils of harvest load the weary team ;
 The joyous sparrow, chattering at the door,
 Her fellows calls, and picks the scatter'd store ;
 What pleasures these, how grateful heaven's supply,
 Thro' every season's fair variety.

Amidst the vales and hills, a vary'd scene,
 That thro' dividing countries intervene ;
 As yet the lengthening paths my footsteps guide, }
 I took my way, when by a mountain's side, }
 The lonesome dells a dripping cavern hide ;
 Where all that once had on its entrance grown,
 In liquid baths lay crusted into stone.

Near by, huge venerable oaks majestic stood,
 Of old ('tis said) ycleap'd the Dryad's wood,
 Where in the brooding glooms that awful spread,
 An alcove stands, by wattled branches made ;
 Once flowery walkshad spread sweet fragrance there,
 Some fruits and blossoms even yet appear ;

Tho' now a brambly defart, known no more,
 Where songful birds ne'er chant their vigils o'er;
 Yet bordering near the lightsome heights above,
 Where summer's brightest splendors deck the
 grove;

Whence shining views, in nature's purest dye,
 Open a new Elizium to the eye.

Some distance thence, beside the mid-way down,
 A covert spreads, with lofty trees o'er-grown,
 Some strait and tall, as branching cedars rose,
 Some under these, put forth their widening boughs,
 The crowded shade, with brakes and brambles fill'd,
 What else was there, in deeper glooms conceal'd;
 Here as I pass'd thro' rugged paths obscure,
 Paths, those uncultivated wilds immure,
 A bowery covert stood, scarce known to-day,
 Now left impervious to the sunny ray;
 On banks around in tainted mildews grew,
 With ivy twin'd, the poplar, elm, and yew;
 Unconscious what such mournful change cou'd
 mean,

I nearer drew, resolv'd to look within;
 When sculptur'd there a weeping Matron fate,
 Holding a scroll—*Remember POLLIO's fate!*
 Struck with surprize, I started at the sight,
 The sad memento quickly check'd delight;
 Near this, more darken'd by the solitude,
 Mark'd with his fall, a fable column stood,

Not rear'd aloft, as stately obelisks rise,
 But in a form of monumental size;
 Around its base, on the indented stone,
 Were various characters, to me unknown:
 Sighing, I gaz'd, and now again bewail
 The fatal cause, known by the evening tale;
 A shepherd near, observ'd my pensive moan,
 Who friendly came to make the story known;
 How POLLIO there, a young and hopeful swain
 Was first betray'd—' See whence the dæmons came!
 ' Beyond the hill that dusks the farther vale,
 ' (I tremble ere I tell the dismal tale!)
 ' The visionary spectres first appear'd,
 ' With joy he follow'd what he saw and heard.
 Here he repeated what I'd learnt before,
 And then rehears'd ADULMO's story o'er,
 ' Yonder, (said he, as pointing to the grove,
 So late I'd seen, where stood the dark alcove)
 ' One evening fair, a wand'ring shepherd came,
 ' To seek delight, ADULMO was his name;
 ' On mossy couch beneath those verdures laid,
 ' He met his fate, by night-born fiends betray'd;
 ' First where that wither'd myrtle by the wood,
 ' Distinguish'd stands the mark of solitude,
 ' Where vermin lurk, and speckled adders hiss,
 ' Erst clos'd with arbours round, fair seats of bliss;
 The

Thro'

‘ Thro’ many a crooked path they took their way,
‘ Paths undiscover’d to the eye of day ;
‘ Till reach’d anear to where my cottage stands,
‘ That from the heights a widening view com-
‘ mands ;

‘ I heard strange sounds a distance, ere they came,
‘ Saw meteors flash, and murky vapours flame,
‘ Still as they pass’d with the encreasing noise,
‘ Cross-ways they spread, like those athwart the
‘ skies ;

‘ Or as fall’n stars swift gliding thro’ the air,
‘ Come streaming down apace with fearful glare,
‘ Till in a moment sudden as they soar,

‘ In liquid æther quench’d, are seen no more ;
‘ Or streaks of light, that lengthen, glance and turn,
‘ Now here, now there, and round the welkin burn.

‘ Such was the sight to me, so pois’d they flew,
‘ In different forms, still changing to my view,
‘ Till o’er yon high-moist ridge of mountain’s fled,
‘ The glaring vision vanish’d into shade.

‘ All soon was hush, and thro’ the blue serene,
‘ The moon shin’d forth, and bright’ning stars
‘ were seen ;

‘ Here clos’d ADULMO’s fate, too dire to tell,

‘ The shepherd DAPHNIS saw him when he fell!

‘ DAPHNIS, to whom the farm and glebes belong,

‘ Where once ADULMO dwelt, when POLLIO young
‘ First

‘ First kept his flock, or in due seasons till’d
‘ The fruitful soil, or watch’d the verdant field;
‘ Around their mansion every blessing lay,
‘ For rural life, that nature cou’d display;
‘ Content and plenty, with their useful store,
‘ Cherish’d the whole, and finil’d in every bower;
‘ Down by yon woody vale it yet remains,
‘ Thus sweetly fair, tho’ kept by other swains.
 ‘ Weak man ! such, such uncertainty is he,
‘ Who knows what is, but not what is to be;
‘ May heaven guard us then, where all is known,
‘ And never leave us to ourselves alone,
‘ Since none on earth enjoy a perfect good,
‘ In every place some evils will intrude.
I thank’d the friendly shepherd, loitering there—
Grief wou’d not part without a silent tear.
 The swain, soft chanting as he pass’d along,
Thoughtful and pensive, thus began his song:

Speak, if thou dar’st, be once sincere,
Man of the world, is pleasure there?
Disease and death with frolick join,
And call it pleasure, such is thine,
Far roaming fancy’s gaudy wing,
Does all thy empty pleasures bring;
What are they but a phantom shade,
A vision seen, a gay parade.

Pale

Pale misery, deck'd in sprightly trim,
 With flattering hope, and airy whim.
 Lord, what is all we find below,
 What, all we seek, or all we know;
 What, if we wander far from thee,
 But night, and death, and anarchy.

Hence, thro' the verdant fields, the lawns,
 and plains,
 Heaven-guarded haunts, where meek-ey'd virtue
 reigns,
 I wander'd on, gay prospects cheer'd the sight,
 With every blissful change cou'd give delight;
 Whilst speculation thus amus'd the thought,
 And with fond wish, for new discoveries fought;
 What visionary fancy's pencil drew,
 Seem'd all in real objects fet to view:
 Such was the tranquil state I then enjoy'd,
 Sweet rural pleasures smil'd on every side.

Close in a slanting grove, where chequer'd shade
 Down the descent its vary'd scenery spread;
 A solemn stillness aw'd attentive joy,
 And the calm bosom breath'd a rising sigh;
 When sudden, thro' an opening vista near,
 High antique structures to the view appear,
 Whose venerable towers, with dusky frown,
 Support some remnants of their old renown;

Huge massy walls, from their wide basis torn,
 Added new tribute to the drear forlorn ;
 Great vestige left of some dread monarch's power,
 Perhaps in arms what Nimrod was of yore ;
 Where hosts of old their martial deeds proclaim'd,
 For rapine dire, and vengeful slaughter fam'd.

Maim'd statues fall'n, and lofty domes defac'd,
 Mark'd war's lone progress thro' that joyless waste ;
 Engines of death, whose sound had pierc'd the sky,
 Canker'd with age, in broken relicts lie ;
 Harmless the murdering instruments remain,
 Had level'd towns, and swept the sanguine plain ;
 As records of some sovereign state undone,
 Some city storm'd, or ancient kingdom won ;
 When dreadful rang'd, each battled phalanx stood,
 Where terror march'd, in streams of human blood ;
 That with proud banners mock'd the daring foe,
 And bade defiance to the voice of wo.

Whilst dauntless chiefs, ambitious to be great,
 Rush'd on to death, and brav'd the hand of fate ;
 When all one hideous anarchy becomes,
 Of mangled carnage, misery, cries, and groans ;
 Till thus in silent desolation laid,
 A rest for flocks that haunt its peaceful shade.

For ever! ever, may oblivion blot
 Such horrid strife, till war itself's forgot ;

What

What havock crowds the victor's kinglefs throne,
 How war and time have swept its glories down,
 Once gorgeous palaces, left the abode
 Of bats, and owls, the serpent, and the toad;
 Where verdure's choicest foliage once had been,
 Dry wither'd oaks, and naked shrubs were seen.

Near by, thick ting'd with many a blasted hue,
 The shadowy cypress, and the baleful yew,
 Stood mark'd with age, as emblems of decay,
 Pointing to ruin with the leafless spray;

Where tarnish'd pride its parian columns rear'd,
 Record of names, tradition long rever'd;
 Beneath, sepulcher'd pomp in rubbish lay,
 Strip'd of its joys, by cent'ries swept away;
 The architect, to science left unknown,
 No longer now survives the shatter'd stone;
 His labour'd works, with fame's proud ensigns
 spread,

Drop'd from their fabricks o'er the mighty dead,
 Where swoln destruction's brooding vapours lowr,
 And stormy tempest beats at midnight hour;
 Bleak winds howl lonesome thro' the yawning
 tombs,

And rifted charnels, veil'd with black'ning glooms;
 State, captiv'd left in those polluted cells,
 With silence in perpetual darkness dwells.

What, then avails earth's vain magnificence,
 Its blazon'd shrines, its rumour'd eminence ;
 Since all diffolves, the marble's shining glow,
 Consign'd to dust with him that sleeps below.
 Naked of all, lay many an humble swain,
 Beneath the turf that clad his last remain,
 Whose honest heart proud folly never knew,
 Nor aim'd to set its vanities in view,
 By pompous lies, to borrow future fame,
 And in the glaring tale conceal his shame ;
 Serene he rests, free from the cumb'rous height
 Of pillar'd domes, nor bears the marble's weight.

Loft in these wilds of solitary wo,
 With thoughtful pause I wander'd to and fro,
 When from fair villa by the neighb'ring down,
 Seat of delight, to all ACARIA known ;
 A hoary sage (tho' but a shepherd swain)
 Presiding chief, led on a rural train ;
 His care for all as for himself employ'd,
 The kind admonisher, life's faithful guide ;
 HERMAS ! well known, that venerable name,
 For ever dear to the ACARIAN swain ;
 Heaven's glorious views deep center'd in his breast,
 As time's swift moments fled, his joys increas'd ;
 With pious strains he blest his past'ral care,
 His private hours with solitude and prayer ;

Recluse

Recluse from worldly ends with vice unstain'd,
 As if for heaven's vicegerent there ordain'd;
 Flatt'ry, or fraud, ne'er enter'd his retreat,
 But friendship, amity, and converse sweet;
 Tell me, ye mighty, popular, and gay,
 What happiness like this your pomps convey?
 Riches and pride, with all their motley train,
 That usher wo, diseas'd with every pain,
 Were hence expell'd, contentions never rose,
 For where no vices rule there are no foes;
 Sweet union all, none murmur'd, none complain'd,
 All seem'd like man's lost paradise regain'd!
 How amiable is virtue, best of things,
 That sets the swain above the pride of kings;
 How hateful vice, that odious child of hell,
 How hateful, let disorder'd nature tell;
 Enslaving curse! from thy dark sources flow
 All human miseries, doom'd to endless wo.

Whilst thus reflecting on the shepherd's bliss,
 In those fair climes of harmony and peace,
 I turn'd aghast from ruin's sad confines,
 Where sable pomp in death-lorn sorrow pines;
 With hasty steps to reach the sun-gilt plain,
 Resolv'd to hail the near approaching train;
 With ardent wish imploring heaven to grant
 My lot with them as an inhabitant.

How

How amiable! how awful now appear'd
 The patriarch swain, by every eye rever'd!
 His graceful form a silent reverence drew,
 Age crown'd his worth, and silver'd o'er his brow;
 Curteous and mild, with faithful freedom's smiles,
 He bad me welcome to those hallow'd foils,
 My business next, and what I fought enquir'd,
 If ought I ask'd, or what the boon desired?

Father! I strait reply'd (O cou'd it be!)
 'Tis but a wish! a wish to dwell with thee,
 Enraptur'd with this paradise in view,
 All else the world cou'd give, I'd bid adieu;
 O Fates! (I cry'd) were but the choice my own,
 To live a shepherd here, I'd quit a throne!
 Here, here I'd dwell, 'tis here contentment reigns,
 How fair the country, and how blest the swains!
 Here cou'd I solace in eternal round,
 Here nature shines with every beauty crown'd;
 Here bloom her charms, with all that's fair and
 sweet,

How poor is art! alas ye envy'd great!
 Much more my rapture prompted, more I try'd,
 When thus, the sage with hasty speech reply'd;
 Ah stranger! whither leads this sudden choice,
Pleasures, are hurrying fancy's avarice;

Here

Here all is order, peaceful, calm, and blest,
 The happy feats! of virtue, joy, and rest;
 Here, heaven has plac'd me, grateful may I be
 Thou guardian-parent of my soul, to thee;
 Keep me, thou God of truth! O power divine!
 Direct my thoughts, and let my will be thine;
 Teach me amidst this pilgrimage on earth,
 To follow thee, and still remember death.
 Stranger! how vain, to wish thy mortal state
 Might here attain an everlasting date;
 Sure pleasure, life, and all things pass away,
 Corruptible, and fashion'd to decay;
 What tho' all blessings furnish'd thy abode,
 Shou'd ought below detain thee from thy God;
 Is there a value, were the Indies thine,
 That's worth one moment in the age of time?
 Were it to stop thee in a state like this,
 From glory's seat, eternity of bliss;
 There centres all, our wishes shou'd adore,
 There wait our hopes, there's our exhaustless store.
 If mundane views, thy low-born thoughts employ,
 How vain thy notions, what's thy promis'd joy?
 Whate'er thy craving senses most suggest,
 That fires thy zeal, that seems both right and best;
 A zeal indeed, that grasps at things below,
 And blindly leads thee to the depths of wo.

Does

Does heaven for man appoint him mansions there,
 Yet will he say, 'Tis better to be here!
 How smooth deceit can sooth th' unguarded mind,
 And steal each thought it first for heaven design'd;
 O meek-ey'd virtue! peaceful, and serene,
 Where thou'rt display'd, how beauteous is the scene!

Aw'd with the truths of his persuasive tongue,
 I bow'd, reprov'd, and own'd the fatal wrong;
 Reason deprav'd, how eas'ly is surpriz'd,
 Error prevails, in every wile disguis'd.

When he—O stranger! if thou stand'st reprov'd,
 If virtue's thy design, the thing lov'd,
 Thou'rt sure entitled to our best regard,
 May heaven crown thee with its just reward,
 If morals teach thy breast a pious fear,
 Goodwill and meekness, if they're planted there;
 Then, welcome ever to these green retreats,
 Heaven-gifted pleasures, in these earth-born sweets;
 Hence from thy friend, sure-guiding truth receive,
 Let humble precepts teach thee how to live;
 Expect not here vain philosophic rules,
 Nor pedants pride, the sophistry of schools;
 Cou'dst thou explore creation's utmost round,
 And tell the wonders of that vast profound;
 Were every language, every science thine,
 All learning e'er cou'd reach, or art design,
'Twou'd

'Twon'd nought avail thee in the gloom of death,
 They'd vanish too with thy departing breath;
 All, all the mighty phantoms sink to naught,
 And leave thee lost in wild amaze of thought;
 So very little does the whole contain,
 Poor as the idiot's wish, or fluggard's gain;
 'Tis virtue! only virtue! is the guide,
 They're folly's changeful shadows all beside;
 Light as expanded air, or empty sound,
 Something express'd, without the being found;
 Nothing uncentred in that heavenly power,
 Can give us rest, or bless death's fatal hour;
 Trust not life's transient bliss, 'twill sure deceive,
 For life has nothing worth thy care, to give,
 Thou seest it daily! Wilt thou not believe?
 From gospel meekness, catch the hallow'd fire,
 That lights up reason, and directs desire,
 Learn hence, what follows far beyond the tomb.
 Learn and prepare, for happiness to come!
 No titles swell, no flatteries charm the ear,
 Grandeur's unknown, and wealth's a stranger
 there;
 No giddy thought, no vagrant hopes intrude,
 No pleasure's sought, but that of doing good;
 No envy rails, none murmur, none complain,
 None practice fraud, or barter truth for gain;

One Common Int'rest, union, peace and love,
 Points out their way to happiness above ;
 Each raptur'd wish to worlds immortal flies,
 There dwells the heart, and there our treasure lies.

Here, heavenly ardour seiz'd my glowing breast,
 Inspir'd the mind, and all my soul possess'd !
 When thus the Sire !—O stranger ! hear my tale,
 Ponder my words, and let advice prevail ;
 Meekness will teach thee to discern deceit,
 But pride will make thee to thyself a cheat ;
 Great God ! how watchful of the heart is he,
 Who 'scapes its guile, and keeps his reason free ;
 Who knows himself, and rules his passions too,
 Knows all the *wisest* know, or *best* can do !

Here every wish of thine, now seeks delay,
 And every roaming thought forgets to stray ;
 Here fancy forms whate'er thy soul desires,
 And gives a view of all thy hope requires ;
 A rural state, compleat to every wish,
 Wide as thy notions e'er conceiv'd a bliss ;
 Mundane delights, the present things possess'd
 May sooth thy cares, but cannot make thee blest ;
 Further, much further, those bright prospects lie,
 That crown our hopes with never-ending joy ;
 With us confin'd, how soon wou'dst thou complain,
 And with each vagrant passion loos'd again ;
 Pall'd

Pall'd with the pleasures of this purer clime,
 Thou'dst mock constraint, and soon grew sick
 of time ;

Thy expectations here, wou'd quickly cloy,
 And back to folly's fancy'd glories fly,
 Wou'd interrupt our joys, make friendship cease,
 And spread confusion thro' these realms of peace ;
 Where then our bliss, what cou'd we after boast,
 When virtue flies, our tranquil state is lost ;
 From Guilt, disorder, and confusion rose,
 Guilt, the first parent of all human woes :
 Vice is the curse distemper'd life endures,
 Fatal disease that virtue only cures ;
 Were æther's climes of light to Satan given,
 Even still with him it wou'd be hell in heaven.

Whene'er our minds true happiness forsake,
 Strait vice confirms us in the sad mistake,
 Delusive vapours counterfeit the bliss,
 By fancy chas'd thro' fathomless abyss ;
 The mind in all, meets disappointments still,
 Yet fain wou'd think the phantom pleasures real !
 Passions from wild imagination rise,
 And vice can court us in an angel guise,
 With false delights, and time's fallacious joys. }
 Thus man deluded, seeks his overthrow,
 In painted miseries, and in gilded wo,

Each pleasing error is by him believ'd,
 As most delighted when he's most deceiv'd;
 For present hopes and new enjoyments sought,
 He mocks at heaven, and sets its powers at nought;
 Wilful and rash, will every hazard run,
 As if by force resolv'd to be undone.
 O vice! infernal monster! foe to man,
 What havock made since first thy power began;
 How dreadful will that ghostly fiend appear,
 To those who serv'd the guileful dæmon here;
 Alas! how will that subtle serpent sting,
 What plagues! what griefs! what curse! what
 ruin bring!
 How will life's transient bubbles burst and die,
 How darken wo thro' all eternity!
 Sad eminence! immortal, and undone,
 Eternal miseries, ever but begun;
 A Being, death and horror left to bear,
 Distinguish'd but to suffer and despair!
 Beneath the rack of torture ever doom'd,
 To feel its penal vengeance, unconsum'd.
 But see!—thou start'st—what checks thy new
 delight,
 Say? do these Truths offend?—they'll guide thee
 right;
 Art thou astonish'd at the dismal tale,
 Call virtue in, let heaven-born truth prevail;
From

From depths of darkness, sorrow's lone abode,
 Where guilt and cloudy horror stalk abroad,
 Sin's shadowy region, where sad visions rise,
 Horrid to view, that every thought surprize;
 The mind emerg'd, looks up to Infinite,
 And views the dawn of everlasting light,
 With arduous hope, pursues the spreading ray,
 To reach those kingdoms of celestial day;
 Whilst opening glories brighten as they rise,
 Faith, eagle-ey'd, ascends those purer skies;
 The happy soul collects its native powers,
 And in the shining track enraptur'd soars!
 Be thou victorious! seize the present time,
 Leave death and sin, than all this glory's thine;
 Or wilt thou—warn'd of endless future wo,
 Lose heavenly bliss, and seek thy all below;
 Can man thus trifle till his life is spent,
 As if the woes denounc'd were never meant;
 What hardens then the adamantine breast,
 Is Death a lie? Eternity a jest?
 Does hate and passion kindle in thy mind,
 To hear what heaven has told thee is design'd;
 Tells thee, without repentance wo's decreed,
 Tells thee, for this did once a Saviour bleed;
 Bleed! to recal thee from this forlorn state,
 To bring thee home, and make thee good and great;
Yet

Yet man, unconscious of his maker's law;
 Nor vengeance can deter, or ruin awe;
 With bold defiance, he's intrepid still,
 And wanton spurns at his creator's will,
 Dares all his power; or else presumes that heaven
 Slights his neglect, and all will be forgiven!
 Doubtful indifference, yawning and supine,
 Still leaves the dire event to chance and time;
 Nor would he quit one hope that folly brings,
 To spare a thought on more immortal things,
 Tho' hung on moments, o'er the dark abyss;
 Say, is there madness else that's like to this!

Hasten! bring the distant prospect nearer view,
 Search whilst the moment's thine, what thou must do,
 Read those familiar truths that point the way;
 Time ne'er returns, nor will the moment stay,
 Admit no pause, the grand event draws near,
 This hour, thy soul may see its God appear!
 As thou'dst be happy, on the means believe,
 Embrace fair truth, with meekness hear and live,
 Pure and impure, can never dwell as one,
 Heaven has no joys when virtue gives us none;
 'Tis virtue forms us for this future state,
 For what the mind's prepar'd, depends our fate,
 Chuse mortal, or immortal joys, we know
 The latter's bliss, the other ends in woe:

Within

Within thy bosom swells the dubious strife?
 Then hear and mark these simple thoughts on life,
 Thoughts that perhaps seem new and strange to thee,
 Yet thoughts, that reason dictates, plain and free;
 They're such, that every rational must own,
 If unobserv'd, they cannot be unknown :
 What art and science labour to explain,
 Heaven may give to the unletter'd swain,
 Thro' learning's fields, imagination tours
 To find lost bliss, that reason best restores.
 Why court a phantom thro' a false sublime,
 Be just and meek, then truth and virtue's thine!
 Why then such proud resolves, such boasted art,
 Such high plum'd thought, such arrogance of
 heart,

How often may we find the vulgar breast,
 Unknown to schools, with heaven-born wisdom
 blest,

When deep conviction, as a judge severe,
 The bosom fills, and keeps tribunal there,
 Inspecting truth, with clear impartial eye,
 Surveys the heart where inmost secrets lye;
 Till other views, the new-born thoughts explore,
 And wonder at the little known before !
 In narrow bounds, the plan of error's laid,
 Thro' endless space, the paths of virtue spread.

Stern

Stern prejudice; how fatal to the mind,
 Fierce; obstinate, implacable and blind;
 If that's remov'd, plain truths the bosom fill,
 Search every thought, and scrutinize the will;
 By justice infinite, arraign'd and try'd,
 How low it sinks a mortal's reasoning pride,
 Conscience, that seem'd his boasted hope before,
 Dread Foe! appears, and his fond hope's no more!
 Pride drops the mask, at heaven's all-piercing eye,
 Man's undeceiv'd, and gives his heart the lye?
 Where then his hope, or where his boasted trust,
 Dares his vain mind presume to call him just?
 The self-lov'd merit he assum'd to claim,
 But more condemns, and covers him with shame,
 Who e'er believes that heaven is his right,
 Is sure, to heaven, the boldest hypocrite;
 The moral truths disputed with his God,
 May then condemn to wrath's eternal rod;
 Shall man his self-sufficient merits boast,
 And tell Almighty wisdom what is just!

Now gathering trains, from other climes appear'd,
 Trains, that life's forbidden shrines rever'd,
 Not of ACARIA's realms, but border'd round,
 In widening countries on its Eastern bound,
 Where powerful vice, unconquer'd champion,
 reigns,
 And persecuted virtue flies their plains;

Yet

Yet many thence, delighted oft to hear
 Th' ACARIAN songs, and got possessions near,
 Whoe'er from folly, and the rage of men,
 To HERMAS fled, became a Denizen.
 Such old ALTENOR—with dejected look,
 And plaintive sigh, as leaning on his crook;
 Pensive he stood, escap'd from ruin near,
 Pursu'd by vice, and fury's wild career,
 Drove as an exile from his own abode,
 Neglected, and revil'd, he sought his God.
 Alas! (he cry'd) how long I've liv'd on earth,
 To know my state, yet ne'er consider'd death;
 Leagu'd with the powers, consign'd to wrath and
 wo,

I join'd their mortal agents here below;
 Slave to infernal prejudice and pride,
 Ungrateful man! so devils are employ'd,
 By bold defiance act as foes to God,
 As such, they bear the vengeance of his rod;
 Can e'er Almighty Wisdom be betray'd,
 Can aught restrain his power, or give Him aid,
 He who is all, and all that is has made?
 How shall my sad convicted breast be free,
 What pardon for such rebels, what for me;
 Mercy, and judgment infinite, design'd
 The test of mortals, sting my guilty mind;

Z

Awaking

Awaking horrors! Joys of endless love!
 What struggling conflicts in this bosom move!
 Ah! how stupenduous the decrees of fate,
 What wonder's man! how little and how great!
 What consequence! the long-hereafter thine,
 How vast a work for this short span of time!
 Yet how much greater, if it's left undone
 Till the all-darkening night of death draws on;
 So terminates our transient vision here,
 Eternal future comes, we know not where;
 The secret's hid in its unfathom'd urn,
 This only sure, we never shall return!
 What do the flying moments then reveal
 To Him, who takes this last! long last farewell!
 O for thy absolution! gracious power!
 To cheer the mind in that dark solemn hour!
 Amazing thought! shall mortals!—Oh! shall we
 Have endless being in immensity!
 We! childish triflers on this spot below,
 Diverted and amus'd with toys and show;
 Space undetermin'd! Time that bears no date;
 Uncertain somewhere! thou amazing state!

O light of Angels! thou who rul'st the whole,
 Vouchsafe some comfort to my shudd'ring soul,
 Awe, dread and wonder, torture with surprize,
 What change for man, immortal when he dies?

O cheer that passage ! lead me safely thro'
 When my departing soul bids all adieu !
 Suffer, whate'er hereafter I'm to be,
 Thou dear creator ! then to dwell with thee.

Alas ! I sink beneath these tides of thought,
 I'm lost in strange suspense ! what wonders wrought
 By wisdom infinite ! thou rulest alone,
 Thy power unequal'd, and its bounds unknown ; }
 Thou source of *all* ! thou universal *one* ! }
 What awful change attends this mortal state, }
 What striking scenes on our last moments wait, }
 Inlets to endless space, and deathless fate ! }
 What opening prospects to the new-born mind,
 For what, O mortal ! what, art thou design'd ?
 When this frail life has quit our being here,
 What strange discoveries ! dreadful too, how near !
 Whilst on departed friends we meditate,
 Where they inhabit, what is now their state,
 Ourselves sink down, corruption's destin'd prey,
 To them in that unknown, we're snatch'd away !
 Where the world's, time's proud chiefs, in might,
 in fame, in birth,
 By death's fell powers lie pulveriz'd in earth ;
 Mock if thou can'st ! sport then thou libertine !
 Idiot in thought, where will thy splendors shine,
 Before that dread immense that all contains,
 Eternal pleasures, and eternal pains !

Extend thy little views, arise! look round,
 Here's time unmeasur'd, space without a bound!
 Commands not this amazement, doubt and fear,
 From him who's lot's to dwell for ever there!

O help me heaven! learn my humble breast
 To do thy will!—O set my soul at rest!
 Creator! thou who mad'st me what I am,
 Teach me thyself, and teach me what is man;
 Whether from brutes, distinguish'd but to see,
 No creature knows its wretchedness but He!
 Man sure's a work, for greater ends design'd,
 Than mere corruption, or why reason join'd?
 ARDELION, yes! Angel epitome,
 Whilst breath remains, must I remember thee;
 Thy dying farewell, spoke thy soul divine,
 Oh! may my latter end be such as thine!
 Bemoan'd with wailful groans, and weeping friends,
 Whilst death's cold arm the mortal stroke suspends;
 So lay ARDELION, press'd beneath his fate,
 Calm and resign'd, he bore its painful weight;
 Escap'd the massacre's more bloody doom,
 Kind nature warn'd him to a peaceful tomb;
 Gasping to catch some few returns of breath,
 He thus advis'd, in agonies of death:

! Lament not me, with heart-desponding groan,
 ' Your hour of darkness! Ah! 'tis yet to come,
 ' Ye've this to suffer, when my sands are run;
 ' Apace

- ‘ Apace your few uncertain moments glide,
- ‘ Rapid and silent, as the flowing tide;
- ‘ Grief, sickness, pain, the lot of mortals here,
- ‘ May drive you hence by sufferings more severe,
- ‘ Dead! is to be absent, absent but a while,
- ‘ All must submit, for who can death beguile?
- ‘ Then weep not me, in vain your piercing cries;
- ‘ Your fainting hopes, and these heart-throbbing
- ‘ sighs;
- ‘ Time hastens to our end, life’s sojourn o’er,
- ‘ All pass away, till time itself’s no more!
- ‘ How quickly lost this stay of mortal breath,
- ‘ What numbers crowd the lonesome track of death!
- ‘ Others a while shall mourn our obsequies,
- ‘ Then others theirs, time plants, and time destroys;
- ‘ This is our changeful state in nature’s plan,
- ‘ This is the pilgrimage ordain’d for man;
- ‘ Vain life! can all thy fond allurements give
- ‘ One bliss substantial worth a wish to live?
- ‘ Each fleeting hour may measure on our guilt,
- ‘ Vices like age, by length of days are felt;
- ‘ Moments to years, and years to ages fly,
- ‘ Ages when reckon’d, pass as moments by;
- ‘ Tho’ life to some a finish’d century give,
- ‘ Yet they remain solicitous to live;
- ‘ Doubts unresolv’d, and wishes new begun,
- ‘ Make man attempt what never can be done;
- ‘ Drudge

‘ Drudge to his passions, he pursues them still,
 ‘ For what on earth can satisfy his will ?
 ‘ Were all the wealth in nature’s stores his own,
 ‘ He’d still have wants, still something to be done ;
 ‘ From day to day the same illusion leads,
 ‘ In hopes and cares the same dull task succeeds ;
 ‘ Still lost in life’s uncertainties he toils,
 ‘ Still prompting folly flatters and beguiles ;
 ‘ Yet fain he’d live, tho’ life augments his wo,
 ‘ Yet he expects there’s happiness below ;
 ‘ Tho’ long experience, when it costs so dear,
 ‘ Might sure convince him that it dwells not here ;
 ‘ Desires and wishes can no objects find,
 ‘ That bring content to satisfy the mind ;
 ‘ Infinite ! the views to reason given,
 ‘ Where can they make us happy but in heaven ?
 ‘ If that’s neglected, what does man pursue ?
 ‘ Sure infinite, must have its miseries too !
 ‘ Then mourn not me, but mourn to see the fate,
 ‘ Of hapless man, whilst in this mortal state ;
 ‘ Emerg’d to light, like wand’ring vapours tost,
 ‘ One instant seen, and then for ever lost ;
 ‘ The victor boasts his arms (how frail his trust)
 ‘ And whilst he grasps at kingdoms, falls to dust ;
 ‘ One level equals all the human race,
 ‘ Their end corruption, earth their resting place ;
 ‘ All

• All find their evils, all some portion share,
 • Of sorrow, pain, perplexity and care;
 • Some by their fate, some by themselves undone,
 • Oppress'd beneath time's various miseries groan;
 • All passes like a dream, life, short and frail,
 • Is told and finish'd as an evening tale;
 • 'Tis as the parting friends, each social guest,
 • At times retiring from the sportive feast,
 • Seeks his repose, and sinks to silent rest,
 • Till wakeful light returns the jocund train,
 • So is our state, we die to meet again;
 • Thus moments, years, and ages steal away,
 • Death's but the evening of a painful day,
 • Where all must lodge till that blest morning spread,
 • Whose brighter beams shall light the waking dead;
 • Encirled round with heaven's glorious power,
 • A sun that ever shines, and sets no more!
 • My day of life now hastens to its end,
 • Hazards and miseries may on yours attend;
 • The world, the flesh, with vice-enchancing dreams,
 • May yet betray by their delusive schemes;
 • Day crowds vain expectation with delight,
 • What scenes of pleasure wait the coming night?
 • The night once past, with all its promis'd joy,
 • At morning's blush, brings terror to the eye;
 • From guilty pleasures rooted miseries grow,
 • And every vice still leaves its seed of woe;

Whitche

' Whither I go, no tempting ills intrude,
 ' None climb those regions of beatitude;
 ' O think on this! preserve true peace of mind,
 ' Think, ere like me, to death's cold bed resign'd;
 ' Indulge this solemn scene, 'twill give you power,
 ' To look serene on life's departing hour;
 ' Dreadful the conflict in that tortur'd breast;
 ' By heaven unguarded, and by guilt oppress'd;
 ' Clouded with joyless grief, and hopeless fear,
 ' No beam of soothing comfort enters there;
 ' Snatch'd from the downy couch, death's fet-
 'ter'd slave,
 ' And doom'd to perish in the noisome grave!
 ' How dismal this to him who basks at ease,
 ' In health and plenty! struck with ills like these,
 ' Drove from his sensual bliss, his being lost,
 ' His all destroy'd, his every purpose cross'd;
 ' Catch'd in the darkness of the evil day,
 ' From all his hopes and pleasures torn away,
 ' Nor friend can aid him, nor can wealth relieve,
 ' The world itself, has not a help to give!
 ' He finds its flatteries not to be believ'd,
 ' Finds (now too late!) how fatally deceiv'd;
 ' The dire event he fear'd, his soul confounds,
 ' His own neglect with keener anguish wounds;
 ' What agonies, what horrors must he feel,
 ' What woes to such must death's lone hour reveal,
 ' From

' From all their pompous joys! no more to come,
 ' Resign'd to darkness in the silent tomb;
 ' O heaven! ere this, shed forth thy beams of light,
 ' To guide lost mortals, thro' that pathless night,
 ' Open to us thy everlasting doors,
 ' Lift up your gates, ye bright eternal powers.
 ' When on this transient world life shuts its eye,
 ' Receive us hence to glory, love and joy,
 ' There met for ever, may our souls adore
 ' Thy boundless reign, when time shall be no more.
 ' All darkens here!—the sun withdraws his rays,
 ' In vain for day these straining eye-balls gaze;
 ' Their light's gone out—the earth's a blank to me,
 ' I feel the quivering tear—death sets me free.
 ' How cold this spreading damp! soon, soon I trust
 ' To leave this loathsome burthen in the dust.
 ' Then, farewell Time, for ever then adieu,
 ' That changeful state of things it sets to view;
 ' Farewel, to Sin's fantastic scenes of wo,
 ' Farewel, to all that human beings know;
 ' Farewel, ye wonders in creation's height,
 ' Sun, moon and stars, abyssal worlds of light;
 ' Ye elements that nurse this mortal breath,
 ' And bring existence from the glooms of death.
 ' Mortality, farewell!—Faith leads me hence,
 ' Beyond the regions of thy broad immense;

‘ Thy outward worlds now vanish’d from my
‘ sight,

‘ But change these finite powers for infinite ;

‘ Then farewell life’s short kindred friendships here,

‘ Peace to the widow’s cries, or parent’s tear.

‘ The night of death in darkness now comes on,

‘ Strength fails—heart faints—life struggles to be }
‘ gone ;

‘ Dissolving nature sighs, a parting groan—! }

‘ Weep not, ’tis o’er—now Lord ! receive me }
‘ home ;

‘ Support—protect me—Oh!—to thee I come!

‘ Thou rock of ages ! strength’ned by thy power,

‘ Death strikes in vain ! I live for evermore.’

Here fled his pious soul with rapture blest,

To happier plains and everlasting rest ;

Yes, sure thou good ARDELION ! such must be,

That future state prepar’d for those like thee ;

Sure such there is, and such will be his bliss,

Who serves his God, and serves him as he is,

A glorious essence ! spirit all divine,

Whose attributes with all perfections shine ;

Who thus believe on their creator’s power,

And do his will, shall live for evermore !

I cannot doubt his mercy or his love,

Manfions there are, prepar’d for man above.

O may I to these seats of splendor climb,
 May that be all my future life's design !
 May that, with guileless heart be truly fought,
 Guide every wish, and govern every thought.
 To palaces and thrones dark cares intrude,
 The greatest monarchs feel the thorny load,
 Yet light's their burthen if the heart be good. }
 Happy, indeed! and happy only he,
 Who taken hence, is from their bondage free,
 Content gives rest, but all conditions show
 There is no perfect happiness below.

So spoke ALTENOR,—thro' the list'ning crowd
 Wild murmurs ran, with fierce contentions loud,
 And stern dispute ;—His morals some explain'd,
 Some cavil'd, some approv'd, and others blam'd ;
 Some criticiz'd, some call'd the whole a sham,
 Some mock'd his doctrines, some revil'd the man.
 When HERMAS, chief of the ACARIAN train,
 Again stood forth, and thus his speech began ;
 ALTENOR hear! I first address to thee,
 From folly, pride, and prejudices free,
 Hear thou, whose heart's so well prepar'd to learn,
 Whose humble thoughts, true greatness now
 discern ;

That know on what life's destin'd care depends,
 Know to what height our native line extends ;

Offspring of God! how thence we date our birth,
 Tho' levell'd here with reptile worms of earth;
 Enquiring hence, what state we shall attain,
 To equal that first dignity of man!
 Since then so mean life's happiest scenes appear,
 To bliss conceiv'd, how vain to seek it here,
 Nor perishable things can satisfy
 The soul's high being, which can never die, }
 Stamp'd and enobl'd with eternity!
 So thou observ'ft, and sure observ'ft it well,
 Man thus regains the glory whence he fell,
 And that he fell! remark thro' human life
 The world and virtue at continual strife:
 Man's pride presumes, false hopes his breast elude,
 Vice ever leads the giddy multitude;
 Unthinking mortals, still the present chuse,
 Errors delight, and vanities amuse;
 Shackles of folly life's short hours retain,
 Death (sable tyrant!) comes and locks the chain;
 Direful the cause, more direful its event, }
 To our destruction then we give assent,
 No warnings wilful ruin can prevent!
 If I'm severe, it is not to offend,
 My words are those of the sincerest friend,
 Not new made doctrines to amuse the ear,
 But truth and virtue, honest and sincere;

'Tis

'Tis the Eternal Will! what heaven decrees,
 What scripture dictates, and what reason sees,
 Then hate not him who labours to persuade
 From hopeless misery;—Sire Almighty! aid
 The just design;—I heaven to witness call;
 (Man's last tribunal that shall judge us all)
 No views, no motives, but this generous wish,
 That all may rise to everlasting bliss;
 That all may dwell in that sublime abode,
 Made happy by the presence of their God;
 Companion beings, for his angel trains,
 The cherub's glory, and the seraph's strains;
 Direct my thought;—O! may it be your lot,
 When fate, and death, and time shall be forgot;
 When lost creation shall exist no more,
 And perishing mortality is o'er;
 No ruins of its vast foundations seen,
 Its place remov'd, as tho' it had not been.
 ALTENOR! thee, if sacred morals please,
 To solve thy doubts, and give thy bosom ease;
 Hear and attend, grant me that fond request,
 Judge and determine, if thou wou'dst be blest,
 Let truth, impartial truth! direct thy mind,
 Truth cannot flatter, cannot be unkind;
 Consider well, what consequence depends
 On this resolve, how far its power extends.

To

To you! kind strangers, of the Delian clime,
 Truth 'is my errand, virtue my design;
 If this condemns your maxims and your rules,
 Explodes your folly, speaks your fages fools;
 Yet blame not me, why should plain truths offend,
 What heaven hates, shall HERMAS dare commend:
 The monster Vice, tho' mighty, none should spare,
 But charity for man! demands our prayer,
 At boasting folly, let my bosom burn,
 But the frail mortal with compassion mourn;
 Try every means that virtue can contrive,
 To win him back, and save his soul alive;
 Force can't affect it, dread and violence fail,
 Strength cannot conquer, nor can threats avail;
 Like storm and tempest, these enrage it more,
 Such opposition but augments its power;
 Torture, and stripes, that wound with shame and
 smart,
 Perhaps restrain, but cannot change the heart;
 Spite of eternal woes, man hugs his guilt,
 Nor dreads the threat'ned vengeance till it's felt;
 —Yet why offend? the worst may be forgiven,
 Mercy's the noble attribute of heaven!
 If on this point alone your all depend,
 Why blame the counsels of so just a friend?

If

If such the consequence! who (ere too late)
 But wou'd secure against that dreadful date;
 Who, but wou'd run to win the glorious prize,
 Celestial kingdoms, and immortal joys?
 Howe'er it prove, this certain maxim know;
 Who teaches virtue, cannot be your foe;
 Let these few lessons, offer'd to the soul,
 These honest thoughts, that fairly state the whole,
 Be well consider'd, they're to vice apply'd,
 Let reason judge, and by yourselves be try'd,
 Blame not, shou'd human wisdom lose its aid,
 Its folly publish'd, and its pride betray'd;
 Remove but these, the prospect's fair and bright,
 From dunghill earth, to glories infinite!
 This said, address'd to the attentive throng
 With awful look, he thus pursu'd his song.

B O O K VII.

ALL flesh is grass! as grass all flesh consumes,
And to its native elements returns :
For herds and flocks, and all that graze the field,
Substance and food, the vegetables yield ;
What else their bodies from the earth supply'd,
What but the flowery herbage carnify'd !
Yet more remote, behold thyself and see,
The wond'rous transmigration end in thee!
Abstract thy fancy'd power, all else is need,
Herbs, fruit, and meats, thy craving body feed ;
Such is the frail, the mortal state of man,
Since ADAM fell, so human race began :
Was not that mass of flesh, devour'd by thee
In meats and drinks, before itself cou'd be ?
Alas! of what's this poor existence proud,
This thing of want, for these mean ends endow'd ;
Birds, beasts and fish, a part of every kind,
Spontaneous nature with ourselves has join'd ;
What does this mess of aliments create,
What! but corruption, tho' in human shape,
Tenant at will, who his life-boasted-claims
From herbs, and brutes, and elements retains ;
Compound

Compound of these ! thou mite of human race !
 Is not thy life as air, thy flesh as grass ?
 Yet shall this earth-born mortal, proud essay
 Of coated mire, pollution, and decay,
 Look down on kindred man, with brow severe,
 As if a being independent here !
 His riot, furnish'd by his plenteous store,
 He fain wou'd seem a self-existing power ;
 But what is man, thus prompted by his wealth,
 What, but a contradiction to himself ?
 He loses all that's noble to the name,
 His fancy'd glory ! ignorance and shame ;
 Wast thou for this by heaven's decree design'd,
 Why reason then, the soul's immortal mind ?
 Wast thou created from the lifeless clod
 To serve thy wanton lusts, or serve thy God ?
 Say, was it blushing nature to expose,
 In loathsome revels, can'st thou that suppose ?
 Thy wilful madness shall my song pursue,
 And set thy glaring vanities in view,
 Strip daring vice of all its fair disguise,
 And trace the flights of folly as they rise ;
 One common way thou tread'st the track of time,
 All nobler views thy faculties resign ;
 Life keeps its fleeting course, the same dull round
 Of vices follow, and of cares confound.

Oft with our natal prime, diseases come,
 And seize the sleeping embryo in the womb,
 Soon as existence first receives its birth,
 Each short gradation holds the seeds of death;
 Death! that disgrace, that shame to human pride,
 That ignominious state! how wilt thou hide;
 Even those whom once thy presence gave delight,
 Ghastly in death! thy pale remains affright;
 What, then regards thee, in thy last decay;
 Carnage to vermin, birds, or beasts of prey;
 Where's thy distinction then, thy boasted power,
 The prowling brute wou'd soon thy corse devour,
 Did not thy fellow man protect and save,
 To hide thee (vile corruption!) in the grave:
 The same abandon'd state, of shame and moan,
 (How soon he knows not) must become his own;
 The same kind office, then he hopes will be
 Bestow'd on him, as now it is on thee;
 That some officious friend! (a friend before)
 Will pay this rite to friendship—now no more;
 Even monarchies and crowns prove useless things,
 Nor can they save, or potentates or kings.

Titles and wealth! are but a blast of fame,
 That scarce survive the late possessor's name;
 No dignity, but virtue, can we find,
 That leaves one footstep of its worth behind,

'Tis

'Tis th' utmost height our mortal views can climb,
 And stands recorded thro' the age of time ;
 Happy is he, thus honourably known,
 Whose memory, after-times shall bless and own !
 Blush, helpless mortal ! see thy hateful pride,
 Phantoms support, and flashing meteors guide,
 How quickly will the swelling bubble burst
 With rage, despair, and restless envy curst ;
 A house, a parent, or perhaps a line
 Above the pleb'ian, makes thee boast of thine,
 A fancy'd merit can thy breast alarm,
 And one base flattery all thy senses charm !
 Self admiration ! how the tongue betrays,
 For ever lavish of the speaker's praise ;
 How smooth, how charming, sounds the self-loud
 tale,

How does this foible on the heart prevail ;
 For power, ambition ever wakes the mind,
 Self-pride can reach the low conceited hind ;
 Each breast in some degree its venoms taint,
 Swell in the tyrant, flatter in the faint ;
 Satan ! in this conceals his deepest wiles,
 Can make this imp deceive, by frowns or smiles,
 Then, stop thou giddy mortal ! stop and see
 What all distinctions on this earth will be,
 Thence learn the mighty consequence of thee !

If kings and beggars, states and empires fall,
 And dissolution treads at last on all,
 O son of folly! what elates thy breast?
 Alas! those foibles, that make life a jest!
 This globe itself, with all its pomp and state,
 Is but like thee the common sport of fate.
 Then bow to him, by whose supreme decree
 All orders of existence rose to Be,
 That ever move, obedient to thy call,
 Rise at his word, or at his word they fall.

Think ye of power! ye great, ordain'd to show,
 The works, the mercy of this God below;
 Think, if these talents given to proclaim,
 The bounteous goodness of his hallow'd name,
 But prompt rebellion, and his gifts prophane;
 Turn all against him, dare oppose his might,
 Dispute his honour, and contend his right;
 Will not that Lord demand account be shewn,
 Why all this waste, was not the wealth his own?
 How many thousands, by excess are slain,
 Whilst others pine with hunger, grief, and pain,
 From day to day they linger on, forlorn,
 And oft lament that ever they were born;
 Till wasted nature languish out their breath,
 And ends their agonizing groans in death;

Death!

Death! the last hope, the last relief they know,
 To end their friendless miserable wo!
 Dreadful release! dark horrible retreat,
 What dismal hope, for hapless man to meet!
 Were such as these at mirthful banquet known,
 To learn us what is man, man thus undone!
 Wou'd it not damp the much expected joys,
 Wou'dst thou not hear his sufferings ere he dies,
 Whilst yet he struggles with distress and pain,
 Whilst yet thy warring crumbs might life sustain?
 Yea, who but wou'd from his profusion spare,
 So small a boon to life in such despair!

Thrice happy ye! that hear the needy's cry,
 That make the succour'd orphan sing for joy!
 A common good, as guardian angels born,
 To raise and bless the helpless and forlorn;
 How pity balms, how sympathy condole,
 What heavenly mercies fill their god-like souls;
 Souls! truly just, too noble to be vain,
 That but to vice alone can shew disdain;
 With what a greatness does compassion shine,
 How bright an emblem of the power divine;
 It soothes each care, with comforts bland and sweet,
 Feels the lone sigh, and weeps with them that weep;
 Bless'd be your stores, ye guardian gods on earth,
 O may your beings taste the least of death!

May

May all with grateful thanks and ardent prayer,
 Treasures in glory for your souls prepare,
 Where sits the Lord supreme, pleas'd to behold
 Your works of love; and hear your praises told;
 Who seek his honour, faithful, just, sincere,
 For whom hereafter thousands will appear,
 And loud proclaim each hospitable deed;
 How they by you were nourish'd, cloath'd, and fed!
 When he who first that little power bestow'd,
 Will make you regents worthy of a God;
 Add joy to joy, unbounded as his love,
 And bid you shine in eminence above.

But turn and see (of all delusion's worst)
 The man of fame with much abundance curst,
 Where every dear-bought vice delights his mind,
 And gives him pleasure to distress mankind;
 Folly and madness revel in his breast,
 His darling hope to ravage the oppress;
 In wealth and power he bids his soul confide,
 And thinks himself the lord of all enjoy'd.
 If riches (empty name!) can ruin thus,
 Happy the poor, the wretched Lazarus!
 Who wou'd not envy him that humble state,
 And fly from wealth, as dreadful to be great;

For,

For what these world-sought joys that charm us
 here,

Naked of all how soon must we appear!
 For what carefs'd, obey'd, and serv'd before,
 (Cast out from men) affords us aid no more;
 Lost every good, thy aid, those hoards of treasure
 stor'd,

Deaf to those busy crowds that late ador'd;
 All sacred things beneath thy feet were trod,
 Who flatter'd thee, must learn to mock his God;
 Likethee, vain bubble! they're themselves undone,
 Like thee they dread the dire event to come;
 Till all surpriz'd, catch'd in the fatal snare,
 Time leaves them lost in unreliev'd despair!
 Is this a state! is this a life to trust!

What is our strength, or what our form but dust?
 Who wou'd not then this worthless world deride,
 Who but wou'd scorn its pomps and shun its pride;
 Are all its pleasures worth the wish's prayer,
 One anxious thought, or one corroding care;
 Since mingled in the common heap we fall,
 Where one enormous ruin sinks on all;
 Who then wou'd thus perplex himself in vain,
 In search of power, to waste a life in pain,
 Since nought on earth from death's fell grasp can
 save,

Return us breath, or call us from the grave;
 Nor

Nor dignities nor crowns can bribe our fate,
 Death treats alike the hind, or man of state;
 Uncertain's all by human power possess'd,
 The mighty fall as weak as the oppress'd.

Is there a wretch believes when life is done
 He's in annihilation lost, and gone?
 Think then, O think! (if thus from being torn)
 To what a wretched purpose man is born!
 Man, that's created able to perceive
 Works of a God! yet will he not believe?
 Plac'd for a while in nature's realms below,
 To view those wonders which no brute can know.

Thy quickn'd mind beholds by reason's light,
 Some power supreme has form'd an infinite;
 Thy busy thought, thy boundless wishes rove
 This nether globe, and search for worlds above,
 Unsatisfy'd, uncertain where to rest,
 Whilst space confines, the soul is still distress'd;
 No animals such deep conceptions feel,
 The wants or pleasures known to them are real;
 Their food and ease is all they wou'd secure,
 Nor do their brutal senses teach them more;
 All their few wants the field and stream supplies,
 All their desires kind nature gratifies;
 Have they e'er sought the diamond's shining glow,
 In earth's dark stratas, where it's hid below;

No,

Or fame's rich treasures did they e'er behold,
 Deep center'd in exhaustless mines of gold;
 Do they with joy discern each precious gem,
 Were wealth or jewels e'er admir'd by them?
 No, these are baits proud folly lays for man,
 Baits, only mortals scramble to attain;
 To brutes (unconscious how ambition shines)
 One blade of grass excels the Indian mines.
 Do they behold and wonder whence the sun
 First drew his light, or how his morn begun;
 Do they perceive his blaze thro' space unknown,
 Spread from this earth to Saturn's frozen zone;
 What broad extention, what expanse of day,
 Surrounds his orb, and luminates his way;
 As vary'd on from globe to globe he shines,
 At once on ours, and on ætherial climes?
 See they in farther skies new lights appear,
 Above his realms, and foreign to his sphere,
 Do they such views remote, such distance find?
 Know they those strange adventures of the mind?
 Can they by art distinguish either pole,
 Or tell what ways dividing oceans roll?
 In those fair azures, form'd to cheer the sight,
 And fill the eye with visions of delight;
 Do they remark what glowing colours rise,
 To tinge the cloud with variegated dyes?

C c

When

When heaven-reflected splendors thence convey,
 Their opening glories in each mingling ray ;
 Thro' those cerulian fields can they discern,
 What wonders meet the speculative eye ?

Have they by rules each starry track purfu'd,
 Know they their bearings, distance, magnitude ;
 Or have they form'd an optic tube to shew
 Remoter skies, and bring new worlds to view ?
 Do they who rais'd the wonderous whole enquire,
 Or the creator in his works admire ?
 Systems o'er systems, what the hidden cause
 Directs their course, or gives their motion laws ?
 Can aught sublime, dumb animals inspire,
 When wanting knowledge, can there be desire ?

They but the offspring of the mould'ring clod,
 Live as their kind, unconscious of a God,
 Or reason's laws—no pure celestial beam,
 No heavenly radiance, no exalted theme
 Of life immortal—no unbounded wish
 Elates their views, or points their way to bliss ;
 Unblest with any property divine,
 Creatures of earth, and perishable time ;
 No vice is found, no conscience to controul,
 Where breath of life ne'er found a living soul ;
 No moral guilt the brute creation bears,
 No dark hereafter fills their mind with cares :

As

As wards of providence, they're cloath'd and fed,
 By nature prompted, and by instinct led;
 Man, only man! by gifted reason sees,
 Yet often lives a sensual brute like these;
 Oft science rais'd in his extensive mind,
 Folly misleads, and wrong conclusions blind,
 Knowledge, alas! was man's prime overthrow,
 And misapply'd, will be for ever so.

Self-boasted knowledge! what but very pride,
 That even sets the Deity aside,
 Ufurps his place, to be our trust and guide. }
 Sure heaven-born knowledge, humble, meek and
 good,

Learns us but this, how little's understood,
 To one prime cause does all its worth resign,
 Grows still more humble as its more sublime;
 Directs its views to that unbounded height,
 Where central wisdom dwells, enthron'd in light;
 With adoration mounts on seraphs wings,
 Beyond the sphere of low terrestrial things;
 Whilst bold presumption labours to explain,
 By human art what heavenly powers ordain;
 Thro' nature's works their subtle notions roam,
 To penetrate the ways of God unknown;
 They every coast and every clime explore,
 In search of fame, that echoes still before!

To its extreme this circling globe survey,
 And trace its borders to the utmost sea;
 The vast expanse new opening wonders fill,
 Ocean and skies, appear unbounded still!
 How superficial are the views of men,
 How little's all their knowledge can attain,
 Even SOLOMON himself! who wrote of all
 In nature's stores, to hyssop on the wall,
 Tho' foremost rank'd in wisdom's list of fame,
 Confest with grief, his labours were in vain!
 Stupend'ous works, thro' all creation show
 One maze of things, too great for man to know;
 Causes yet distant, and more distant rise,
 Till weary thought lets down its wing and sighs;
 As judgment rises to its piercing eye,
 The prospects widen, wonders multiply;
 Imagination, from its tow'ring height,
 Looks down for rest, or soars to infinite!

So vernal birds, that follow genial spring,
 Skim o'er the rolling deeps on airy wing;
 Some southern clime already warms the breast,
 Whither they hasten, pleas'd with hopes of rest;
 Till faint with tedious flight, dark fears prevail,
 Their joys extinguish, and their pinions fail;
 Around, strong adverse winds with tempest blow,
 Toft in the storm, they dread the deeps below;
For

For safety crowd, some corded mast to gain,
Or droop and scatter on the restless main.

Yet other plans the active genius tries,
Invention's art the roving thought employs;
Plum'd with forc'd hopes, above the region'd air
They point their views, and search for knowledge
there;

Round heaven's wide arch, for new discoveries
gaze,

By science look thro' all the starry maze;
Visit those powers, and tell their regal sway,
And count their houses thro' the azure way;
Survey light's glowing spheres from pole to pole,
And trace their shining orbits as they roll,
Enquire their roads, and measure out the line,
Then mark the sojourn of each varying sign:
In scale and balance, poise (or dense or share)
The different climes and qualities of air;
From earth deep center'd, to the limpid bound
Of atmosphere, in its diurnal round:
Can path meridians, in their cycl'd noon,
And make discoveries thro' the sunless gloom;
Know where pale Cynthia with her changing light,
Has her set stages thro' the realms of night;
Perceive, in all, some ruling power directs
These mighty causes, by their known effects;

As

As pond'rous orbs, in stated order move
Innumerable, thro' the plains above !

Prompted, and pleas'd with these ætherial views,
Ambitious hope the painful task renews ;
A thirst for knowledge drives the genius on,
A thirst unquench'd ! a wish that's never done !
How meanless then the haughty pedant's boast,
When by his knowledge thus misled and lost ;
What disappointment to himself he brings,
Who builds his hope on perishable things.
More happy ! sure, the base untutor'd mind,
To all but his own meaner passions blind,
With whom the paths of knowledge seem a jest,
Content to grovel with his fellow beast ;
Distant he views the various tracks of fame,
And wonders whence such rumour'd knowledge
came ;

Nor can he art's deep hidden powers conceive, }
Nor will such strange phenomenon believe, }
But thinks 'tis magic practis'd to deceive ; }
Dark ignorance makes life appear a dream,
Such knowledge seems impossible to Him !
So fall the wise, so must their labours end,
When points appear they cannot comprehend ;
Sages turn fools, superior follies shew,
And wiser beings sure pronounce them so.

That

That man should thus from all his greatness fall,
 Assume the God! or sink an animal!
 Wisdom first kindles as the spark of light,
 And spreads extensive round to infinite;
 But ask a mortal how these powers can be,
 The mole, or ant, may tell as well as He;
 Weak brittle form, of animated clay,
 Can thy short ken Omnipotence survey?
 Where sets thy glory, with the earth-born worm?
 For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return;
 Thou thing of wonders! blest with human mein,
 Define thyself, explain thy own machine;
 Say, whence bright rays by radiant shrines
 convey,
 To thee their light, and paint the blaze of day;
 How sounds first rise to the informing ear,
 And waken every joy, or every fear;
 Can'st thou explain the cause, thou son of earth!
 That forms thy speech, or gives thy reason birth;
 Or tell how motion thro' thy breast expands,
 And in a moment every nerve commands;
 Makes all thy members passive to thy will,
 Prepar'd for either purpose, good, or ill,
 As thou direct'st thy ready form obeys,
 Or mocks, or kneels to its creator's praise;

The

The speechful tongue that makes mankind supreme,

Can bless the God who gave it, or blaspheme!

Know'st thou how the coacting senses join,
 And reason's laws within thyself define,
 How knowledge centers in the human breast,
 Or how the cause of life is there impress'd;
 Big with conception of ideas brought,
 On fancy's light fantastic wing of thought,
 That here, then there, in views uncertain soar,
 Till like a vapour sunk, to rise no more?
 To thee the function of each part is known,
 But canst thou call the least of these thy own;
 No sure, thou know'st not whence they first began,
 Nor how these secret powers were form'd in man:
 Survey thy wond'rous self! and tell me then,
 Canst thou explain the cause of things or men;
 How first they sprung in the new dawn of time,
 How they consist, say, is the secret thine?
 Blush, empty mortal! blush, deluded man!
 Thy knowledge folly, and thy life a span;
 What canst thou boast to elevate thy pride,
 In what on earth can human dust confide?
 Art thou such wonders, such a compound thing,
 Yet know'st not whence life, light, or action spring,

But t

But liv'ſt dependent on ſome guardian power,
 Preferv'd and nurtur'd by its bounteous ſtore ;
 Such thy frail being, he that gave thee birth
 Supports it too, till thou return to earth :
 Life, on what nice variety depends,
 One tender movement check'd, its work ſuſpends ;
 Anguiſh and pain its peaceful eaſe controul,
 Diſturb each part, and diſcompoſe the whole.
 Cou'd we transparent view our living frame,
 Or feel by ſenſe what orders life ſuſtain ;
 What prodigies would crowd upon the ſight,
 How wou'd the fountain'd breſt itſelf affright,
 To ſee how every vital power's employ'd,
 What various works they move, how ſoon de-
 ſtroy'd !

Yet ſhall ſuch weakneſs boaſt, ſuch frailty vie
 With Him who gave it life, and life ſupply ?
 Yet canſt thou (ſubject to great nature's laws)
 Say, there's no moving firſt eternal cauſe ?
 Yet does thy heart aſſume ſupreme command,
 And claim all thine poſſeſſion has attain'd ?
 Canſt thou forget, thy certain fate's decreed,
 Don't all things change, and age to age ſucceed ?
 Thou know'ſt no pre-exiſtence to the womb,
 Nor what's that future ſtate beyond the tomb ;

From life to death what tumults crowding on,
 Say, whence these come, or whither those are gone;
 Monarch and beggar, all the mingled host
 Like vapours rise, and are as vapours lost !
 So fades the cheek, or lip of Tyrian dye,
 Wealth, fame, and beauty, heap'd in rubbish lye;
 If there's no God, whence can such wonders be,
 Creation sure must form both them and thee ?
 But whence creation then, that mighty scheme,
 Is it produc'd without a power supreme ?

What wou'd this man ? For what wou'd he
 contend,

Thus lost to his beginning and his end ;
 Lost too in life, 'midst riot, wealth, and ease,
 His mind, his reason, swallow'd up in these,
 Indulging every thought that can inspire
 The restless wish, or prompt some new desire ;
 Still every passion as it sways his breast,
 Makes him its slave, of all his powers possest ;
 Eager he grasps at follies unenjoy'd,
 Impatient till obtain'd, then vex'd and cloy'd ;
 Wild antic pleasures spread their phantom train,
 Something with care, some anxious guilt and pain, }
 Some wound more deep with poverty and shame. }
 Imposing errors that betray his soul,
 Random confusion, that depraves the whole ;

Each

Each craving sense preys stronger on the mind,
 Does still new wants, and still new wishes find;
 Is this thy heaven! thy paradise in store,
 Thy fame, thy wisdom, thy self-boasted power, }
 Enjoy it then! e'er thou art man no more!
 Consider, ere thy transient bliss decay,
 The hand that gives thee all, takes all away;
 Trust not a moment ere to-morrow's sun
 Thy soul may be requir'd, thy hopes undone!
 If only born thyself to gratify,
 Thy business here's to eat, to drink, and die!

Since thou, and thine, must all return to earth,
 Maugre thy grandeurs, or thy titled birth;
 Where then thy visions of beatitude,
 Thyself becomes the crawling reptile's food;
 How is the mighty boaster lost and gone,
 With all those pomps he lately call'd his own;
 Behold the fabricks! see those lofty domes!
 And manor'd rights, another now assumes;
 Where groves, and gardens, fill'd the landskipround;
 See falling pines, and cedars kiss the ground;
 New forms, new prospects, meet the wondering
 eye,

And all the past in blank oblivion lie;
 Here springing trees sprout forth the youthful bud,
 There modell'd temples rise, and there a wood;

The new professor, too, enjoys his wealth,
 As all were thus created by himself;
 Who knows not, but the next succeeding day
 May bring arrest, to snatch his life away;
 What's then thy own, when life's gay scene is o'er?
 Confess, and know that great superior power,
 Whose hand with tender herbage cloaths thy field,
 Gives thee the soil to plant, the art to build;
 Not one weak blade of grass, one summer flower,
 Colour'd, or fashion'd, by thy skill or power;
 By whom were all those spreading jessamines made?
 Thou canst not form the leaf that gives thee shade;
 Here stop, proud mortal! know thyself, and see
 How mean thou art, what heaven has done for
 thee;

Learn hence, thou boaster! it's to heaven we owe
 Our being here, and all possess below:
 The God of nature gives us vital breath,
 He bids it cease, and we return to earth;
 Ah weak deluded man! how hard's thy lot,
 If only thus brought forth to die and rot;
 But born to live on this eccentric clod,
 The out-cast of creation, and thy God;
 Does not thy reason such a charge deny,
 That looks from nature up to Deity?

Then

Then shall this sovereign o'er all beings here,
 Of lesser moment, than the brute appear;
 Their various species all for use ordain'd,
 Is man alone created for no end.
 But just to live, then bid the world adieu?
 Canst thou believe such monstrous system true?
 Behold! the plenty of each teeming field;
 For wanting man, the various products yield;
 Birds, beasts, or fish; thro' air, or earth, or sea,
 As suits their kind, are nourish'd too for thee;
 These, nature cloaths and feeds; but they bestow
 Bounties on thee, to cure thy want and wo;
 These, self-endow'd, without thy aid may live,
 But what compleats thy lux'ry, they must give;
 Were these (O man!) created then for thee,
 And thou for nothing else but—what! To Be!
 For to what better purpose is it meant,
 An age so wasted, or a life so spent;
 What is it more in wisdom's, reason's eye,
 Thou dost on earth, than revel, live, and die?
 How ghastly looks that self-assuming sneer,
 When death prepar'd, forwarns thy exit's near;
 Nay, were all human greatness given a dower,
 It serves no end without superior power;
 What is it all but fancy, pride, and whim,
 Like empty shadows, or the morning dream?

For

For what intent were all those bounties given,
 Or how produc'd, but by the will of heaven ;
 What, but for thee ! inhabitant of earth,
 To be like fatted ox, the prey of death ?
 Is this thy mighty scheme ! thy own decree,
 The vast extent, of all thy hopes and thee ?
 More blest the guileless brute, whose daily food
 Is all his care, or sense of gratitude,
 He no dishonour to his maker shews,
 But blameless lives, and acts the best he knows ;
 As such enjoys a happier being here,
 That knows not death, nor what he has to fear ;
 Thy latter end how dreadful ! calm is his,
 He dies, untaught of future woe, or bliss.

If man's for such a thing of nought design'd,
 Who wou'd not weep to be of human kind ?
 Fill'd with high views, by more than nature taught,
 Wrapt in a vast immensity of thought !
 If here's the period of his tow'ring hopes,
 In what strange wilds deluded reason gropes ;
 Look on thyself in this abortive view,
 Determin'd atheist—Is thy system true ?
 Nature's machine ! the vehicle of her will,
 Expos'd alike to either good or ill ;
 How short a space will this duration last,
 Crush'd with a touch, or broken with a blast ?
 Mortality,

Mortality, a little while enjoy'd,
Then sunk and lost in everlasting void!

O gloomy pause! dark prospect of despair!
Such forlorn hope what human thought can bear!
Dost thou, with all that arrogance of mind,
Submit to perish like the brutal kind?

What grov'ling pride! how ludicrous thy joy,
(O thou of reason!) thus to live and die!
Man! blest with tow'ring thought, whose goodly
form,

Heaven's god-like gifts embellish and adorn;
Grasping imperfect, some immortal cause,
Infinite space, and universal laws!

Look to yon heavens with attention's eye,
Canst thou (presumptuous thought!) a God deny?
Behold! this earthly ball, for man assign'd,
Whither for life, he's exil'd and confin'd;
And is it all thy wretched hopes can see,
This transient world of animals and thee!

By heaven's decree, the brute creation claim
To range the woods, the forest, field, or plain;
O'er all the soils with tender herbage strew'd,
Their numbers graze, and crop the flowery food;
Each to its kind, invariable pursues,
Establish'd rules, distinct the forms they use;

Each

Each have their self-taught principle innate,
 Orders, that reason cannot imitate;
 The lab'ring bee, that brings her liquids home,
 Canst thou advise, or build the waxen comb?
 Say, prying artist! did she learn from thee,
 Her balmy toils, or work of chemistry?
 Or where, 'midst fragrant fields, to find her store,
 Those spoils extracted from each rip'ning flower!

Canst thou direct the way-ward birds of flight,
 Or guide their sojourns thro' the airy height;
 Can all thy deep philosophy define
 The climes they seek, or tell us their design?
 Or canst thou, secret in the woodland shade,
 Dispose the nest? 'tis architect unread;
 Say, canst thou teach them how the callow brood
 Shou'd try the wing, or seek their proper food?
 If thou art lord of all these fields and plains,
 These groves and woods, if they are thy domains,
 Why ever rove these feather'd songsters free?
 Why stay not here, to sing their odes to thee?
 Ah! where's thy power, thou frail dependent worm,
 Where thy command? poor bubbld weak forlorn!
 Canst thou behold nature's infinitude,
 And not confess the whole supremely good?
 But tell me! where's the part by thy design,
 Plann'd and created? where this right of thine?

What

What from his maker has this man to claim?
 What lot, what portion, in the boundless reign?
 Coter on earth! is not thy service due
 To Him, who grants thy life and tenure too!

Were nature's secret powers, that work conceal'd,
 With all their causes, to our sight unvail'd,
 How various wou'd the apparatus rise?
 What curious wonders wou'd the soul surprize?
 Yet, when compar'd, how little in degree
 To those great points, that fill infinity!
 Astonish'd thought grows weary to pursue
 Th' immensurable round that strikes our view.
 The stars, what magnitude, what distance bear,
 Beyond this atom earth, and ambient air?
 What then the bounds of that elucient sky?
 Ah, what beyond those worlds of radiance lie?
 In them, why may not other wonders glow,
 More great, more noble, than are seen below?
 Each race of beings may be perfect there,
 Such as with us in miniature appear,
 The brighter insect, warmer beams may gild,
 And softer warblers rove the shining field!

If stars, that hither but as sparkles show,
 Are more than this terraqueous globe below;
 In millions spread, delight our evening view,
 As sparks of light in that enamel'd blue;

Yet far remote, in deeper æther still,
 What orbs may shine to us invifible?
 Thro' what immeafurable fpace they lie,
 Or whither rife! unknown to mortal eye?

(Great God) how inconceivable the whole,
 Beyond ideas, where its cent'ral pole?
 Unknown abyfs! where funs to funs unite,
 Ærial blaze! perhaps give fystems light,
 And fhine on better worlds, the joy, the reft,
 The heavenly CANAAN! of a race more bleft;
 That hid from man, in thofe diviner rays,
 For ever chant their high creator's praife,
 Who dwells in full magnificence of blifs,
 Beyond all points of Man's hypothefis:
 Say, in what diftance, is there Aught not his? }
 What but a power, omnipotently good,
 Cou'd make and govern thefe? Who but a God?
 Shou'd dreadful comets blaze along the fies,
 And gazing nations fhudder with furprize?
 They're the creator's, roam by his command,
 He points their way, and hurls them from his hand!
 Through all he governs, o'er the whole he reigns,
 Directs, informs, fills, conftitutes, ordains;
 Yet, fhall not he who planted eye and ear,
 Himfelf the mighty founder, fee, and hear?

Shan't

Shan't he who gave us thought to comprehend,
 Judge his own works, and know their stated end?
 Th' eternal Fiat, is it not his own?
 Is not creation hung about his throne?
 Is he not present with each order there?
 Is not Almighty Being every where?
 Shall man, a sudden vapour rose from earth,
 Dispute with him who gave all nature birth?
 Say, wilt thou censure, and presume to claim
 His boundless rights, his infinite domain?
 Wilt thou affect to call his wisdom thine,
 And to the summit of his wonders climb?
 On wings of fancy canst thou trace a road
 Thro' yonder azures, for some new abode?
 Was this corruptive body hence convey'd,
 Where neighbouring suns their hotter influence
 spread;
 On some adjacent world's exalted sphere,
 Plac'd in a distance, unconceiv'd from here;
 Yet, to our senses does not reason tell,
 No earthly mortal in those climes cou'd dwell?
 Cold more intense, or else excessive heat,
 Wou'd banish life, and bid the soul retreat:
 Cou'd this frail form, endure the dog-day star,
 Or live, if seated in the frozen bear?

Air, foil, or food, or aught of proper kind,
 To nourish man, cou'd we expect to find?
 The awful scene forbids such thoughts to climb,
 This province of mortality is thine!
 Corruption's here a prisoner, doom'd to fate,
 That like the earth-worm has its mortal date;
 Is left in death, to native dust consign'd,
 With that vile mass from whence it sprung rejoin'd;
 What are we mites, to all creation then?
 What, but an animalcula of men!

Yet, can we (banish'd to this spot of earth)
 Refign all hopes of being after death?
 Why but alone, this present Now approve,
 Can we Eternal Infinite remove? }
 Where joy and wisdom, if not found above? }
 Since these below, are counterfeit and vain,
 That cheat mankind with a delusive name,
 Empty deceit, that vanish when they're found,
 The one a bubble, t'other but a sound;
 What then, thro' nature, have his searches gain'd,
 Who in her works denies the Maker's hand?

Glorious his views! who for discoveries bold,
 First into dark oblivion stepp'd of old;
 Whose labours first those latent paths reveal'd,
 Where science slept, and learning lay conceal'd;

Thro'

Thro' deep recesses trac'd their lone retreat,
 And led them smiling from their awful seat,
 Bade the illustrious pair; so long unknown,
 Shine forth on distant ages yet to come;
 That man (when life its mortal part resign'd)
 Might leave a deathless monument behind;
 What blest endowment then, how truly great
 The mind, where these with social virtue meet?
 God-like immortal! may we him proclaim,
 Whose worth the earth records, and heaven his
 fame;

Who shuns alike ambition's false extreme,
 Vulgar applause, or flattery's base esteem!
 Attend ye DELIANS! partial and severe,
 Flattery deceives, but virtue all revere;
 If powerful knowledge is your boasted claim,
 Beware the false! 'twill bring your pride to shame;
 Remember by whose will those gifts are given,
 Let that be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven;
 Wisdom of men alone dark objects bound,
 False views perplex, and anxious doubts confound;
 Some (bold presumption!) on their parts rely,
 As they themselves cou'd equal the Most High!
 By solemn reasoning, dare assume to shew
 The God of power, and all his counsels know;

Tell

How thy own goodness, like thyself extends;
 Nor where life's imperceptible it ends;
 Mercy and wonder, still preserve the scale,
 Where undiscern'd, by man or animal:
 Plain proof, when we inferior orders trace,
 To the least known beneath our human race,
 Minuteſt insects in their certain ſphere,
 As they ſubſiſt, might worlds to us appear;
 Cou'd we diſcern how every various fort,
 Small as the mite, have being and ſupport!
 Yet earth and ſkies, with all thy works adorn'd,
 As vehicles ſeem, for man's exiſtence form'd;
 The hot, the temp'rate, and the frigid clime,
 For him their products in their ſeaſon join;
 Various the gifts that different ſuns beſtow,
 Here woods of fir, there ſpicey citrons glow:
 Each region adds to nature's ſumptuous treat,
 Theſe by their cold, and thoſe by torrid heat;
 Without this happy uniformity
 Cou'd man ſubſiſt, or wou'd this plenty be?

Thou, great Creator! didſt for all provide,
 Thy bounteous hand left nothing unſupply'd;
 Yet in diſtreſs, how many needy cry,
 Whiſt others ſpoil, what ſhou'd their wants ſupply?
 Dare by injuſtice rob the right of heaven,
 And waſte the ſtores for their poor brethren given;
 On

On families insolvent, few bestow,
Few lend a tear to heal desponding wo.

With what abundance, providence, and care,
Did the Creator for mankind prepare:
How is his love abus'd, deny'd, betray'd,
Of his good things, what havoc have we made;
Embracing vice, grown wanton in excess,
Making a curse of what was meant to bless!
But know, weak man! in vain thy hopes aspire,
If thus thy follies prompt thy wild desire:
Peace, love, and virtue, must prepare the way
To the bright summit of eternal day!
O thou! one Infinite! All-gracious Evermore!
Eternal First! great self-existent Power!
Fain wou'd I here, thou awful, All-supreme!
Thy glory sing, wou'dst thou inspire the theme;
But can these feeble numbers e'er express
Omnipotence! within the bounds of verse!
Can I (great God) support the hallow'd strain,
Or dare attempt the wonders of thy reign;
How thy right hand, does endless order keep,
Thro' wisdom's vast unfathomable deep,
The mighty source! whence all, and all things flow,
To the least object on this globe below;
Thy all consummate views no bounds confine,
All sprung from thee, and all that is, is thine!

Thou

Thou spreadst thy univerfal monarchy
 O'er all, that was, or is, or is to be!
 How glorious shine the heights where thou art
 known,
 What powers support thy bright tremendous
 throne!
 Dare we of dust, with idle speech prophane
 Thy sacred laws, and take thy name in vain,
 Mock at thy mercies, laugh at thy commands,
 And meet the vengeance that thy wrath demands?
 Each vicious pleasure labour to improve,
 And seek all knowledge, but what's from above:
 Ah! that prime source, our partial searches spare,
That lies neglected, as not worth our care.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

HERMAS,

OR, THE

Acarian Shepherds:

A

POEM.

IN SIXTEEN BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR, JOHN SPENCER.

—— Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us in things of more concern
Unpractic'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

PARAD. LOST, Book viii. l. 197.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade.

YOUNG'S Paraphrase on JOB.

V O L. II.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

Printed by T. SAINT.

MDCCLXXII.

HERMAS,

OR THE

ACARIAN SHEPHERDS.

BOOK VIII.

DRAW near, thou DELIAN! plum'd with
health and fame,
Learn what it is thy worthless honours claim;
Can thy vain hopes, with self-taught wisdom, find
A happiness, that heaven ne'er design'd?
Can peace, with true content, the wishes crown,
Where vice directs, and piety's unknown?
No, virtue only can that bliss attain,
Basis of all that ushers good to man;
Without it life makes but fell mis'ry sport,
And grubs its wrank enjoyments from the dirt.
Canst thou strike out thy place in infinite,
Or heaven change, for more sublime delight?

VOL. II.

A

Canst

Canst thou the plan of thy Creator mend?
 Do his great laws of truth thy pride offend?
 Laugh'st thou the precepts of thy God to scorn,
 As if too wise, too mighty to reform?
 Yet tremblest at the evil day to come,
 Nor dar'st thou once premeditate thy doom;
 The sable vision shocks thy present joys,
 And shews how life is gull'd with pomp and noise;
 How time and death these transient hopes devour,
 What dark'ning woes await that solemn hour;
 Thy present pleasures, when that period's near,
 Thou find'st will cease, and instant disappear;
 When nature's last sad groan shall close thy view,
 Bid light, and life, and all thy hopes adieu!

And must thy heart confess thou'rt born to die,
 Yet wilt thou mock the fate thou canst not fly?
 Thousands may fall around us, whilst we stand
 As yet unhurt, by death's all-conquering hand;
 As he attacks unseen, now here, now there,
 Some drop far from us, some, alas how near!
 'Mong'st kindred friends, he breaks the social tie,
 And turns to lamentation all our joy;
 Night-veil'd, he stalks amongst the busy crowd,
 And tucks his slaughter'd victims in the shroud;
 Yet those unsmitten, look indifferent on,
 As if they stood unnotic'd, or unknown!

Death

Death comes, tho' joys, long life, and health preface
 Untouch'd by youth, or beauty, sex, or age;
 Oft snatches hence, the strong, the great, the gay,
 And leaves the wretched for another prey;
 Ever uncertain can our hopes beguile,
 Oft hid behind a moment, or a smile!

Where health, and wealth, and pleasure revel loud;
 And all that's gay attracts the busy crowd,
 Trophies of every world-wish'd care we know,
 All earth exhibits, all it can bestow;
 All that allures the breast, or prompts the sigh,
 Swells in the heart, and captivates the eye;
 Wishes triumphant, every vice alarm'd
 With full delight, desire, and fancy charm'd;
 By every flattering guile, that life can give,
 When pleasure seems to say, "enjoy and live."

Ah! who suspects, amidst this grand career,
 Death in disguise intends his revels there;
 The bold assassin strikes the fatal blow,
 Spreads havoc round, ere they regard the foe;
 Like balmy health, sleek jovial smiles he wears,
 And in false views of happiness appears;
 Whilst thus life's downy pleasures spread the way,
 He seems far absent, how secure his prey!
 When mirth has banish'd every care and fear,
 Say, who suspects that death is lurking near!

A while, the envy'd ARGON ! how he shines,
 What expectations charm, what new designs ?
 How flutters life with fancy'd hopes and joys,
 Alarm'd for bliss each eager passion flies :
 Long, long to come, what distant schemes in view ;
 What future projects does his mind pursue !
 The gazing crowd, his happiness admire,
 Bow to his pride, and flatter his desire.

But hark ! what means that sound ! that death-
 ful knell !

That mournful dirge ? 'tis ARGON's last farewell ;
 He's gone ! alas ! the gaudy visions o'er,
 Silent his Joys, his glory shines no more !
 He that but yesterday with boasted power,
 And laughing sports, enjoy'd the happy hour ;
 Now sunk in darkness, wrapp'd within a shroud,
 Low in corruption takes his last abode ;
 Stretch'd in its gloom, he sleeps the sleep of death,
 The grave his sofa, and his pillow earth !

Stern fate, alas ! when youthful STREPHON's wed,
 Tears from his arms the part'ner of his bed ;
 In death's embrace the faithful charmer lies,
 One last adieu ! and lov'd AMENIA dies ;
 Connubial bliss to sable anguish turns,
 Fill'd with heart-brooding wo, each silent mourns ;
 Their

Their rising offspring weep—Oh! hapless doom!
 What sad distress o'ercasts their infant bloom;
 These next, perhaps, when grown to manly prime
 Or virgin blush, to bless their fathers line;
 Remorseless death, may summon to attend
 His fatal call, and with the havoc blend;
 Or whilst with them their Sire, AMENIA weep,
 Close down his eyes in everlasting sleep;
 The orphan race behold his face no more,
 Companion with the dead he wept before!

Thus at all hours, all seasons, day or night,
 Uncertain life precipitates its flight;
 Or here, or there, like phantom shifting shades,
 Wide-proleing-death mortality invades;
 Promiscuous round his trembling victims fall,
 They're snatch'd from millions, till he conquers all;
 Who then wou'd sigh? he lives not to be great,
 Who grieve, he dies not on a bed of state.
 O! where the midnight walk with deepening gloom
 Reflects grim shades, that veil the sculptur'd tomb,
 Or awful monuments, with trophies spread,
 In dreary pomp, o'er mansions of the dead;
 How starts the shuddering soul! nature recoils,
 And shuns the baleful waste, the sable spoils;
 Aw'd with the solemn view, thought turns away,
 Apathetic and sad, life dreads its own decay.

Not

Not so the just, resign'd, he drops a tear,
 For human woes, yet feels no ghostly fear,
 But meditates, from secret horror free,
 And views the wreck, to think what he must be;
 There faithless world, thy glory he surveys,
 And in his breast damps out thy glaring blaze;
 His opening views thy subtle charms despise,
 Flatt'ring delights, and counterfeited joys;
 Each solemn sound is grateful to his soul,
 With awful thought, he triumphs o'er the whole,
 Sees all are hastening to this joyless state,
 Where all that's mortal ends its earthly date;
 Uncertain, every moment of our stay,
 As time incessant suffers no delay;
 Without a pause, for ever fleeting on,
 Till all expire in nature's latest groan;
 Languor and pain at that grand period wait,
 For earth's poor pilgrims, or the pompous great;
 Levell'd alike the gasping victims fall,
 Ruin at last becomes a tomb for all.
 See HIM, rich gloried in an earthly blaze,
 Of all the brightest splendors earth can raise,
 Like HEROD, proudly seated as a God,
 Submissive empires bowing at his nod;
 Whose passive Might, victorious arms proclaim,
 Whilst ransack'd nations tremble at his name;

Left

Left overthrown by one fell grasp of death,
 Yielding up all with his departing breath ;
 Pierc'd thro' with bolts of fate, forlorn he lies,
 Breaths his last groan, then meets despair, and dies :
 The gaudy insect of a sun-shine hour,
 Time smitten drops, and falls to rise no more ;
 His useless trophies, and his hostile train,
 Dwindle to dust, oblivion blots their fame.
 Such those wild schemes of bliss the world displays,
 So its false glare the heart of man betrays ;
 Such those vain glories of a monarch's throne,
 Both like their vanish'd shadows lost and gone.
 Alas ! 'tis thus life's painted vision flies,
 And our last moments, e'er we *think*, surprize ;
 Sleeping or waking, noon, or midnight hour,
 Revelling, or weeping, honour'd, rich or poor ;
 Him gathering laurels to exalt his fame,
 Or him pursu'd, with misery, guilt, and shame ;
 In desarts, fields, or cottages 'tis near,
 The scenes of death surround us every where :
 Death still pursues thro' every fleeting hour,
 And treads those steps that pleasure trod before.

Hope, vain delights, and earth-born raptures die,
 Tormenting anguish murders extasie ;
 The sporting passions shrink at wrath divine,
 Those sunk in pleasures to their fate resign ;
 The

The God they tempted, then preserves no more,
 A God to them not mercy can restore!
 All, all's uncertain, all's unstable here,
 Life shortens, pleasures waste, and death draws near;
 As health, strength, vigour, passions, we decline,
 So our delights, our hopes, joys, pleasures pine,
 Till life, still hastening to its feeble wane,
 In languor sinks to sickness, age, and pain.

Such all that in terrestrial climes have birth,
 All human race that tread this globe of earth;
 All ranks, and all conditions, as they rise,
 To the same point their daily journey lies;
 All are companions on that fatal road,
 Leads down to death, by their fore-fathers trod.

Art thou too mighty, popular, and gay,
 These certain truths at leisure to survey?
 O! canst thou feel thy mortal powers decline,
 Yet squander thus the short remaining time?
 Why putt'st thou off the dark, the evil day?
 Why pass the present wantonly away?
 Canst thou insure one moment yet to come,
 Or one recal, when that short moment's done?
 Life's empty bliss, when doddering to the grave,
 Age grasps more eager to redeem and save:
 Can this avail thee in that doleful hour,
 When wishes faint, and pleasures are no more?
 Thy

Thy ruin fix'd, thy hopes, thy comforts gone;
 Amaz'd with horror at thyself undone!
 What bosom can such direful conflict bear,
 Refign'd to darkness, misery, and despair?
 What dreadful entrance! to approaching doom,
 How deep the silence, and how sad the gloom;
 When gnaw'd with anguish, shock'd with wild
 surprise,

Man self-condemn'd, yields up the ghost and dies!

What business then assign'd for life to do,
 Is it to blacken death, and treasure wo?
 If now the breast at dissolution chills,
 And fears to meet short temporary ills;
 What deeper horrors must the soul affright,
 When summon'd hence to everlasting night?
 Where then thy busy views, thy wond'rous schemes,
 Thy pomps, thy pleasures? Ah! what airy dreams;
 Thy world-taught wisdom, all thy boasted pride,
 Alas! like thee, become a silent void;
 Disease and death, with all their ghastly train,
 Thy last companions that with thee remain:
 These usher in life's short departing hour,
 And close thy certain fate for evermore.

Yet wilt thou, man! not see this hapless moan,
 Nor think on death, till all these evils come?

Are present things, that vanish as they're known,
 Worth hazarding a soul's immortal crown?
 Dear is their all, if (this short present o'er).
 Consign'd to death, thou art to be no more:
 But if hereafter fix'd by heaven's decree,
 In bliss or wo, thou ever art to be;
 What wilful blindness guides the stubborn heart,
 That ne'er till then discovers what thou art.

O grant me aid, thou great celestial power!
 To cheer the soul in that last solemn hour;
 That when I bid this faithless world adieu,
 Faith may present thy glories to my view.
 Grant me thy peace, grant me a will resign'd,
 A will, that leaves no earth-born wish behind;
 But towers to seek hope's long expected joy,
 Thro' death's lone passage, to eternity.

Eternity! O vast! O endless space!
 Who shall thy height, or depth, or being trace?
 When towards thy realm I look with fearful gaze,
 What boundless views my frightened soul amaze;
 Then shall we mites, possess'd of bliss or pain,
 In everlasting being there remain?
 O! help me, gracious heaven, to conceive
 Both where, and how, I must for ever live!
 But who shall climb the interminable height,
 Or look thro' the remote of Infinite?

Swift

Swift Thought, that as a messenger is given,
 To bear our wants, or vows, or prayers to heaven,
 Or wing'd with hallowed raptures, soars on high,
 With thankful praise to reach the Deity;
 Still circled with immeasurable round,
 Vanishes instant in immense profound;
 Expanse of all duration! what shall tell,
 Of thy extent, or who within thee dwell?
 What depth of thought, what language can explain,
 What ever was, and ever will remain?

Eternity! — O when I think on thee,
 Astonish'd reason asks, How can it be?
 Yet sure all nature shews some sovereign power,
 Eternal lives, and reigns for evermore.

Behold the waste, where ages past have been,
 What length'ning ruin spreads the dark'ning scene,
 That hidden space, time's hasty wing has crost,
 Pursuing thought scarce enters ere it's lost.
 Yet what those countless ages when they're gone,
 Or what the present when thus left unknown,
 Left hid behind those cent'ries yet to come. }
 Eternity's a round that ne'er begun,
 One stated *now* that never shall be done;
 The hours that pass till heaven and earth decay,
 Tho' numberless, nor add, nor take away;

Join all, the power of numbers e'er has taught,
 It's but a cypher here, and ends in nought ;
 Count millions next for all the moments past,
 'Tis nothing still whilst there can be a last ;
 Then whom that powerful Monarch thron'd on
 high,

Who lives and reigns thro' all eternity!
 O! may I Him, whose reign I can't explore,
 With humble reverence worship and adore.
 How shall we bound his all-creative might,
 Whose power from atoms spreads to infinite?
 Prime, Sovereign, Lord, Omnipotent, Supreme
 O'er universal all, ordain'd by Him :
 What is his being, what his dwelling place?
 Infinity! and undetermin'd space!
 Infinite his attributes endure,
 Infinite wife, and infinitely pure!
 Infinite, his mercies here below,
 But Infinite his power and vengeance too!
 Then dares poor earth-born man with him contend,
 Resist his will, and say, ' do I offend?
 ' Why all this slavish strange mistaken fear?
 ' Why all these cavils, does their cause appear?'
 Ah vain polluted mortal! view thy state,
 Did he not thee, and all that's thine create?

Kind

Kind as a tender parent, hear thy cry,
 Gives all thy blessings, forms thee to enjoy,
 How great, how solemn is the sacred tie! }
 Yet see! unmindful of this awful trust,
 Created to be virtuous good and just;
 Mankind reverse their vows to heaven made,
 Despise its laws and wander runagate;
 Slaves to corruption, folly, noise and whim,
 Laugh at its precepts, make a mock of sin!
 Lord! what is man, to merit thy regard,
 What thus degenerate! yet his cries are heard;
 Whene'er rebellion quits his rancour'd breast,
 And he submits imploring to be bless;
 Mild pardon speaks his great Creator's love,
 Faith bids him triumph in the joys above.
 Wonder not, man! for thee a Saviour dy'd,
 But wonder more thy race was not destroy'd;
 What can thy merit claim, obnoxious slave,
 Leper of vice, polluted as the grave.
 If heaven! that pure ætherial source of light,
 Appears not perfect in its maker's sight;
 Ah! where shall we our loathsome miseries hide,
 Who may the brightness of his face abide?
 Or who can stand before him, when pursu'd
 By guilt, still blackn'd with ingratitude?

Sure

Sure nothing but the Son of God alone,
 Cou'd for the vengeance due to man atone,
 Who dy'd to bring the lost Repentant home. }
 Atom of misery! helpless and forlorn,
 And dost thou yet the fount of mercy scorn;
 Canst thou, frail dust! support that weight of wo
 Thy sins have treasur'd, for thy overthrow,
 Or equal Him, on whom thy all depends,
 And blast thy ruin, ere it yet descends?
 What! canst thou man, encounter the Most High?
 Dar'st thou, vile earth, Omnipotence defy?
 Say, canst thou conquer his eternal power,
 Who gave thee form, Is vice so strong a tower?
 Where then its bulwarks, where its mighty walls,
 To shelter thee when his last summons calls? }
 Wide nature trembles, and creation falls!
 Thrown down and crush'd in pathless overthrow,
 Those radiant worlds that in yon æther glow,
 Where then (vain bubble) when these things
 shall be?
 Where then the loud important boast of thee?
 Wilt thou unchang'd this dreadful shock sustain,
 Shall all its thunders burst on thee in vain?
 Say, will it not thy frightened soul dismay,
 To meet the woes of that tremendous day?

Arise!

Arise ! return ! thy Father's love implore,
 Ere thou art lost and time is known no more ;
 Seek ere too late, O hasten quick to find,
 A blessing yet in store for human kind ;
 First know thyself, then judge from present things,
 What vast rewards the love of virtue brings.
 Look into life with truth's impartial eye,
 What empty shadows will thy search descry,
 That fly as swift to take their last adieu,
 As care, and pain, and time, and death pursue ?
 Yet (Ah frail man !) if wealth exalt thy name,
 Or parts, or grandeur lead thee up to fame,
 Shou'd flattering crowds thy fancy'd worth extol,
 How wild ambition swells thy labouring soul ?
 The gazing world admires the pompous cheat,
 Blows up thy self-lov'd pride, and calls thee great.
 And does that empty sound thy heart delude !
 Whence then thy life, thy raiment, or thy food ?
 From whence is all this gaudy show supply'd,
 What adds this gorgeous tribute to thy pride ?

Thou poor dependent ! slave to vain deceit,
 Say, what's thy claim, thy title to be great ?
 Confess one serious truth, presumptuous man,
 And tell how all this greatness first began ;
 It is not thine, commanding wealth supplies,
 This transient blaze, by wealth these splendors rise.

'Tis

'Tis not thyself but those false glories shine,
 Nor are they form'd by any art of thine;
 Heavens, earth, and man contribute each apart,
 To deck thee forth, and make thee what thou art;
 All nature's tribes their aid spontaneous yield,
 Those of the stream, or those that graze the field,
 Or in sequester'd deserts lonely rove,
 Or haunt the forest shades, or wing the grove;
 Rich providence for thee unlocks her stores,
 Wealth leads the deeps, and plenty crowns the
 shores.

These gracious bounties heaven's Supreme
 decreed,
 To hide thy shame and furnish all thy need,
 Plann'd for thy use, to nourish, clothe and feed;
 But when enjoy'd, each needful blessing cloy,
 The bosom palls, and pale ambition sighs;
 Life's restless passions prompt the busy mind,
 Folly starts forth o'er reason left confin'd;
 Afric's dark slave, doom'd to the sunless mine,
 Robs earth's sad glooms, that thou may'st brighter
 shine;
 Naked he labours, friendless and undone;
 In treasure pines, with want, despair, and moan:
 Thou stand'st superb, whilst pleasure's mad career
 Feasts thy false joys, regardless of his tear.

Next

Next, to complete this borrow'd state, behold
 What gewgaws brought to deck thy gems and
 gold!

What various hues, in folly's livery worn,
 From birds, and beasts, and feeble insects torn;
 Yet see the flower, or insect, far out-shine,
 In native beauties, all this pomp of thine,
 All wealth can bring, or powers of art design. }

The spotted fur, the many-tinctur'd plume,
 The vivid dye, that copies nature's bloom;
 Proud folly culls, and with incessant toil,
 Weaves her bright chaplet from the shining spoil;
 With solemn form puts on the rich disguise,
 Then leads thee forth the captive of her toys.
 Thus left expos'd, wilt thou not see the cheat,
 Still canst thou fancy these will make thee great;
 This momentary blaze with life compare,
 And learn to know what helpless mortals are;
 In whom all centers, by a right divine,
 Whose property thou art, both thee and thine.
 All, all (vain mite!) 's the gift of heaven alone,
 There's nought but want and nakedness thy own.

What ills, what miseries, crowd life's short'ning
 date,
 What woes and cares, that we ourselves create;

Rais'd by the milled views that men pursue,
 Which still deceive the hopes and passions too.
 How many, 'midst their gilded pleasures pine,
 What hearts perplex'd in glaring splendor shine;
 The envying world complains how mighty these,
 How blest with honours, happiness, and ease!
 Thus, as the troubled deeps, with adverse storm,
 Their hopes are wreck'd, and reason left forlorn;
 Then what's thy pride, what canst thou call thy own,
 I left to thyself, thou'dst vanish with a groan!
 Informing nature shews us this decree,
 All-wide-creation dictates thus to thee;
 Why vaunt'st thou then against the arm of heaven,
 Or why deny'st from whence thy all is given;
 Alas! the world, big with thy pomp and store,
 When thou art gone, regards thy name no more,
 Thy day is past, thy schemes are all undone,
 The whole is seiz'd thou proudly call'd'st thy own;
 Thy own! why then thou helpless child of earth,
 Why is't not thine when thou'rt resign'd to death?
 What's surely thine thou ever hast in store,
 But time and fate, thy own, and thee devour;
 They sweep down all, thy mighty labours boast,
 And lay thy grandeurs level with the dust.
 O vain, uncertain bubble! know thy span,
 See thy frail state, and own thyself but man;

Resign

Resign thy pride, trace out thy being here,
 And all this fancy'd might will disappear;
 As dust to dust, so live, and so return,
 Seek thy calm rest within the silent urn;
 These empty foibles must be left behind,
 They're but the glare of thy distemper'd mind;
 If all the treasur'd Indies were thy store,
 Thus must thou fall, and those be thine no more.

What then proves thine, by this contentious strife?

Sure not the vital breath that gives thee life;
 Not one short moment is by thee renew'd,
 Or smallest atom of thy daily food;
 Dost thou in science, wealth, and learning shine?
 Name all thou know'st, yet none of these are thine!
 Thou canst not live, or move, or speak, or be,
 Or think, or act, but as they're given to thee;
 'Tis providence, fond nature's tender care,
 Thou canst not plant a thought, or form a hair.
 Thyself's a stranger on this earthy ball,
 God rules, and owns, his universal all;
 All that's possess'd, the great Creator gave,
 Thou hast no claim, but thy last bed, the grave.
 Seest thou! in heaven's wide arch, eve's glittering star,

Say, it is thine, thy property is there!

Yon galaxy of worlds! that golden glow,
 Is thine, vain man! as much as ought below!
 Then bid ambition make the mighty claim,
 Possess those orbs, and great indeed thy fame!
 Why stops thy wild imagination here?
 Why mock'st thou this with self-assuming cheer?
 Say, do thy earth-born wishes e'er subside,
 Wing'd with ambition, avarice, and pride?
 Yet what hast thou, with all thy mighty cares,
 That's more thy own, than sun, or moon, or stars?
 Vain needy mortal! all thou claim'st is given,
 But by life's short uncertain lease from heaven;
 Kept by its bounty, subject to its will,
 Call thrones and kingdoms thine, thou'rt beggar still.
 What more, fond trifler, wou'd thy fancy dare?
 Why are not thine the ambient fields of air?
 Why not all æther, why not thine the whole,
 Of distant worlds, that blaze from pole to pole?
 Sure all yon ample round that bounds the fight,
 As much as life, is thy undoubted right.
 All those celestial orbs that hither shine,
 As much as health, or wealth, or power, are thine.
 Then rise (O man!) and all creation seize;
 The whole is thine! is thine, as much as these;
 Then scale the airy height, each glowing sphere
 Hasten to invade, and search for treasures there;
To

To new discoveries, bid thy genius rise,
 And boast dominion in the peopled skies;
 Extend new regions far beyond the thought,
 And be possesst of more than NEWTON wrote!

Laughs the vain mortal at this wild conceit?
 'Tis as romantic to esteem thee great,
 Great in possessions, property, and power,
 What absolute, thy own? no, they're the dower,
 From age to age, bequeath'd from man to man,
 Reversion, that with ADAM first began;
 But the great Owner still retains his right,
 All finite's his, as well as infinite!

What, wou'dst thou God's Omnipotence confine,
 Assume his powers, and call his glory thine?
 Yes, cou'dst thou reach his kingdoms set on high,
 Or cou'dst thou roam at large the vary'd sky,
 Thou'dst ransack every orb, and worlds divide,
 In search of wealth, to magnify thy pride;
 Spread havoc, ruin, vice, and folly round,
 And good with evil, thro' the whole confound;
 Wou'dst break all bounds, cou'dst thou such power
 obtain;

Regardless of the laws of God or man.

Poor reptile! to this grassy clod confin'd,
 Nothing can soar but thy ambitious mind;

And

And that, unconscious of thy humble sphere,
 Finds not supply for all thy follies here:
 So ends thy greatness, death dissolves thy form,
 And thou art food to feed thy sister worm.
 He that first gave thee all, takes all away,
 A casualty! the tenant of a day!

Wast thou a CÆSAR, cou'dst like him subdue;
 Hadst thou his wealth, his fame, and learning too;
 What tho' long after-times thy story tell,
 Think thou must die, and think how CÆSAR fell:
 Hail CÆSAR's mighty equal!—Thou art he,
 For what now CÆSAR is—thyself will be!
 Alas! thou feeble being, know thy power,
 Behold thy wretched state, and vaunt no more;
 When humbled thus, thy penitential soul
 Meekness shall bless, and that proud self controul;
 Th' Almighty as thy Sire, thy Friend, thy God,
 Shall bid thee welcome to his own abode.

Ye worldlings left, let pleasures cheer the mind,
 But look not back! for certain death's behind;
 See! (where corruption spreads its deadly bane)
 The tyrant stride o'er all his millions slain!
 Behold what rueful pomp, what sable show,
 Brings on the ghastly harbinger of wo;
 As o'er this earth he spreads his gloomy reign,
 See how he triumphs at distress and pain!

Midst

Midst wailful cries and life-despairing moans,
 Harsh shrieks, and tears, and agonizing groans;
 Ah! look not back to these sad scenes in view,
 Haste to escape! they like the winds pursue!

Death! how terrific must thy arm appear,
 To those who fix their sole dependence here,
 Lull'd on the couch of luxury and ease,
 Stranger to grief, nor ever felt disease;
 But shining forth in all the blaze of state,
 Mark'd as a pompous sacrifice to fate,
 Amidst their fading splendors, once their trust,
 Quick blasted fall, and wither into dust.

Strange then such helpless beings should be
 proud,
 As if with self-existent powers endow'd,
 Tho' in dependence born, ordain'd to live
 On those free bounties heaven deigns to give:
 Ah man! each phantom cause that swells thy pride,
 Is but some blessing of thy life destroy'd;
 Whilst fancy's toiling in the wild pursuit
 Of earth-born joys, thou'rt lower than the brute;
 Were ye but conscious what the breast conceals,
 What hoarded guilt the secret bosom feels,
 What varying passions, what perverse desires,
 Busy'd imagination still inspires;

What

What whims, what changeful thoughts, what
guileful views,

Each new-born notion flatters and pursues;
What art to palliate, what deceit to blind
Those many imperfections of the mind;
How wou'd it sink down pride to humble fear,
In our own eyes how mean should we appear?

Consider what thy future views intend,
Examine well their motive and their end;
Thou'lt after find thy best designs a cheat,
Hypocrisy can mask with all deceit:
The luring tempter, lurks in every mind,
Steals on unfought, and often undesign'd;
Some almost own to every vice but this,
Think they're sincere, so cannot act amiss;
Arraign mankind with judgment so severe,
As they alone were from this folly clear:
So subtle is the fiend, by reason try'd,
'Twill oft in truth its fraud and falshood hide.
These machinations swell the haughty soul,
From these the mind its secret slander stole,
The basest action, or the bravest deed,
The world esteems, may oft from this proceed;
Thus whilst the censuring mortal damns the crime,
Himself's the hypocrite he wou'd define;

Uncon-

Unconscious, he directs his guilt and shame
 To injure some, and raise himself to fame;
 The soothing passion in his breast prevails,
 And he commits the vice at which he rails;
 Or censures others, puffed with vain conceit,
 For crimes himself's ne'er prompted to commit,
 For which no passion ever mov'd his breast,
 Yet stain'd with vices that his foes detest.
 Read human life, what will its lesson be,
 But how our words and actions disagree.
 Some oblique view, some secret hopes reserv'd,
 Some private purpose prompting to be serv'd;
 The faithless will, which every wish can jilt,
 May plan the scheme, unconscious of the guilt.
 Hypocrisy, what optic can descry,
 When undiscern'd, it 'scapes the mental eye!
 The common phrases of our speech betray,
 How little's strictly meant by what we say;
 Except some hell-born fury urge the mind,
 To breathe its vengeful curses at mankind;
 Curses seem utter'd with a zeal sincere,
 Whilst passions rage, they banish love or fear.

Oft in the friendly tale, or dimpled smile,
 Hypocrisy conceals some artful guile;
 When grief meets grief, or laugh to laugh resounds,
 Oft this is feign'd; nor that the bosom wounds;

D

Nor

Nor rests it here, hypocrisy oft shares
 Our best devotions, and infects our prayers;
 Nor mean I sycophants, the fraudulent train,
 Whose vows and prayers both heaven and earth
 profane;

To truth, to virtue, and to life a ban,
 Who mock the Almighty, and bring wo on man
 Dare heaven insult, and break each sacred tie,
 Whose very lives are one continued lie!
 Loathsome, detested vice; how base, how vile
 Mankind appear, abandon'd to thy guile?
 Still to betray, a mask of truth is worn,
 And hides the serpent in a human form.
 Yet often those who think their vows sincere,
 By this dark vice may be deceiv'd, and err;
 Nay even saints (if saints may now be said)
 Sometimes by this perceive their thoughts betray'd.
 Hypocrisy, and pride, in some degree
 Attack the whole, there's not a bosom free;
 These unobserv'd, from secret channels flow,
 How few the hearts most subtle falsehoods know.
 O! wou'd we strictly search the naked mind,
 And scrutinize each purpose we design'd,
 What new discoveries wou'd to us appear,
 Who but must blush that he's so insincere.

Unhappy

Unhappy man! how soon thy boast expires,
 If so impos'd on by thy own desires;
 How strict the watch that must detect the cheat,
 How hard to drive these dæmons from their seat;
 Call truth to aid thee, slander bid adieu,
 Thy breast conceals the foe thy words pursue;
 O spare thy neighbour! and condemn thy heart,
 Till pride's no more, and vice, and fraud depart;
 Thou judgest man, shan't he to God appeal,
 Who sees thy breast the same black crime conceal?
 Hast thou no faults, or none that thou wilt see,
 Where then a greater hypocrite than thee?
 False man! how base, how venial thy designs,
 Art thou to answer for another's crimes?
 Will it avail to make his frailties known,
 Expose his foibles, and conceal thy own?
 Is this thy hopes to climb the paths of fame,
 And add exalted virtue to thy name?
 Go, worst of hypocrites! pursue thy plan,
 Not worth the state of reason, or of man;
 Wou'dst thou reprove, first learn to be sincere,
 Spare not thyself with censure most severe;
 Then thou'lt no more another's crimes expose,
 Mock at his miseries, or approve his woes;
 With tender care thou'lt mourn his dreadful state,
 Exhort and warn him of his gloomy fate;

Disdain no more will fill thy haughty breast,
 But care and pity how to make him blest ;
 Insult and pride wou'd have no place on earth,
 Did not this subtle serpent give them birth ;
 From this, vain glory and contention flow,
 From this, presumption and ambition grow ;
 From this vile source, revenge and hatred sprung,
 For were there no deceit, there'd be no wrong.

How odious this most hateful crime appears,
 What shifts, what arts, the shameful monster wears ;
 If here, when known, with such contempt 'tis driven,
 How shall we dare to send its vows to heaven ;
 If this curst fiend ! in our devotions share,
 What heaven returns will be at last despair ;
 What can we hope, what can such faith believe,
 Won't hope and faith the hypocrite deceive ?
 A vice, so noxious to mankind below,
 How much by wrath divine augments our woe ?
 Shall that pure God of truth who rules the skies,
 Spare him who dares address his throne with lies ?
 If our best actions, our most ardent prayers
 Can claim no merit, (so our God declares)
 What can we from hell's frankincense presume,
 But penal vengeance for our final doom ?

Ah ! wou'dst thou then thy inmost state enquire,
 What cou'dst thou find to flatter and admire ?

What

What is a heart distemper'd and unclean,
 That galls the mind, and rancours all within?
 Were these discover'd in their secret plan,
 The errors, doubts, and vanities of man?
 His false pretences, and his base designs,
 That paint his errors in their strongest lines;
 Expos'd to each beholder's naked eye,
 In what wou'd all his boasted glory lie?
 Sure this wou'd shew him what a gilded dream
 Ambition is, how little, and how mean!
 Nature wou'd blush, that captive of our pride,
 To see what nothings time and life employ'd;
 Drooping, abash'd, wou'd be ashamed to own,
 The means by which these fancy'd glories shone.
 Wou'd man be thus impartial, true, and just
 To human power, he'd humble in the dust;
 Content to see his poor abandon'd state,
 How weak, how frail, whilst flattery calls him great:
 By reason's piercing eye (let truth be there)
 How wretched to himself does he appear?
 How abject is the view, how great the change,
 How low the fall! the true sublime how strange?
 Then riches flow! then truly great he'll seem,
 When set the lowest in his own esteem;
 Pleasures, content, and happiness will find,
 Is still more blest, the more his will's resign'd;

All

All heaven brightens in his noble views,
 All's great, is glorious, that his soul pursues ;
 From worm of earth, in god-like worth he shines,
 With angel choirs he adoration joins ;
 He seeks their solemn joys, their blest abode,
 Mercy and truth direct him to his God !
 Why then so fetter'd by these snares below,
 Lur'd with delights that hasten death and wo?
 Pain and diseases mix in every dish,
 And restless cares arrive with every wish ;
 Life, double-arm'd, by gluttony and pride,
 Acts on itself, the cruel suicide !

Say, man ! don't oft a solemn thought surprize,
 Distract thy breast, and darken all thy joys ?
 Don't dismal cares in distant views appear,
 And chill the anxious mind with doubt and fear,
 Prefage black ruin to thy wilder'd thought,
 Visions of horror in thy bosom wrought ?
 Say, when thou sitt'st indulg'd with joyous ease,
 And gaudy scenes the roving fancy please,
 When mirth and laughter every care defy,
 And bliss, and dancing rapture meet the eye ;
 When hopes and wishes, as they rise succeed,
 Sooth thy delights, and all thy passions lead ;
 Steals in no doubt, to discompose the soul,
 No startling truth, that contradicts the whole ;

Com-

Compell'd to summons all thy stubborn pride,
 To face its power, by such conviction try'd;
 Don't death and misery raise the curse of sin,
 Rush on the mind, and frown o'er all within?
 Think'st not eternal vengeance waits thy doom,
 And dreadful warns thee of a wrath to come?
 Don't rising horrors on thy conscience glare,
 Big with eternal torment and despair?
 Don't these, when thou'rt to every vice resign'd,
 Steal on thy thought, and whisper to thy mind?
 At midnight hour, dost thou not seem to hear
 A warning voice, 'Death, hell, and judgment's
 ' near!'

Yet wilt thou chace the friendly truth away,
 And only mock at mercy's long delay?
 Don't fate and fancy shew thy wild excess
 But splendid misery all, and gay distress?
 New passions long, new follies to embrace,
 Thro' fleeting life still panting to the chace;
 Vice every hope, with joyful echo fills,
 Follow'd with swarms of pestilential ills;
 All's killing want, or joyous with excess,
 The mind still craves for more than we possess;
 Yet hadst thou all beneath the circling sun,
 Is it a ransom for a soul undone?

Unsta-

Unstable mortal! view the tranſient change,
 Sec in what wilds thy boundleſs paſſions range;
 Now here, now there, the wiſh'd-for phantom's
 gone,

'Tis ſomething ſtill purſu'd, and ſtill unknown;
 Still expectation finds its hope deſtroy'd,
 Content and happineſs are unenjoy'd.
 Such is his helpleſs, poor, dependent ſtate;
 Theſe are the mighty things the world calls great!
 With what conviction do theſe nothings ſhew,
 Whence happineſs and true contentment flow.
 How oft to cottage, and the humble plain,
 They come, to bleſs the diſregarded ſwain;
 Elate with glowing hopes, he liſts his eyes
 To where his ſure immortal treaſure lies;
 Looks down on all the ſordid world below,
 But as a vale of wretchedneſs and wo;
 Has no ambition, nor with envy burns,
 Diſdains falſe worth, and all but virtue ſcorns;
 Bears, undiſturb'd, fortune's repeated frowns,
 And mocks the glories of imperial crowns;
 To heaven alone his nobler wiſhes ſoar,
 He pities ſtate, and thinks the monarch poor!

Then welcome rural cot! where health's inſpir'd,
 Greatneſs on earth, nor envy'd, nor admir'd;

In storms of vice, by various changes hurl'd,
Thro' the rough tempests of a raging world.
Is that the state where human life excels,
Or in the heart, where truth and reason dwells?
What's nobly great, alone in these we find,
True happiness consists but in the mind ;
What shines without, is counterfeit and show,
Oft but a painted sepulchre of wo !
Virtue, in rags or robes, attracts our eyes,
She shines in both, but scorns to seek disguise ;
Vice, ever labours to be rich attir'd,
And seen by that false lustre, is admir'd.
Say not, 'tis irksome to the free-born mind,
Thus to become submissive and resign'd.
Bewilder'd mortal! blind to heavenly truth,
Bond-slave of vice, from thy perverted youth ;
Thou know'st no calm content ; nor peace, nor rest,
Delight thy soul, or sooth thy heated breast ;
Desires, and wants insatiable, are thine,
With disappointment, and perplex'd design ;
Let in, O man ! let in celestial peace,
Fair angel-guest ! and all these cares will cease ;
As an immortal, so employ thy time
In heaven-born virtues, as thy soul sublime ;
Wing hence thy boundless thought from all below,
To bliss more permanent than thought can know ;

View all the pomps that can thy pride adorn,
 Thou'lt then behold them but with grief and scorn
 Look on the grandeurs, pleasures, wealth and fame,
 This busy world is labouring to attain,
 And tell me! does it all deserve a name?
 Yet see, how eager mortals rush to find
 These gilded baits, where death still lurks behind;
 Don't shame, and doleful sorrow, bid thee moan
 For lost mankind, thus cheated and undone?
 Who warns them of their ruin, they deride,
 At reason mock, and set plain truth aside;
 This is their boasted wisdom, this their pride!

O heaven! thou glorious kingdom, throne of God,
 Have thy bright realms a place for man's abode?
 Yet, shall such vain disorder'd passions rule,
 As turn his being into ridicule?
 Shall he, with gewgaws, sport fond life away,
 Can tinsel'd toys immortal souls betray?
 O man! resume thyself! why gloom'd with fear?
 Give God thy heart, it will be heaven there!
 Resign'd humility directs the way,
 That leads the soul to his eternal day;
 Where pride, ambition, strife, and envy cease,
 And all is wisdom, harmony, and peace;
 Grace, mercy, love, and truth, wait thy command,
 Ready to lead thee to that promis'd land!

Yet,

Yet wilt thou grace, and love, and mercy shun,
 And obstinate, resolve to be undone!
 Wilt thou refuse the tender voice of heaven,
 And scorn thy heart shou'd ask to be forgiven?
 Shew what's your trust, ye great, ye mighty shew,
 (If yet ye think aught here can make you so);
 Shew all the glories of your fancy'd bliss,
 In what your power, and what your greatness is;
 Blaze out your fresh plum'd pomps, your gaudy
 pride,
 Claim all distinction that's on earth enjoy'd;
 In present things, too happy and too gay,
 Ever to think, but how to waste the day;
 From this did human misery first begin,
 There'd be no sorrow, if there was no sin.
 Aspiring worms! is this your mighty state?
 Is this the all ye boast, to make you great?
 Let serious thought this sad mistake retrieve,
 Fly ruin near, embrace meek truth and live;
 Then if thou canst! pursue thy future wo,
 Revel in all delights that vice can know;
 Laugh at eternal vengeance, mock its power,
 And bid defiance to its Evermore!
 Burlesque the misery of a soul undone,
 And jest at all eternity to come!

Look thro' the wide creation's vast sublime,
 View furnish'd space within the realms of time;
 All spreads a lively portrait, that displays
 Divine perfection, in its wond'rous ways!
 Systems! to systems! thro' unbounded skies,
 And worlds! to worlds! as they progressive rise,
 Deep in the bosom of ætherial light,
 Convex of heaven's immeasurable height,
 Thro' all immense! say, man, where ends the whole
 Of lighted spheres, that thro' those azures roll?
 Still! still! beyond, above, what more extend,
 O empyrean, where hast thou an end!
 Angelic powers, with gaze astonish'd view
 The wide sublime, the vast unknown purview;
 But how it is their mighty causes flow,
 Too great for them to learn, or us to know!
 Where then this little mite, this mimic man
 In all his pomp, in all his might and fame?
 Where is his pride, where is his boasted power,
 The grub of earth, the insect of an hour?
 Can he so plain Omnipotence perceive?
 Can he behold it is, yet not believe?
 Leave all to fate, and chance, and risque the doom;
 He'd tremble wou'd he think—is soon to come;
 What are we mortals on this point of earth?
 What but lone exiles in the vale of death?

Then

Then whence thy pride (vain dust!) say all we can,
 Thou'rt but corruption ripen'd into man,
 That as grown foilage, withers till it fall,
 Decay'd, and lost in its original.

Nor does the fawning world account thee more,
 But casts thee hence, and shares thy hoarded store;
 As loathsome nuisance! hides thee from mankind,
 To dark pollution, and the worm resign'd.

Then if thy hopes on time alone depend,
 How low, how sad does thy ambition end!

Can we, fall'n spirits, look without dismay
 On such a change!—and life so snatch'd away;

Who know so little of ourselves, or fate,

Our very soul's as hidden as our fate?

Can we delusive vanities pursue,

Whilst wide creation daily meets our view?

Can its amazing wonders not controul

Folly's career, nor lure the stubborn soul?

Dreadful! can man his own perdition boast,

Be pleas'd with bubbles, when undone and lost?

Then whilst these dreams of bliss thy life employ,

Remember, busy mortal, thou must die!

Remember in thy mirth, the cheerless gloom

Approaches fast; remember death's to come!

Send forth one watchful thought to bring it near,

And paint its horrors as they will appear,

Ere

Ere this dark conflict, ere with fatal strife
 It drags thee hence, and shuts thee up from life;
 The fable conqueror has not foil'd thee yet,
 Prepare to meet him whilst thou canst retreat,
 Why wilt thou, mortal! self convicted, go
 A captive to eternity of wo?
 Stop, stop thy follies! ponder, ere too late,
 For thee reserv'd what baleful miseries wait;
 When man no more can know thy hapless moan,
 Unseen thy horrors, and thy griefs unknown;
 The world, the treacherous world! (to thee so dear)
 That led thee into ruin, leaves thee there;
 Its gay some sports, its luring smiles are o'er,
 Pass'd hence from life, it never knows thee more.

Awake! awake! eternal vengeance fly,
 Haste to escape! the fatal moment's nigh;
 Yet art thou fetter'd by thy stubborn will,
 Is it to-morrow, and to-morrow still?
 Are there a thousand projects to be try'd,
 How every daring vice may be enjoy'd,
 And every craving passion gratify'd.
 When this (a labour infinite!) is done,
 He thinks the pious work shall be begun;
 To-morrow's disregarded pass away,
 And his resolve is vanish'd with the day;

The

The varying something, that is ever sought,
 Usurps the mind, and circumscribes the thought;
 That certain something's still the point in view,
 Which if attain'd, is chang'd to something new.
 The flashing vapour makes the reason blind,
 And seems an *ignis fatuus* of the mind;
 Heedless of all beside, with magic force,
 It charms destruction on without remorse;
 The passions lost, in wilds of fancy stray,
 Wand'ring perplex'd thro' folly's tangling way;
 On these the man's elated hopes depend,
 Resolv'd to perish, or attain his end!

Does heaven yet its vengeful bolts restrain,
 And the Almighty's thunder sleep in vain,
 See fury redden, big with overthrow,
 Yet desperate mortals mock the coming wo?
 Grace strives in vain, in vain all nature warns
 Of fiery wrath! Omnipotence in arms;
 Fix'd to oppose, and deaf to every call,
 Mercy's despis'd, man rushes on his fall.
 Think Inconsiderate! yet thou may'st escape,
 The dire impending woes that watch thy fate;
 Bid the rude tumults in thy bosom cease,
 And hush thy jarring passions into peace;
 Turn each deluded hope from paths of sin,
 Thy soul will rest, and all be calm within.

Vice,

Vice, as the breaking fogs, shall glide away,
 And happiness shoot forth its brightest ray;
 Vain doubts, remorse, anxieties, and cares,
 Will vanish all at thy heart-breathing prayers!
 The mind, elated with its new-born joy,
 In other scenes enlarge its extasie;
 Humility! lov'd grace, benign and kind,
 Brings smiling peace, makes every thought resign'd;
 Guards each design from folly's treacherous wiles,
 The heart's deceit, and fortune's luring smiles,
 What can disturb that tranquil state of rest,
 That is with certain hope of glory blest!
 Let richest fancy paint her gaudy scene,
 With all the artful beauties thought can feign,
 How trifling when the gay description's given,
 To him whose life's devoted thus to heaven;
 Then rise, O man! and set thy reason free,
 Think what thou art, and what thou art to be;
 Immortal glory, or immortal pain,
 Attend thy will, immense the loss or gain!
 If virtue is our safe unerring guide,
 Then why are our desires so misapply'd?
 If happiness consists alone in this,
 Where seek mankind to find their future bliss?
 Why do we shun the proffer'd realms of light,
 And lose our comforts in desponding night?

Ah,

Ah, the fallacious world! our reason awes,
 That something supercedes eternal cause;
 Observe the brightest atoms float in air,
 Such are the objects of man's hope and care;
 Such sportive bubbles dance before his sight,
 Engaging fancy with some vain delight,
 Till torn this being, by some sudden blast,
 We centers there, and all his joys are past;
 Within, alas! what frightful horrors reign,
 How great's the anguish of despair, and pain!
 That wish'd-for something, how it's sunk unknown,
 How life's gay busy hours are past and gone;
 Gone, ever gone! bury'd in sable gloom,
 That's big with griefs, and dread of wrath to come!
 Pale misery, veil'd with everlasting night,
 Puts all his poor remains of hope to flight;
 The courtèd world forsakes the setting eye,
 Death opens to the soul, eternity!
 Awak'd (dire cause!) from life's lethargic dream,
 Ah, how amazing must that prospect seem!
 How little all thou didst on earth adore,
 How great the things thou thought'st not of before!
 How false appearances deceive mankind,
 His happiness, a shadow left behind!

Yet will he not these fatal perils shun,
 Till heaven lost, he owns himself undone;

Can wilful crimes be doom'd to worfe abyfs?
 Can there be torments more fevere than this?
 Can he who firft for difobedience fell,
 Feel deeper wo, or find a darker hell?
 Where thofe sad regions? Ah, what can it be,
 That is (Great God!) if it is *not* from thee?
 By what ideas can it reach the mind?
 By what conclufion may it be defin'd?
 That utter darknefs, how fhall thought explore,
 Where thy unbounded wonders fhine no more?
 Where can thofe doleful realms of mifery be,
 O where their place in all infinity?
 Refource, whence every train of evils flow,
 Sin's dreary wafte! its burning gulphs of wo!
 In what extent can thofe black confines lie,
 In what remote immense! what region nigh?
 They blot no fpace where e'er thy glories fhine,
 Nor bear a part amongft thy works divine!
 Yet fure thy hand is able to prepare,
 Such joylefs feats of torment and defpair;
 Unbleft with hope, or eafe, fhut out from light,
 Chaos of endlefs horror, death, and night.
 What think'ft thou, man? did that bleft fource
 of love
 Ordain it thus? Does he thy fate approve?

Dread-

Dreadful dilemma! sure the act's thy own,
 Thy stubborn will has pull'd this vengeance down.
 Such is the being that has lost its God,
 With wo, and darkness left to find abode;
 Where e'er the place in which it seeks to dwell,
 The curse remains, within, without is hell;
 Have those dire glooms ne'er reach'd a human breast?
 Are there not minds those dreadful ills foretaste?
 When the deep treasur'd wrath that's felt within,
 Forewarns perdition near, tho' yet unseen;
 Yes, in the heart, where crimes infernal reign,
 Foreboding guilt begins eternal pain;
 'Tis there the sting of death envenom'd lies,
 There gnaws the serpent-worm that never dies;
 Where sin has root, the powers of darkness dwell,
 So man lost paradise, and angels fell.
 How sad those joyless regions to explore,
 Where vengeance reigns, and mercy's known no
 more;
 Where, if when life's remaining sands are run,
 We die unblest, for ever we're undone!
 Oh! when eternal space, unknown, and new,
 Opens illimitable to our view!
 If there, in bright Omnipotence array'd,
 The Judge supreme, midst all his powers display'd,

Decrees the sentence of eternal doom;
 Misery and wo, for ever yet to come;
 How will the hard'ned convict bear the rod
 Of fiery vengeance, left without a God!
 Can titles plead? Will wealth or fame avail?
 Ambition! speak!—Will greatness find him bail?
 Alas! alas! how chang'd the shifted scene,
 How wou'd he mourn that life had ever been!
 Ah! by what trifles are his hopes employ'd,
 What baubles set these solemn truths aside;
 Madness! when but a step is left to save
 Man's being here, from the redeemless grave,
 Thou liv'st, as if that period ne'er wou'd be,
 Or as if time was but ordain'd for thee!
 Pleas'd with vain shadows, scheming new design,
 As life, and death, and power, and fate were thine;
 Can thy own might protect thee from their force?
 Or can thy will prevent their steady course?
 Thou self-deceiv'd! yet can thy heart rejoice,
 And swell its triumphs in the fields of vice?
 Is sure destruction grateful to thy ear?
 Do warnings still provoke thy haughty sneer?
 What art thou? man! how much beneath the name,
 The very brutes thy shame and guilt proclaim;
 Hast thou the gift of reason, but to shew
 In plenty stall'd, thou hast thy all below?

Shalt

Shalt here the sensual appetites obey,
 Then die, and perish, and become as they!
 Tell me in what consists thy daring pride,
 If thus dissolv'd in death, thy pomps subside?
 The slaughter'd beast, the very reptile's free,
 (Depriv'd of life) to rot in earth with thee!
 Where thy distinction then, thy vast renown,
 Thy self-lov'd boast, when time has cut thee down?
 What being form'd, so mean as human kind,
 If heaven no more for mortal race design'd?
 Look up, frail dust! thy greater self discern,
 See what exalted nature bids thee learn;
 Look from thy pride, that lowest state of man,
 To him who was, ere yet the world began;
 Thy own Creator, who endow'd thy breast
 With God-like reason, that inherent guest;
 Reason and truth to all thy doubts reply,
 Thou art created for eternity!
 Else, Why such comprehension? Why to know
 Eternal is, if thou shalt not be so?
 No other creature that's beneath the sun,
 This dreadful secret learns, but man alone!
 Nothing that lives on earth, in air, or sea,
 Can trace a God! none know his works but thee.
 Then shall that God for nought his gifts bestow,
 And disregard whatever's done below?

Can

Can an Almighty Omnipresence shine,
 And yet be absent in these realms of time?
 Presumption! who such paradox can clear,
 What! Omnipresent, yet not every where!

If earth's wide globe was for no purpose made,
 How is the wisdom of a God betray'd?
 If man, the only creature that commands
 And rules on earth, death's mandate thus disbands;
 He, who has such superior talents given,
 If he, the heir, the delegate of heaven,
 Wanders unnotic'd by his maker's eye,
 A vagrant being, but to live and die;
 Left, and abandon'd to the chance of things,
 Unknown from whence his own existence springs.
 Why nature? Why such wonders rais'd in vain?
 And why preserv'd? For what shou'd they remain?
 Why not a ruin? Shall destruction spare
 What the Almighty makes no more his care?
 How does such horrid system all confound,
 And disunite the whole creation round?
 Who lays such charge at his Creator's throne,
 Believes a God has follies like his own.
 Canst thou affirm there is a first supreme,
 A being infinite! and not blaspheme?
 That great, that prime, original of things,
 Sovereign of power, Almighty King of Kings!

Dost

Dost thou alone discover? What, to be
 A weak, dependent creature, like to thee!
 Presumptuous man! retract thy daring zeal,
 Wilt thou not own the powers thy senses feel
 Say, over all, is there a parent God?
 Indifferent rules! weak animated clod!
 Don't reason, nature; to thy soul aver,
 He's universal God! and can he err?
 Mean earth-born pomp, and all its fame despise,
 Spurn this low earth, and grasp thy native skies;
 Active as light, with soaring pinions trace
 Thy views, thro' all interminable space!
 From height, to height, thro' worlds celestial climb,
 And travel o'er the stated realms of time!
 Realms, amply vast, yet when compar'd, how small
 To that unknown, the universal All!
 So spirit roves, so soars the human mind,
 Which yet imprison'd, mortal fetters bind;
 Fast'ned to this frail being, form of clay,
 Prone to corruption, changes, and decay:
 What then, thou man of earth! to make thee proud?
 What worth this care, with powers like these
 endow'd?
 In this low sojourn, this uncertain state,
 What is there here, to make such beings great?

To lead the spirit, that as light pursues
Its hope, thro' such illimitable views;
Dictating reason, as a hand-maid near,
May point each rising thought, from sphere to
sphere;
Yet what she finds, alas! how dimly known?
The objects change, and center but in one;
Art falls with man! virtue's celestial ray
Alone can guide to everlasting day!

B O O K IX.

HERE, instant shouts, and loud tumultuous joy,
 To further prospects led my wand'ring eye;
 A country bordering the adjacent plain,
 Shin'd pompous near, (whence scatter'd DELIANS
 came)

There fell confusion reigns, pride, rage, and lust,
 Tormenting discord, falshood, and distrust;
 Droll mirth, and all that frantic folly shews,
 Alone dispos'd those visionary views;
 Amongst the busy'd trains, and splendid show,
 What horror lurk'd! what baleful scenes of wo!
 Where clamorous rout obscene, and laughter loud,
 Rais'd pleasure high, amidst th' exulting crowd;
 There mischiefs, fatal as the pointed steel,
 Death, sickness, pain, and every mortal ill,
 Revel'd unnotic'd, smiting as they past,
 Nor princes spar'd, but laid their glories waste:
 Unheeded thence, the groaning victims fled
 With rank diseases pierc'd, and fearful dread;
 From cause unseen, each felt the fest'ring wound,
 Sought to retire, and every comfort shunn'd;

For wailful sighs, resign'd their sportive mirth;
 Sunk to despair, and languish'd into death;
 Some ever thus, from revelry and joy
 With anguish torn, came forth to groan and die;
 Till one continued havoc strew'd the ground,
 And noisome heaps had spread their confines round:
 Yet none regarded! death seem'd yet unknown,
 The same gay sports and busy schemes went on;
 New people rose, another race supply'd
 The place of them forgotten, and destroy'd;
 With the same power, pride, vice and folly reign'd,
 As life had been for these alone ordain'd;
 Still the mad tumult, in their wild career
 Rush'd heedless on to certain danger near;
 Nor seem'd to mourn their late companions gone,
 Till smitten too, they fell alike undone!

HERMAS, alarm'd, observ'd each busy throng,
 Gaz'd at their hills, and thus address'd his song.
 See now the truths I've told within our view,
 Behold! the transient shadows men pursue;
 Yonder in Delian towers, the great, the gay,
 In riot loud consume the festal day;
 As gods in power, Omnipotence defy,
 Jest on its laws, and mock the Deity;
 Look unconcern'd at what his hand destroys,
 Laugh at its mercies, and his threats despise.
 Wealth,

Wealth, titles, power, health, ease, and every good,
 Can blandish life, prompts their ingratitude:
 How strange the group! what struggling passions
 rule;

Random confusion, nature's ridicule.

Thro' all, abandon'd vice and folly see,
 Rank'd to each state, condition, and degree;
 Each by improvement, studies to appear
 Their champion, chief distinguish'd in his sphere.
 The herd, that fate to poverty resigns,
 Whose abject state seems blacken'd with their crimes,
 In whom vice, ignorance, and scandal meet,
 Dark savage cruelty, and foul deceit;
 Bloated with envy, curse their splendid train,
 Accuse their God, and heaven itself arraign;
 Medley of jarring int'rests leads them on,
 Each censures all men's follies but his own;
 Some starve, some riot, some in plenty pine,
 Some swell with laughter, some with fell design;
 Some sprightly gay appear, some more obscene,
 Raise the loud rant, whose hearts are gall'd with
 spleen.

Thus age succeeding age, since time had birth,
 Rise into life, and sojourn down to death;
 The present veils that fable night of doom,
 Pleasures a while evade the wrath to come!

Can lordly man be thus to ruin blind?
 Can views more shocking seize the human mind
 With grief or pity? Mark the direful fall
 That ends their hopes, who slight the heavenly call;
 In vain, alas! the frightful change alarms,
 In vain free mercy daily thus forwarns;
 They scoff at all they're sentenc'd to endure,
 Flatter the soul, and feign themselves secure;
 Nor all the dangers of this mortal state,
 Nor all the death-surrounding ills of fate,
 That ever spread to conquer and destroy,
 Can stop their folly, ere those ills draw nigh;
 Those miseries in life they daily see,
 What frequent lessons of mortality!

If all's uncertain that's possess'd below,
 Experience must convince us life is so;
 Since all, even all! the world's vast globe can give,
 Cou'd not from death's uncertain hour relieve;
 Yet deaf to every warning they remain,
 Virtue's despis'd, and mercy sues in vain;
 Tho' age and death still pressing on the crowd,
 Prepare to strike, wrapp'd in the hidden shroud,
 Unerring throw their mortal shafts around,
 Death enters there, which ever gives the wound;
 Yet age, and death, seem both one certain cause,
 The last result of nature's stated laws;

Whilst

Whilst man's false hope can present things pursue,
 Seen with indifference at some distant view;
 But when the trembling earth 'midst gathering
 storm,

Or tempest loud, affrighted nations mourn;
 From growling deeps portentous noises hear,
 In hollow murmurs loud'ning to the ear:
 See mountains nod, ere ruin marks its way,
 And breaking oceans intercept the day;
 Attentive, all with silence watch the gloom,
 And big with fear suspect their latent doom;
 Whilst huge cascades, as liquid mountains rise;
 Pour from their heights that seem to reach the skies;
 Phenomenon of waters dreadful flow,
 Till their wide waste appears a fiery glow!
 Roll'd heaps o'er heaps, the coming cataracs roar
 And rush impetuous to the dark'ning shore,
 Heav'd in confusion from the raging deep,
 O'er crags, and rocks, and shoals, with fury sweep;
 Press'd on tempestuous, till from ocean's bed,
 Waves crowding waves, a briny deluge spread;
 On rising heights the rapid torrents gain,
 And driving billows foam along the plain;
 O'er drowning countries runs the deep'ning flood,
 Wrecks plow the surge where towns and villas
 stood.

Mean

Mean while, proud cities into rubbish hurl'd,
Seem the sure prelude of a falling world;
Cities! long fam'd for grandeur, wealth, and power,
Dropt from the sight, and lost for evermore.

When ruthless elements thus burst their bounds,
What frightful change! what destin'd wo fur-
rounds?

What kindred tribes out-rushing here and there,
Pierce heaven with cries, then instant disappear?
Whilst some lone victim, wandering on forlorn,
'Midst shuddering towers, from their fix'd basis torn,
Chearless and sad his direful way pursues,
And round him one huge gathering desert views;
To earth a wild desponding look he turns,
Sees his sure doom, then hides his face and mourns;
Till labouring nature heave the fabricks down,
That dreadful close his last expiring groan.

Some, that few moments pass'd with busy thought,
And anxious hope, for fame and treasure sought;
Plum'd the fond wish with honours soon to come,
By schemes long plann'd, or projects new begun;
From clime to clime life's false beatitude,
O'er earth's wide globe with eager toils pursu'd;
Soft pleasures sons! with gold and gems o'erspread,
Those fir'd for glory, whom ambition led,
In mangled heaps lie number'd with the dead! }
Buried

Buried alike the mighty and the brave,
 The threat'ning tyrant, and the trembling slave,
 Distinction's lost! swift o'er its destin'd prey,
 Destruction treads, and elements obey;
 Horror's black scenes confusion multiplies,
 Nought else is heard but tumult, moans, and cries;
 Distracted parents heighten these alarms,
 The bridegroom springs from his AMINDA's arms,
 Nor DAMON hears his faithful SYLVIA's call,
 But instant starts, and flies the crashing wall;
 Loud thundering down, the breaking turrets roll,
 And spread their massy havoc o'er the whole.
 The hideous wreck fresh spouting gore besmears,
 A ghastly waste of slaughter, blood, and tears:
 All social ties are broke, in wild uproar
 The breast turns savage, friendship sooths no more!
 Maternal love forgets life's tender care,
 The rushing towers, nor age, nor infant spare;
 Consign'd to fate (with all their late renown)
 O'erwhelm'd, the shrieking multitudes go down;
 In rifted cliffs, foul stench of sulphurous fire,
 Thousands on thousands, mingling groans, expire;
 Nor power of arms, nor might of empire saves,
 From the deep yawn of those devouring graves.
 Yet! yet, for breath! how health and vigour strive,
 What gasping crowds thus swallow'd up alive,
Till

Till each eruptive gulph, with deathful found,
 Full-gorg'd, shrinks back, and shuts its dark pro-
 found.

The remnant left with watchful caution tread,
 And fear each step will sink them with the dead,
 By dust and vapours that o'er-cloud their way,
 Involv'd in muddy darkness lose the day;
 Cleft towers, and monumental rocks o'erthrown,
 Absorb'd in foetid lakes, are left unknown;
 Beneath entomb'd, men, brutes, and buildings lie,
 A sad memento to the traveller's eye;
 Beholders there, with awful dread dismay'd,
 To heaven look, and loud implore its aid.

O shou'd foul pestilence its venoms spread,
 Malignant round the living and the dead;
 What fights of tainted carnage, left a prey
 To noxious gales, pollute the face of day;
 From street to street the dire contagion flies,
 Clasp'd by the child, the weeping parent dies;
 Friend murders friend, the cold embrace is death;
 Kills with a touch, or poisons with a breath!
 Where then the boaster, where the wretch supine,
 Struck with surprize, they shrink at power divine;
 The mirthful scoffer from his lone abode,
 Looks forth aghast, and owns there is a God!

Pale

Pale forrow groans where laughter joy'd before,
 Vice conquer'd, flies, and pride blasphemes no more;
 In solemn doubt, with low humility,
 The haughty stoop, the miscreant bends his knee;
 Forlorn despair each libertine betrays,
 His dastard soul is lost in wide amaze;
 This hero once, who scorn'd his Maker's laws,
 And dar'd his might, one stroke of vengeance awes;
 In horror plung'd, by crimes yet unforgiven,
 Hopeless he breathes his agonies to heaven.

Prayers, tears, and vows, one penitential moan,
 Is heard from all, each cries, undone! undone!
 Each waits his ruin, dreads death's hasty call,
 Shudders at fate, and meditates his fall;
 Misery in all its deepest wo appears,
 His darkest form the King of terror wears.

Yet why (O man!) this heart-desponding cry,
 This wild amaze! art thou not born to die?
 And know'st thou how, or where, or when ordain'd?
 Each moment warns,—'Be ready, death's at hand!'
 Ah! human vapour! born to rise and fall,
 If death's the fix'd, the certain end of all,
 Confirm'd by heaven's absolute decree,
 Period of fleeting ages, and of thee;
 If there's no plea to respite from the grave,
 Nor wealth can bribe, nor worth of worlds can save;

State, whence no wand'ring fugitive can fly,
 But heroes, kings, and beggars,—all must die!
 What is it more? thou'rt fummon'd to obey,
 Join'd with the havoc of this fatal day;
 Guilt! conscious guilt! starts sudden on the soul,
 Accumulated guilt, and horrors dole;
 Wide desolating vengeance meets the eye,
 Death-haunted round, thou know'st not where
 to fly,

There's no escape, shut up to mourn and die.)
 Did heaven-born virtue center in the breast,
 These fears wou'd vanish, and the soul find rest.

Yet when from life these direful ills subside,
 Vice soon returns, with new delight enjoy'd;
 The libertine, in triumph boasts his power,
 And madly jests on what he wept before;
 The crimes he practis'd, dares again assume,
 And mocks at all that future woe to come;
 The dull supine, when danger's past from him,
 Again compos'd, pursues his sensual dream;
 Till call'd at last by life's departing hour,
 He meets the grave, and can escape no more.

Isn't virtue then worth all posses'd below,
 What comfort else can aught on earth bestow?
 What else like that can sooth the throbbing heart,
 Soften its torments, blunt the tyrant's dart?

Virtue's

Virtue's the true celestial balm to cure
 Those fiery pains, their tortur'd breasts endure;
 Else, Why such forlorn cries? This is no more
 Than dust to dust, appointed long before;
 'Tis but that last remove, the closing scene,
 All must have dy'd, tho' plagues had never been.
 Why so astonish'd then, since life's a loan,
 That's lent to be recall'd, but when, unknown?
 Of this, alas! what daily proofs appear,
 What marks of desolation every where?
 Thy fellow mortal's carry'd to the tomb,
 Whither as certain, thou must follow soon.

But death, when calm, steals cautious on his prey,
 By his cold grasp, in silence snatch'd away;
 Freed from the crowd, he brings no busy spies,
 To spread alarms, the victim groans and dies:
 Unthinking man, just in the secret snare,
 Regards it not, till thus entangled there.

A while, perhaps, some solitary friend,
 Touch'd with the solemn pause, may weep thy end,
 Till objects change, returning cares beguile,
 Loud folly calls, or wanton pleasures smile,
 Then vice alluring, spreads its shaddowy train,
 And self-deluding hope revives again;
 The sigh's forgot, the crude reflection's o'er,
 The friend is lost, his memory warns no more.

Here let us pause, and take a short review,
 Explain and search the things men thus pursue,
 Point out their foibles, strip the fair disguise }
 Of fond conceit, how happy, great, and wise, }
 And mark from thence in what true wisdom lies. }
 Is happiness our purpose, end, and aim,
 And seek we happiness from guilt and shame?
 Can evil change our nature to be good?
 Can wild disorder spring from rectitude?
 Are gluttony, riot, avarice, lust, and pride,
 Heaven-gifted blessings, to be here enjoy'd?
 Creation ne'er ordain'd that these shou'd be,
 All nature groans till from their bondage free;
 Ask reason this (if reason yet be thine)
 Is God-like man thus levell'd with the swine?
 Believ'st thou there's a first all-forming power,
 Then dost thou not believe him just and pure?
 Whose wisdom will in fitness give to thee,
 Those blessings suited to thy own degree;
 If thou in thought canst angel-like aspire,
 What he has given will he not require?
 Or will he rather in thy schemes delight,
 Change his decrees, and yield thee up his right!
 Where, where thy wisdom! ever reasoning man,
 True wisdom's virtue, then how false thy plan;

What

What passive blind obedience dost thou pay
 To every thought that leads the mind astray;
 How does the world delude thy crowded breast,
 Wishes and passions are the whole possess;
 Fame, wealth, ambition, pride, and all that brings
 Some future hope on perishable things,
 Attract the soul, presenting something new,
 To rouse desire, and bid the man pursue:
 Pleas'd as the child, that in its sportive play,
 Busy'd with trifles, still employs the day;
 Has hopes, and fears, and cares to reconcile,
 New schemes and baubles that renew its toil;
 To manhood grown, the foible's not remov'd,
 Vain schemes and baubles are till death approv'd;
 The first new-planted passions still will rise,
 All is but childhood in its worst disguise;
 Completer gewgaws swell the heart with pride,
 And are the toys and play-things then enjoy'd;
 The seeds of vice, and folly, early sown,
 Ripen with years, replete with age go down;
 Time-flattering hopes, with this ambition glow,
 Mature in life, to have the vices so.
 Whilst the young novice looks with envy on,
 And burns, impatient to be thus out-done:
 Thro' every age the contest still succeeds,
 Each son of earth this darling passion leads;

Whether

Whether 'tis call'd his folly, or his fame,
 The last he boasts, and glories in his shame;
 As some lone trav'ler, led by vapours on,
 Unwary hastes to dangers yet unknown,
 Till tumbling down the steep, inhelfless state,
 Swift dash'd from crag to crag, he meets his fate.

When weary life shall lay its burthen down,
 Alike to thee a rattle, or a crown;
 Crowns, kingdoms, empires, all that earth can show,
 All the dominions of this globe below:
 Wast thou alone dread monarch of the whole,
 What value then to thy departing soul?
 Since now no more life's glaring visions please,
 Nor crowns delight, nor kingdoms give thee ease,
 But the proud glory of the world wou'd be,
 As empty chaff, or dung, or dross to thee;
 Deep sounding groans thy last farewell proclaim,
 And sighs repeat thy elegy of fame:
 Fell ruin, plum'd, brings on thy overthrow,
 In all the sad solemnities of wo!
 Disease and grief, soon triumph o'er thy toil,
 And death, and time, divide the shining spoil;
 Left in their dark sequester'd shades forlorn,
 Lost and unknown, as if thou'dst ne'er been born,
 As one who sinks beneath the flowing stream,
 The waters close, and he's no further seen.

Where

Where then the titled grandeurs of thy name?
Say, What distinction can corruption claim?
Since in the depths of death's cold fable shrine,
The meanest peasant's carnage equals thine;
Whilst lo! the busy world, tho' thou art gone,
Remains the same, and keeps its riot on;
Yet, wilt thou doat on such a faithless friend?
Canst thou on such a transient state depend,
Where all's enchantment, visions we explore,
That charm a while, and then appear no more?
If thus, when this short mortal race is run,
All earth-sought happiness is fled and gone,
Say, who wou'd grasp at such delusive joy,
That ends with life, who knows he is to die;
Since this vain world with all its vaunted power,
Leaves him abandon'd in that fatal hour?
What gloom despairing thoughts must close the
mind
Of him, who thus to worms and dust resign'd,
Bids time adieu, and leaves his all behind?
How art thou fall'n from thy creation, man!
How fall'n, how chang'd, since sin and wo began?
Alas! how false appearances delude,
How little of ourselves is understood?

Searching in quest of novelty we roam,
 Turn spies on all men's actions but our own,
 And live as strangers to ourselves alone!
 Errors and darknefs, cloud our mortal state,
 Our nature's chang'd, as vice has chang'd our fate;
 Folly, for wisdom, leads the roving mind,
 Perverted reason makes the judgment blind :
 Now this, now that, promiscuous entertains,
 Again, a while some darling foible reigns,
 Then all perplex'd, he curses and complains!
 His breast a chaos in himself conceals,
 And stings of guilt in every pleasure feels;
 Passions, uncheck'd, like restless torrents roll,
 And wishes gain'd, grow loathsome to the soul;
 With every wild capricious fancy seiz'd,
 By the same thing, delighted, or displeas'd;
 Life's giddy maze his vagrant fancy leads,
 And vanity to vanity succeeds!
 Some new chimeras ever change the scene,
 Medley of cares, and pleasures, hope, and spleen;
 What's wish'd, and fought with anxious toil before,
 If once attain'd, perhaps can please no more;
 Oft what ere-while he call'd belov'd and great,
 As soon becomes the object of his hate;
 Or what to-day his changeful breast despis'd,
 May by to-morrow's thought be idoliz'd;

For

For happiness he labours but in vain,
 The new-born pleasures ever mix with pain.
 What is thy pride and wisdom, man beguil'd!
 Don't toys and baubles thus affect the child?
 Awake thy reason! wake thy heaven-born soul!
 Spurn hence these earth-worn cares, thy will controul;

Let truth appear, the paths of virtue know,
 Remember, thou'rt a sojourner below;
 A pilgrim, hastening tow'ards a world to come;
 But passing hence to thy eternal home!
 Step not aside, pursue the certain road
 That leads to bliss, there make thy last abode;
 Where travail ends in everlasting rest,
 With happy saints, and social angels blest.

Sure, if the seeds of virtue fill the mind,
 We've every joy the heart of man can find;
 They are no joys that leave the mind confus'd,
 By them the heart's betray'd, the sense abus'd;
 Clamorous laughter, is but reason mad,
 Revels a while, then leaves the bosom sad;
 Alas! the lofty brow, the dimpled smile,
 How oft betray, and court but to beguile!
 Ah, where will all those mirthful pleasures end,
 That on such base uncertain means depend;

If all our wisdom, happiness, and joy,
 But in this world's deceitful follies lie;
 If in ourselves, and its false aid we trust,
 Where is our portion when we sleep in dust?
 Or what on earth do all our labours find,
 But shadowy vision that deceives the mind;
 In error lost, we wander to and fro,
 Thro' life's strange maze,—Uncertain all we know,
 Court'st thou delight (O man!) be just and good.
 That's happiness in its beatitude;
 Prepar'd for blissful seats beyond the skies,
 Thither the thoughts ascend, the wishes rise;
 The reason's sound, and every sense is pure,
 The bosom feels its glorious hope secure;
 Thro' all the mind, celestial transport glows,
 How far above what wealth or grandeur knows;
 Alas! how mean, how worthless, false, and vain,
 The whole on earth, that mortals grasp to gain!
 Ah, man! thy glittering pride, or hoarded self,
 Thou seest are vapours, fleeting as thyself;
 Take but one steady pause, and look around,
 Survey the works in nature's vast profound;
 Observe the starry worlds, or burning sun,
 Those orbs remote, and regions here unknown;
 Then all with this low atom-earth compare,
 In its extent of circumambient air;

And

And tell me! is there aught that's worth our stay?
 Our joys, our hopes, the phantom of a day;
 What is it thy mistaken life ensnares?
 Its own entangling wishes, toils, and cares!
 Mild virtue, angel-wing'd, serenely bright,
 Gives joy, and peace, and pleasures infinite,
 To truth's celestial kingdoms points the way,
 Where glories blaze in one eternal day;
 Madness, and folly, all we doat upon,
 To grovel here, is but to be undone;
 Behold, fond man! immortal, and divine,
 Thro' all his works our great Creator shine;
 How, thro' the bosom of eternal space,
 (One point to him) we still his being trace,
 On each ætherial world he sheds his light,
 Thro' that unknown interminable height;
 Yet where, O mortal! where is his abode,
 That all-created, where the throne of God?
 Look up from hence, with contemplative eye,
 Where canst thou find him in yon azure sky?
 View nature round, awake thy tardy soul,
 Call reason to expatiate on the whole.
 Where then thy knowledge, where thy wisdom's
 pride?
 Tell me, what has thy busy life employ'd?

Think, and reform, forbear thy ill-tim'd boast,
 Behold! thy schemes in ignorance are lost,
 And canst thou court life's empty trifles still?
 Are thy designs despotic as thy will?
 Thy pride, thy wisdom, are they yet approv'd,
 Thy senses gratify'd, thy vice belov'd?
 A creature, self-convicted, yet not see
 That scarce a brute appears so mean as thee;
 If thou'rt of beings form'd for future joys,
 Above the realms of yonder pathless skies,
 What toys, what trifles, here consume thy time,
 Say, prideful wisdom, say, if shame be thine,
 Is this for man, the image of his God,
 Was reason, but on thee, for this bestow'd?
 Consider well of fate's immense decree,
 Consider what it is, and thou must be!
 Think on eternity, unending state
 Where God presides, how dreadful, and how great!
 Give glory to his name, who knows thy heart,
 Canst thou deceive him by some fraudulent art,
 Whose piercing eye discovers all thou art?
 Ascribe to him those solemn praises due,
 O thou whose thoughts are open to his view!
 The brutes discern not a celestial power,
 Nor know of fate, nor tell the fleeting hour;

Yet

Yet even brutes his bounteous hand supplies,
 To him unknown, they raise their plaintive cries;
 When hunger seizes, or when danger's near,
 They seek relief, or shew their sense of fear;
 If they by thee, with hard oppression groan,
 Grief shews their cares, and anguish speaks their
 moan,

In these the sympathizing passions spread,
 To move for pity, or implore for aid;
 And whence that aid? for aid they hope to find,
 Thy captiv'd animal, what rules its mind;
 When all its kindred race defenceless flee,
 And leave the forlorn victim's fate to thee?
 Yet for relief it spreads its hapless cry,
 Tho' unconceiv'd the powers of Deity!

Next see! with health and food, the sportive
 train,

In social bands, delighted, rove the plain;
 Where every gesture happiness displays,
 Meet for each kind, that seems a silent praise;
 The lowing herds admire their youthful breed,
 And gay some sports delight the sprightly steed;
 From ruminating flocks, the harmless lambs
 Renew their play, and wanton round their dams;
 What by these festal joys are understood,
 What, but the tacit thanks of gratitude!

Observe

Observe the faithful dog, thy tutor'd slave,
 How he attends, how for his wants will crave;
 Depending on thy kind reward he stands,
 Watches thy orders, waits for thy commands;
 Tries all sagacity that instinct gives,
 To thank thee for the favours he receives:
 As a domestic, guards thy mansion free,
 Partakes thy household gifts, and dwells with thee;
 If thou, with angry looks, correct and chide,
 Distrest he roves, nor will he long abide
 Without forgiveness, but dejected fies
 To be observ'd, and still his suit renews;
 Still fawns and watches, with obsequious eye,
 Thy kinder look, with that returns his joy;
 Dismiss'd with pardon for his errors past,
 Again he triumphs, whilst thy favours last.
 Shews not this animal, brutes sympathize
 With nobler man, tho' under such disguise,
 Grief tells their wrongs, and gratitude their joys.
 They want, distress; or pain, or pleasure know,
 From these their dole complaints, or transports flow;
 From cruelty! O let thy hand refrain,
 Sure to thy God the very brutes complain!
 As heaven extends beneficence to all,
 Gives power to man, preserves the animal;

As surely pity in its due degree,
 To lower beings, heaven requires from thee;
 Implanted reason teaches thee to rule
 The brute creation, thou command'st the whole;
 All form'd on earth is trusted to thy care,
 'Tis in thy choice to punish or to spare;
 Then shall thy hand oppress with want and pain,
 O'er helpless brutes wilt thou a tyrant reign?

Sure he that gave them being gave thee thine,
 'Tis he appoints thee lord by right divine;
 They are thy vassals, for thy use they rise,
 Relieve thy wants, and grant thy life supplies;
 Some groan with toil, some nourish, cloath, and feed
 Their sovereign man, till doom'd for him to bleed;
 They have no laws to guard their tribes from ill,
 Their lives are thine, and subject to thy will.
 Then let not wanton cruelty delight,
 Dominion! not oppression, is thy right;
 Avenge not fury on thy faultless beast,
 Already with thy servile bonds distress'd;
 Since die it must! let it not groan in vain,
 With ruthless tortures pierc'd, but end its pain;
 Deepen the wound, the trembling victim clear,
 From ling'ring pangs, of misery and fear.

Ah, pamper'd luxury! by thee decreed,
 What slaughter reigns! what creatures for thee
 bleed! For

All yonder fair-plum'd race! with gifted songs,
 Feel swelling rapture urge their mirthful tongues,
 To Him it is, who gives the tuneful lay,
 And vernal bloom, that cheers the lightsome day;
 To Him it is, they grateful praises bring,
 To Him, who taught their warbling choirs to sing,
 They raise the thrilling note's harmonious sound;
 And serenade Him, in his works around;
 What else, their sweet inimitable strains,
 But this grand plaudit! Our Creator reigns!

O! how the thought my sluggard bosom warns,
 How their soft music, and the landscape charms;
 Divine Creator! thee they magnify,
 Whilst thy own creature *man*, stands silent by;
 These sing of thee, these ever chant thy praise,
 Whilst *man*, regardless, sins and disobeys;
 Alas! for this has heaven its gifts bestow'd
 On human race, thus form'd to praise their God?
 Cou'd other creatures such ascendance gain,
 Were they but gifted with the tongue of man,
 Cou'd they express their praise in hymns divine,
 How wou'd their adorations rival thine!
 All these rejoice with vegetable food,
 Pure and untainted with the guilt of blood.

And, dar'ft thou then those hallow'd gifts demean?
 Nature sings praise, shall man alone blaspheme?

With organs blest, whence speech, by reason's power,
 Directs his mind to worship and adore ;
 Perverted by thy will, shall they as thine ;
 Learn to oppose their Maker's great design ?
Proud Disbelief ! first stumbling-block of all,
 Surpris'd by thee, how many thousands fall ;
 Prompted by thee ; these daring arts are done,
 These are thy deeds (dark Fiend !) and thine alone,
 Or they had been unpractis'd and unknown ;
 'Twas thy curst wiles gave all our evils birth,
 And crucified the Son of God on earth ;
 Thou, even where heaven's mercy's daily seen,
 Canst cloud with dark distrust, and gloomy spleen
 In treacherous heart of man, thy snares are laid,
 Thus his first bliss, thy specious wiles betray'd !
 How often, shuddering at eternity,
 Perplex'd with thee, he knows not where to fly ;
 Thy base insinuations who can bear,
 Thou child of hell ! thou parent of despair !
 Nurs'd by opinion, thy delusion reigns,
 False wisdom gives thee birth, that pride sustains :
 Guard me, great God ! thro' life's lone devious way,
 Lest this curst power shou'd make my soul its prey ;
 O ! trust me not one moment to its thrall,
 Trust not this self, without thy aid, I fall !

Whilst

Whilst there's a world like this, one tempting gaze,
 One mundane with my faithless breast betrays :
 O lov'd humility ! still keep me free,
 I'm sure of safety, whilst I'm sure of thee !
 Bold Disbelief; by thee, what souls destroy'd !
 Whose strength has not thy daring violence try'd ?
 By thee, the mighty sink; the good decline,
 Few pass untainted with thy black design ;
 Ever on watch; as wasting life consumes,
 With every art unwearied importunes ;
 Almighty parent ! who is ever free
 From the attack, except he lives in thee !
 Why shou'd this serpent ever thus assail ?
 Thy ways are infinite ! but man's are frail.
 O ! save me then from this ingrateful ill,
 As thou'rt reveal'd, may I obey thy will !
 Sure the bright day-spring, glorious from on high,
 Radiant appears to each discerning eye ;
 Then shall we shun that heaven-guiding light,
 And back return to error's pathless night ?
 Say, man ! dost thou believe a Deity
 Created all, and yet regards not thee ?
 That unreveal'd, and unconceived he reigns
 To all on earth, yet all on earth ordains ;
 Did he creation's mighty work advance,
 Make man to rule, then leave the whole to chance ?

Here, and hereafter, are their secrets thine,
 All they contain, each purpose, and design?
 Who gave thee knowledge? Boaster! be it known
 That God of truth thy heart's too proud to own!
 What contradictions thy false hopes deceive,
 Canst thou deny this God and yet believe?
 Can reason such strange principle digest,
 Whilst reason lives inherent in thy breast?
 The truths, the solid truths! thy boasts defy,
 Betray thy schemes, and give thy heart the lie;
 Flatt'ry, and fraud, anxiety, and spleen
 Are thine, the rest is affectation seen;
 Who, but in spite of all his pride perceives,
 With horror, oft he trembles and believes?
 Hero of vice, intrepid he appears,
 And mocks the vengeance that alone he fears.
 Hypocrisy! dark fiend! hell-born deceit,
 When thus revers'd, seems to itself a cheat!
 Yet, speak'st thou prayer or praise, 'tis greater sin,
 Address, without belief, is to blaspheme!
 For what's thy aim to worship God for whom,
 And more deceive mankind by mocking him?
 Daring presumption! stoop to be forgiven,
 And level not thy arrogance at heaven!
 Soon! soon! these glittering pomps must set in death,
 All vanish with thy momentary breath!

Then whilst with heart-fwoln spite thou l
on all,

Beware, ere dash'd in pieces by thy fall ;
If thou wou'dst to immortal glory climb,
Look higher far ! to prospects more sublime ;
Whatever here ambition can attain,
Time gives in sport, to snatch it hence agai
Depravity, on man this misery brings,
The abject slave of temporary things ;
Doom'd to the sentence of his hapless fall,
Dies, and returns to his original !

B O O K X.

HERE a young Chief, high-born, of Delian race,
With Insult bold, betray'd his own disgrace.
HERMAS, who view'd him with attentive eye,
Heard his vain boast, then as a just reply
Proceeded thus: Yet dares Presumption claim
A sovereign right, and fix its throne in fame?
Vain idol, whom adoring crowds revere,
Now to our view in all thy forms appear;
Come forth, with all thy dazzling pomps array'd,
And summon every votary to thy aid;
Come forth, distinguish'd from the vulgar throng,
And shew the world to whom such gifts belong;
Trace out thy line, emblazon pedigree,
Adorn thy Halls with ancestors of thee;
Spread their Renown, by awful heralds told,
Their wealth, their honours, what they were of old,
Deck thy grand mansions, claim new rights and
powers,
By castles known, and long recorded towers;
From dark oblivion darker tales restore,
Be the most distant family of yore;
Appear in all thy gorgeous scenes of state,
As eastern Monarch proud, as CÆSAR great;
What

What set these glaring phantoms to our view,
 That time, and death, from age to age pursue?
 Most noble!—Most puissant!—Greater still!
 The high and mighty! the invincible!
 What mean these scrolls, to fate's vile mansions
 doom'd,

That dirt below such titles once assum'd;
 Thus sleep the fires, thy prideful speeches boast,
 Their honour's nothing! they themselves are dust!
 Like fate, thou mighty Nimrod! waits for thee,
 Such all thy splendors, such thyself must be;
 What claim to greatness then assuming man,
 False art, that from some peasant's hut began?
 Observe thou won'drous chief, thou mighty one,
 What kings, what empires, now on earth unknown,
 Were once the rivals of the world in fame,
 Left but the shadows of an empty name;
 Trace back their origin thro' wasteful time,
 Thoult find their pedigree was mean as thine;
 Offspring of simple Plebeians, all we find,
 Or wild barbarians, refuse of mankind,
 Whose first progenitors no annal shows,
 From such those heroes, kings, and empires rose;
 So short the blaze where worldly glories shine,
 Just lighted up, then trampled out by time;

Thus

Thus ends the whole, that earth-born powers can
boast,

A sudden flash, in closing darkness lost;
New generations crowd the changing scene,
This age, reverse to that so late has been;
Here the poor mendicant, from door to door,
May ask *them* alms, his fathers *fed* before:
Fate's mighty hand can pull whole nations down,
And in oblivion bury their renown;
As thy long-boasted family, they fall,
Till ruin, heap'd on ruin, covers all!

Yet, proud Invader! let thy thought pursue
Even all the wide creation sets to view;
From earth, to yonder heaven-rais'd orbs, that shine
Thro' boundless systems, greatness, how sublime!
They too must sink, when nature's works decay,
And be, with all their glories, done away;
Perhaps, the regions where these powers reside,
With darkness spread, be left an empty void,
Till in eternity, so long unknown,
Angels may ask where once those wonders shone!
What then thy place, where wilt thou build thy
fame?

Were it amongst the stars! 'twou'd be in vain;
Cou'dst thou with them erect thy boasted pride,
'Twou'd be at last forgotten, and destroy'd;

All! all wou'd perish, as the sinking tower
 That moulders, till thy memory is no more!
 Mistaken mortal! then how vain thy state,
 Unblest with virtue, what can make thee great?
 Virtue is still the base where honour stands,
 True dignity, immortal worth demands;
 Virtue alone to all that's great prefers,
 Source of all honour that the noble wears,
 Take this away, the rich, the learn'd, the wife,
 Are but the meanest, shewn us in disguise,
 With borrow'd plumage struggling still to rise;
 Even folly's self, will mock thy low design,
 And vice, more eminent, may dazzle thine.
 Ah, wretched contest! envy to excel,
 In every act of life, but doing well!
 What art thou better than the humble swain?
 Say, does thy wisdom higher truths explain?
 What teaches thy philosophy and art,
 To learn true morals, and amend the heart?
 If not, what else to thee but knowledge blind,
 Where pride directs, and error leads the mind?
 Puff'd up with science, dignify'd by wealth,
 Too all-sufficient e'er to know thyself.

From whence these gifts, thy actions so demean,
 Are they not given by some power supreme?

Each

Each faculty that lends thy life its aid,
 Is first by some creative hand convey'd,
 E'er those sensations move the human breast,
 Or reason dawn, or thought can be express'd !
 As soon the dead might rise, restor'd by thee,
 As of thyself, to think, or act, or be ;
 Maugre thy high presumptive claims enjoy'd,
 Thy learning, wealth, or all *distinction's* pride ;
 This wond'rous self, this animated form,
 Is but a gift that's to dependance born ;
 Shapen, and nurtur'd, by that power unknown,
 Supported lives,—And when to manhood grown,
 The same kind influence still preserves it here,
 Nor yet the author, but his works appear ;
 Still ignorant of what's the hidden cause,
 First form'd us thus, or what mechanic laws,
 Move life's first springs, nor can thy art explain,
 What governs all those wond'rous powers in man ;
 Those hidden agents, that by schemes refin'd,
 Compose the body, and inform the mind ;
 Had providence resign'd them to our care,
 Who cou'd direct, who guide them as they are ?
 Except some new intelligence were given,
 How to conduct this handy-work of heaven.

How wou'd this self-reflecting mirror gloom
 The conscious charms of beauty's fairest bloom,

Whether in all its lovely graces seen,
 Or stain'd with pomp, pride, affectation, spleen?
 Folly wou'd lose the power it now assumes,
 Vain pomp wou'd tarnish, pride must drop its plumes.

Each day, each hour, as life is fleeting on,
 In this frail being, what a work is done?
 Look there (unconscious of thy feeble state)
 Look into that dark charnel-house of fate:
 Death, the purveyor, where his offals lie,
 The stores that give these wond'rous parts supply;
 That grand support of all thy wanton pride,
 How for thy life's existence they're employ'd;
 Gives it aversion, tho' by thee unseen,
 To be a thing so loathsome, so unclean?
 Must thou thyself, with such abhorrence know,
 In spight of outward grandeur, pomp and show,
 On vile corruption thus ordain'd to live,
 By miracles thou never canst conceive :
 Is this thy mighty self, so meanly lost,
 This all thy wisdom, all thy wealth can boast?
 Recant thy follies, dignify the mind,
 Wou'dst thou be great, be humble, and resign'd;
 To guide, or govern those internal powers,
 Those dark secretions, sure it is not ours;
 Their destin'd causes are not by our care,
 A greater hand performs the office there;

Scorns

Scorns not to make his parent-work his own,
 And keep such labours from thy breast unknown;
 Else how wou'd every moment be employ'd,
 Life's deep constructed plan to know and guide,
 Thro' all its complex powers so multiply'd ;
 Movements, so fine in perfect order join'd,
 As eye ne'er reach'd, nor search cou'd ever find:
 Various, and numberless the parts, yet all
 Incessant labouring to preserve the whole;
 Machine of atoms! blest with strength and health,
 Thus viewing thee, I tremble at myself!

O Infinite of wisdom! who may scan
 This human texture—What a work is man?
 And is he but a vapour, rais'd by breath,
 That just appears, then vanishes in death?
 Forbid it heaven!—Is that mortal frame,
 Such mystery of wonders, made in vain?
 Bless Him, who gave us such a being free;
 Bless Him, who hides its vital source from thee,
 That thou, in God-like eminence might'st shine,
 'Midst realms of light, immortal, and divine;
 Yet honour'd thus, can we ourselves refuse
 The soul its bliss, and mock those nobler views?
 Shall we yet wallow in our sensual shame,
 And be employ'd for what we blush to name?

Heaven

Heaven-privileg'd, with heaven's best gifts endow'd,
 Freed from those servile toils to serve our God.
 Yet shall corrupt pollution be our choice,
 The voluntary slaves of shame and vice?
 What! liv'st thou but to riot and to die?
 Then envy brutes, they greater bliss enjoy;
 Quit such vile drudgery; virtue is the plan,
 To raise the worth, the dignity of man;
 Heaven for this the gift of reason join'd,
 To make thee lord o'er all the brutal kind;
 If vice that choice celestial gem deface,
 Man turns more savage than the felon race;
 His tyranny a bolder aspect wears,
 Than seen in leopards, tygers, wolves, or bears
 That howl in desarts, tear the harmless beast,
 And ravenous on the bleeding carnage feast;
 All the wild passions they by instinct show,
 When found in man, are big with human wo,
 Subtle in wiles no animal can know;
 To give him aid, infernal powers combine,
 Prompt every wish, and guide each fell design;
 Nations, his prey, expiring, groan in blood,
 And vanquish'd cities lie a solitude;
 Rage, rapine, murder, pompous state assume,
 And vengeance triumphs, arm'd with penal doom;
From

From his wrank breast these dire contagions spring,
 His tongue, more venom than the serpent's sting.
 Hear thou, who mak'st inhuman spoil thy boast,
 More blind than brutes, to truth, to reason lost;
 What'er thy guilt stalks shameless to obtain,
 Ambition, pleasure, or the lust of gain;
 Or *one*, or *all* these daring vices lead,
 Till fierce revenge, and cruelty succeed;
 Survey the globe, and tell me, canst thou find
 A brute on earth unfocial to his kind?
 What kindred species drain their fellow's blood,
 Or prowl to seize their wand'ring mates for food?
 Rapacious man enjoys this guilt alone,
 Brutes guard their species, man destroys his own.
 Learn then from brutes—(if reason be thy scorn)
 But first, remember thou hast human form.

O! ye rash feeble tyrants of an hour,
 That want not inclination, but the power;
 Whose rancour'd souls approve such curst design,
 And think wide Slaughter dignifies the crime;
 Who only envy his destructive sword,
 Those massacres his horrid deeds record;
 Thro' sanguine fields, where trophy'd victories lead,
 And murder triumphs whilst the victims bleed;
 Whilst ye admire death's loud triumphant show,
 Beware ye sink not in the overthrow:

That trophy'd arch, the mighty conqueror rears,
 May prove an object that demands your tears,
 Its tottering base, high-rais'd on empty pride,
 In fatal gloom the powers of darkness hide;
 Then fly the murderous precipice in view,
 Lest its huge ruin fall at last on you!
 Ah! what this dreadful spoiler, arm'd with death?
 What!—helpless dust! a feeble blast of breath!
 Existence, form'd too weak to comprehend,
 From whence it sprung, in what its state will end.

Kneel, thou vain idol, to his will divine,
 Whose property thou art, and *all* call'd thine;
 Thy very self, thy being, and abode,
 Dependancies thou hold'st alone from God;
 A mendicant, the monarch on his throne,
 Nor thro' his realms one atom there's his own.
 Arn't kings, and princes, subjects to the grave?
 What difference then, the sovereign and the slave?
 In this broad mirror, set to open view,
 Who knows himself, will own the likeness true.
 Say, what does nature, thus deprav'd, disclose,
 But human weakness, big with human woes?
 Dupe to each passion's boundless avarice,
 The sport of folly, and the drudge of vice;
 Wealth's hoarded plenty brings but care and need,
 One wish supply'd, a thousand more succeed;

Possession's

Possession's tasteless fancy's still on wing,
 More wants, more woes, the roving wishes bring;
 All checquer'd o'er each scene of life appears,
 And wants and wishes still succeed with years:
 Bubbles, by air of wild ambition nurs'd,
 Still lure thee on, but when approach'd, they burst.
 The phantoms thus pursu'd for ever fly,
 Grief's the event of pleasure, pain of joy;
 The dreadful ills of life lay wait around,
 The stricken fall, who knows whom next they'll
 wound?

View labouring nature, struggling with its fate,
 How poor its pleasures, miseries how great!
 What doleful scenes death's dreaded powers display,
 How deep they strike with horror and dismay;
 What fights of wo the frighted bosom chill,
 How shock'd at what the tortur'd lazars feel;
 Rack'd on the bed of grief, with gasping breath,
 By tears, and groans, they court the hand of death,
 That comes at last, arm'd with terrific power,
 And hastes to close the long-suspended hour;
 Spurns them from life, and leaves a sad remain,
 Of man destroy'd by sickness, grief, and pain;
 Guilt, and corruption, that we're doom'd to bear,
 Thus shew fall'n mortals what their beings are;

Oppose what heaven's gracious will designs,
 Where the all-glorious light of gospel shines;
 Behold! the objects of thy guilt and shame,
 For whom a dying Saviour bled in vain;
 Dreadful reflection! can it be forgiven,
 When thus accus'd before the throne of heaven?
 The wretches now, by thy fell powers undone,
 Shall they with thee in endless torture groan?
 Slaves to the prince of darkness, what the share
 Thou then with them must in that bondage bear?
 Ye, who on earth, so arduous seek the means
 To be partakers of another's sins;
 Who urg'd by wanton pleasure, wealth, or power,
 Like Satan rove, for whom ye may devour;
 Whether your peers in vice, or slaves betray'd,
 Dupes to your passions, or on whom ye tread.
 Beware the vengeance treasur'd for your fall,
 Unloose those bands of death, hear mercy call,
 Turn to your God, whilst mercy yet can save,
 There's no repenting in the silent grave.
 To-day, false peace may crown thy jubilee,
 But canst thou then to-morrow's fate foresee?
 Who knows the coming moment, or the hour,
 Or life, or death, what time has there in store?
 Then canst thou call one heaven-born blessing thine,
 Whil' heaven-born virtues in thy bosom shine?
 Whil'

Whilst guilt has power, and dissipation charms,
 And folly thus perpetual change alarms;
 How does this loud tumultuous world betray,
 How frail distemper'd nature's led astray;
 Man stands supine, the winged moment flies,
 In error lives, and in delusion dies.

Ye who rejoice in massacres and blood,
 And deign to name it heaven's servitude;
 Will ye against the word of truth rebel,
 Claim heaven your right, by actions hatch'd in hell:
 Then Satan sure has but to faint his name,
 Record his deeds, and boast an equal claim;
 Will man then sociate in the cursed state
 Of lost infernals, spirits reprobate;
 Can he, like them, eternal vengeance bear,
 And dwell in depths of darkness, with despair?
 If not, as the Almighty judge is true,
 Sure, as his love rewards, he'll punish too;
 Why shock'd to hear that dire pronouncing doom,
 Of those who will not flee the wrath to come?
 Say, does the theme thy wanton ear offend?
 Mock'st thou at woes thou canst not comprehend?
 Yet, in thy revels canst thou laugh at hell,
 And tell thy doubting soul that all is well?
 Wou'dst thou those torments from the mind conceal,
 That heaven declares impenitents shall feel?

'Tis

'Tis God has warn'd thee, God ! who cannot lie,
 Thou must believe, or else his truth deny ;
 Say then, what evil's to be fear'd like this ?
 What woes more deep than fathomless abyss ?
 Yet, shall this momentary *now* prevail,
 And call these solemn truths an idle tale ?
 Presum'st thou, heaven will in mercy spare,
 Plead'st thou with God ? ' Such sentence who can
 bear !

' Can power divine such direful woes ordain,
 ' And punish thus the venial sins of man ?
 ' For life's few frailties past, shall he undone,
 ' Helpless beneath eternal vengeance groan ?
 ' No hope of mercy will his judge bestow,
 ' To soften pain, nor mitigate his wo !
 Averse to right, and obstinately blind,
 Pride with false notions ever prompts the mind !
 Truth pleads in vain, conviction none can give,
 Tho' men and angels press'd thee to believe ;
 Thou shutt'st up every sense that heaven bestow'd,
 Against the precepts of thy parent God ;
 Yet wilt thou reason thus against his power !
 Can his infernal foes impeach Him more,
 Who by the stubborn arrogance they fell,
 Resist his might, and more enflame their hell ?

By

Miseriers like these, art thou content to hear,
Art thou content to have thy portion there ?

Oft the Almighty, heaven and earth alarms,
By signs, by wonders, and by threats forewarns ;
All this for man ! man, His peculiar care,
Nature has suffered, that he might beware ;
The elements have shook, when he reprov'd ;
To save ungrateful man ! man, yet belov'd !
Nay more ! from where the eternal powers reside,
For man, the Son belov'd ! came down and dy'd,
Dy'd, to atone for this rebellious race,
Save them from wrath, and bring them back to
grace ;

What horror then the glooms of death conceal,
What baleful woes hereafter will reveal !
Yet shall not this prevent thy guilty shame,
At all those warnings, wilt thou not reclaim ?
Then plead no more against thy Maker's Will,
What he has spoken will he not fulfill ?
The heavens shall fall, even nature's self decay,
But sure his word shall never pass away !
What then shall save thee from this fate foretold,
Thus rushing on to vengeance uncontrol'd ?
Angels of light yet wait to set thee free,
Angels, who know what thy last doom must be ;

So hell opposes the Almighty's laws,
Then with blasphemous pride asserts its cause;
O man! for thee, what more cou'd heaven have
done!

To gain thy ransom, see the bleeding Son!
See God with man! cloath'd in his human form,
From the eternal Father see him born!

Like one of us, in mortal flesh enclos'd,
A tender babe, to pains and death expos'd;
Conversant here amongst the sons of men,
He liv'd obscure, and humbly walk'd with them;
He, by whom the system'd worlds were made,
He, whose hand the wide creation spread,
Weep! nature had not where to lay his head! }
He, who dwelt in that primæval light,
Which ever shines in glory infinite!

O miracle of mercy! full of grace!

O love divine! what tongue can sing thy praise!

Hear, O ye heavens! and astonish'd view,
Walking with man, the Lord who dwelt in you;
Hear earth, thro' all thy regions, hear this call,
Thy Saviour hear, who came to die for all;

Here sympathiz'd with man in human state,
Felt mortal's woes, and bow'd to mortal's fate!
Hail! more than conquerors, heirs of glory, hail!
Who, led by Him, o'er death and hell prevail;

Tempt not his justice, by his power unaw'd,
 Nor justify thyself against thy God;
 What aggravation add'st thou to thy wo,
 To disobey, and plead a pardon too?
 Know'st thou what those immortal glories are,
 Or what the happy state of being there?
 What the grand secrets of Almighty power,
 Or what shall be when man exists no more?
 The blissful rapture, or the doleful groan,
 In what proportion they shall then be known;
 How form'd for ever (time and death laid waste)
 When in that wide domain of wonders plac'd?
 Of pain or joy, what can we now conceive
 Where we in state unchang'd must ever live?
 To what degree our powers shall be increas'd,
 For endless misery, or eternal rest!

O with what adoration, love, and fear,
 Shou'd heaven be fought, e'er these last things
 appear!

Since to their parent God, the best rebel,
 And Sin's the power and property of hell;
 Its fatal curse at ADAM's fall begun,
 Involv'd in sin, he left his race undone;
 What depths of love, what mercies then bestow'd,
 To save lost man, thus exil'd from his God?

What

And unreserv'd perpetuate thy shame,
 On some dark female of the fable train?
 From what vile source do such extremes proceed,
 That sink thy haughty will to such a deed?
 Whilst nature blushes at a crime so vile,
 Sure theirs shou'd be the scourge, and thine the toil,
 Perhaps for her, some wretched captive feels,
 Grievs fatal sting, that inward dread conceals,
 Hide! hide the rest, too odious to pursue,
 Cou'd beasts reflect, beasts wou'd condemn thee too,
 What cruel rancour rules that flinty breast,
 That knows not pity, can it be express'd?
 Say, think'st thou not, thy poor abandon'd slave,
 Like thee created, has a soul to save?
 Is there no order, no distinction due
 To human creatures? Reason then adieu!
 Law, morals, truth, religion, christian grace,
 Why thus deny'd to this unhappy race?
 Cannot thy ear perceive a language given,
 Distinct from brutes, that might petition heaven?
 Why then these savage vassals of thy pride,
 The truth, the knowledge of a God deny'd?
 Gross ignorance, unconscious of remorse,
 Wilt thou confirm, to make the error worse?
 Blot every feeling in the human mind,
 And keep the dark'ned eye of reason blind;
 Oppose

Oppose what heaven's gracious will designs,
 Where the all-glorious light of gospel shines;
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Blind ignorance, and error, never cease,
 They're from the womb, we're born with the
 disease;

Alas fall'n mortal! what shall rank with thee?
 Filthy pollution, loathsomeness are we;
 However fam'd for wisdom, power, or wealth,
 Who knows not this, has never known himself!

Present allurements banish future joy,
 These are the wiley tempter's sure decoy;
 Folly so varies, by such art deceives,
 The mind forgets the glories it believes;
 Dropt from the views of an immortal crown,
 To seek some tinsel'd foible of its own!
 Who (left retir'd from business of the day)
 When self-reflection drives false cares away,
 Sees not, whilst prompted by the giddy throng,
 How he's misled, how lost in doing wrong;
 How thought's unguarded, vanities increas'd,
 Betray the human frailties of his breast;
 Those who ere-while, on heaven fix their all,
 How soon may world-deluding joys enthrall;
 Yet, can we thus our inborn weakness find,
 And not confess the baseness of the mind?
 From truth so soon perverted, and betray'd,
 When it forgets its everlasting aid;

Where

Where then the resolution, where the care,
 To shun those ills we purpos'd to beware?
 How sad with grief, does reason now return,
 What vice to conquer, and what ills to mourn!
 When Virtue (happy guide!) again is felt,
 And makes conviction witness to our guilt;
 Those silent hours, how strangely change the scene,
 That place us thus before the judge supreme;
 How heinous seems our accusation there,
 What abject criminals we then appear!
 How many follies does the mind explore,
 With deep remorse, we scarce perceiv'd before!
 What need to watch, to keep incessant guard,
 If e'er we hope to gain the great reward!
 To summon every aid we can attain,
 Lest we attempt the glorious prize in vain;
 To keep each precept, every grace in view,
 And Virtue's path with steady course pursue,
 Fly from each soft deceitful lure of sin,
 And make the treacherous heart secure within;
 Let humble truth preserve the will resign'd,
 And wakeful ardour ever watch the mind,
 Lest lost in error, catch'd in evil hour,
 We're snatch'd away, undone for evermore!

How wretched he who once ador'd his God,
 And sought where angels dwell his blest abode;

Of

Oft felt the raptur'd joys of love divine,
 And bow'd his heart to heaven's awful shrine,
 Return'd to earth, gone back to seek his wo,
 And sink in death to deeper overthrow;
 His latter state, more grievous than the first,
 Rushing on misery, and in ruin lost;
 Forlorn, abandon'd, from redemption flies,
 Pursues despair, denies his God, and dies!
 What dreadful spoil, what objects do we see,
 Were these (Great God!) the likeness once of thee?
 Divine Creator! how thy works are chang'd!
 By sin, fall'n man! how from thy God estrang'd.

Son of the morning! once bright lucifer,
 (Who taught'st this world of mortals how to err;)
 From the first realms of light, how like thy fall,
 Archchief of evil! Sin's original!

O ignorance of wisdom! wisdom nam'd
 Proud arrogance, that sports at heaven prophan'd,
 Art thou this wretched object, doom'd to wo,
 Yet will thy pride no just submission shew?
 O pity Lord! such obstinate, undone,
 Shew them themselves, and make their miseries
 known;

Known to the heart! till they their pride reclaim,
 Lament their error, and confess their shame;

VOL. II.

O

From

From each presumptuous folly set them free, -
 O give them ears to hear, and eyes to see!
 With thy true wisdom, Lord! illumine the breast,
 Remove their blindness, give the bosom rest;
 Insensible of future bliss above,
 Insensible of mercy, grace, and love.
 Forgive them! sure they know not what they do,
 That dare thy might, and mock at endless wo,
 And shall such criminals, in their defence,
 Plead their self merit, plead their innocence?
 They, who in works their gracious God deny,
 And whilst they shout Hosannah, crucify;
 What awful sentence must such culprits dread,
 When brought before the judge of quick and dead!

Preserve me, O Eternal! me, forlorn,
 Whom sin has levell'd with the reptile worm!
 Then shall I, reptile worm, self-merit plead,
 And say, ' For me why should a Saviour bleed?
 ' For what offence have I deserv'd to fall,
 ' A race, the highest of original?
 ' O'er every other tribe the earth contains,
 ' Lords and intendants of its whole domains;
 ' Who shall our independent right controul?
 ' To whom shall we account who rule the whole?
 ' What means the heavy charge? What need for me
 ' To stoop a slave, that have my reason free?'

So

So vaunts the pride-swoln heart, and mocks at
heaven,

Too great to own its guilt, and be forgiven.

O let me know, great God! the sins I bear,
Humbled to every suff'ring, but despair;
Then will I triumph! What if vice enthral?
My blest Redeemer's love can vanquish all!
Come meek repentance, purer Jordan's flood,
Wash off pollution with a Saviour's blood;
Then shall I shine more bright than noon-day sun;
Yea shine, when his resplendent orb's unknown!

O ye fall'n angels! once the sons of light;
Now curst infernals in the dens of night;
Shall man, tho' fall'n, a creature form'd for bliss,
Ordain'd to life, groan in your dark abyss?
Shall he not fly the tortures ye abide,
And shun alike your ruin and your pride?
Whilst a free agent, shall he lose his right,
To dwell with you in miseries infinite?
Where mercy's known no more, there left to bear
Vengeance, and death, and unreliev'd despair;
Shall he thus forfeit heaven, his God disclaim,
The blessed hope that he can ne'er regain,¹
To be as you, and suffer endless pain?
O fate! what horror to be thus undone,
How fell's the misery that we wou'd not shun?

The dreadful subject shocks my melting soul,
 O let these truths our daring pride controul.
 Shall wand'ring strangers, to themselves unknown,
 Arraign the justice of the Holy One?
 For guilty man! with sinners crucify'd,
 Th' Eternal Son in tortures, groan'd, and dy'd.
 Yet, dar'st thou ask, What evil have I done?
 Renounce his blood, and jest at final doom!
 What hopes of mercy can thy maxims give?
 The very devils tremble and believe!
 Shall heaven's Supreme revoke his own decree,
 And change his fix'd determin'd laws for thee?
 For thee! polluted leper! stain'd with vice,
 To wallow here, Shall he approve thy choice?
 Say, Shall Almighty Wisdom quit his throne,
 Yield to thy rules, and let thy will be done?
 Is man for an eternal being form'd,
 Design'd for heav'n, of death and wo forwarn'd?
 Yet will he headlong to destruction run,
 And blame his God for woes he wou'd not shun?

Does this create a melancholly gloom,
 Darken thy joys, and all thy hopes consume,
 Chill fierce desire, with anxious fears affright,
 And change thy gay some hours to chearless night?
 Then sure 'tis happy warning! O beware
 The direful fate, and overcome despair!

Set

Set but thy mind from guilt and folly free,
 Thou'lt soon regain thy God and liberty;
 O let that pure all-bright'ning ray return,
 Why laugh a while, and then for ever mourn!
 Let angel-virtue soon dispel the shade,
 And shew thee how thy yielding heart's betray'd;
 See op'ning glories blaze, there seek and find
 Eternal truths, let them illumine thy mind;
 There from new hopes, and new expected joys,
 Delight, content, and happiness shall rise;
 True happiness, how surely that must be,
 Where all is one immortal extasie!
 What then's the part that most deserves thy care,
 The things on earth, or those where angels are?
 Lord of Omnipotence! give me to see
 Thy glorious works, and rest my trust on thee;
 Hasten my hopes and wishes on the tomb,
 There let me fix and grasp at life to come!
 O man of earth! does that eclipse thy sight,
 Is earth thy all, thy permanent delight?
 Does nothing worth thy thought immortal shine?
 Can nothing charm beyond the present time?
 Roll all yon vast ætherial orbs in vain?
 Dost thou thy God's magnificence disdain?
 For this false glare of things thou see'st below,
 Has earth more bliss than heaven can bestow?

Is

Is this, ye mighty candidates for fame,
Your wisdom's glory, life's exalted aim?

 Destructive world! What are thy ridicules?
Laugh at thy own, thy madmen, and thy fools;
Laugh at those mortals who adore thy shrine,
Worship thy calves, and perish to be thine.
Shall they whose hearts detest thy subtle wiles,
Thy guileful flatt'ries, and thy faithless smiles,
Thy childish shows, thy gewgaws, and thy toys,
Thy fordid hopes, and false-begotten joys?
Shall they not all thy boasted power deride,
Detest thy bubbles, and despise thy pride?
Shall they, blest pilgrims to the realms of light,
Fear thy derision, or regard thy spite?
Will they look back and quit those joys above?
Will they their hearts from heaven to earth remove?
To please a world! ungrateful, vile, unjust,
And league with satan! Is not God their trust?
Thy threats, thy scorns, thy offers they despise,
To their fond hopes immortal glories rise!
And shall a world these nobler views controul,
What is there here to barter for a soul?
Laugh then, poor trifler! laugh at wo to come,
Laugh at thy fate, laugh at thyself undone!
Dismal delights, ye ludicrous, prophane,
Dreadful those sports that end in wo and pain!

Vain

Vain world! to man but as a vision seen,
 What else thy wealth, thy pleasures, or esteem?
 Maze-dazzling frauds, that whilst they please be-
 guile,

To ruin lead, and vanish in a smile;
 Shan't he protect, who ever rules supreme?
 Life, power, and glory center all in Him;
 Ye wanton sons of violence, beware,
 Lest ye distress what's heaven's peculiar care;
 Perhaps your hard oppression may destroy,
 An heir elect for happier seats of joy.
 Shall he by Slander's impious cries pursu'd,
 Be nam'd the vilest of the multitude?
 Scourg'd by false wit, the base buffooner's theme,
 Who mocks at sacred things, whose thoughts
 blaspheme.

Fear not the shock, thou'd life for virtue bleed,
 Th' Almighty's arm will soon avenge the deed!
 Groan'st thou to suffer for thy maker's cause,
 By them who hate his truth, and mock his laws?
 Shall their vile treatment discompose the mind,
 For thy improvement, and thy good design'd?
 Shall this set all thy glorious hopes aside?
 Wilt thou with them against thy God divide?
 Shall virtue less thy better life adorn,
 Because thou art what fools and madmen scorn?

Can

Can aught on earth affect thy heart with fear?

Can malice awe thee by its spiteful sneer?

Alas! some secret doubt, some self-fought good
design'd,

Or lurking guilt, lies struggling in the mind.

Can faith and reason be asham'd to own

Their maker's power? Can heaven be out-done?

Wilt thou for this lose thy eternal rest?

Shall dread of man prevent thy being blest?

Sure Him thou serv'st, is Lord of heaven and earth,

He who ordain'd, and gave all being birth;

Tho' death and hell, firm leagu'd, pursue thee hence,

Can they prevail against Omnipotence?

Sure he who all the laws of power sustains,

Himself o'er all sole arbitrator reigns;

He, who from atoms form'd the mighty whole,

What victor shall withstand? What arm controul?

Can't he, who built yon spacious orbs on high,

Reduce them back to their non-entity;

Or lay creation waste, He first adorn'd,

And crush to atoms what his hand has form'd?

Without his leave, who rules, who governs all,

Can worlds subsist, or shall a sparrow fall?

Can aught escape his justice, or his care,

Or be unknown to Him who's every where?

Can

Can darkness, height, or distance intervene,
 To Him who sees, and is himself unseen?
 Who marks thy steps, is with thee even here,
 Or far as thought can roam, he's present there;
 Where'er thou mov'st (permitted by his will)
 His power's the same, thro' all he sees thee still;
 About thy bed by night, thy path by day,
 His endless views the whole immense survey;
 All that eternity itself contains,
 His knowledge reaches, and his word ordains!
 Then what can hide us; whither shall we fly,
 To be conceal'd from his all-piercing eye?
 He tries the mind, its inmost thought perceives,
 Sees our desires, and what the heart believes;
 When we forget Him, when unheard, unfought,
 He's ever with us, tho' we know him not!
 What caution then shou'd rule our actions here,
 What care shou'd guide us, if he's every where!
 If the Almighty thus, by day, by night,
 Permits us not one moment from his sight.
 Did but some mortal prince our lives survey,
 Made privy thus to all we *think*, or say,
 How great wou'd be our motives to obey!
 What then in presence of that sovereign power,
 Who reigns supreme, and reigns for evermore?

Is this thy friend, thy guardian, and thy God,
 Yet canst thou be by vice and folly aw'd?
 O thou of little faith! What gives thee shame?
 Say, Dost thou blush at thy Redeemer's name?
 From death or hell, what mischief can befall,
 Whilst in His care, who sees, who governs all?
 Tremble, blasphemer! tremble at thy doom,
 If wo to Him, by whom offences come!
 Cease! cease thy sport, 'tis dreadful to destroy
 A child of God, and challenge the Most High!
 Or, Dost thou rail, because he will not be
 A libertine, or profligate like thee?
 Judge not, nor sentence other men's desert,
 For who can judge but He that knows the heart?
 Canst thou discern the secrets of the mind?
 Canst thou behold the thought, for what design'd?
 How base thy censures, where no proof appears?
 How vile thy causeless hints, thy thoughtless sneers?
 Poor mite! retract thy prejudice and pride,
 Lest thou condemn whom God has justify'd;
 Thy neighbour's frailties, let them all alone,
 Thou know'st no heart's intention but thy own;
 Why unregarded that? Thou pry'st not there!
 On others errors, critic most severe.
 What watch, what caution, does thy slander keep,
 By scandal's voice to make thy neighbour weep?

So

So self-approv'd, so wanton is thy will,
 Thou'dst brand a faint, were he infallible.
 Thus fell the heir of life a sacrifice
 To rancour'd malice, calumny, and lies;
 What weapon wounds like the licentious tongue?
 Whence can we suffer deeper sense of wrong?
 The tongue expressive, arm'd with subtle skill,
 Becomes the instrument of good or ill;
 Rash, mutable, untam'd, by wild extremes,
 Now prays to its Creator, now blasphemes;
 Inflaming nature, urgent to rebel,
 Still kindling wrath, and set on fire of hell;
 Wanton in evil, the whole man defiles,
 With equal freedom blesses, or reviles;
 Spreads rapine, murders, cursings, envy, feud,
 Makes cities fall, and kingdoms weep in blood;
 Big with exalted mischief, fraud, and lies,
 Boasts all things present, future things denies;
 In love, or malice, business, peace, or war,
 It dictates all, and rules as Arbiter.

With fawning eloquence, the venal tongue,
 Oft can impose the terms of right, or wrong;
 Can lure the yielding ear for either cause,
 Doom to reproach, or varnish with applause;
 Make power and justice quit their awful seat,
 And virtue with ignoble fear retreat:

Yet sure example, if it's well design'd,
 Can check the tongue, and more convince the mind;
 If it is thus—informing speech preside,
 And tell the thought when truth and reason guide, }
 How fit to be in virtue's cause employ'd ; }
 If so prevalent, prompted by deceit,
 How might it charm with all that's good and great ;
 Things so beyond, what language can explain ;
 Art fails to speak their worth, or praise their fame.
 Such once it was that brought hell's triumph down,
 And made a FELIX tremble on his throne.
 What conquests might be won, what skill to chase
 Illusion hence, and lead the human race,
 Till truth and virtue, by its power display'd,
 Shone in their native lustre new array'd ;
 In what fair light wou'd sacred things appear,
 When such a tongue instructs the list'ning ear ;
 Each panting hope sublimer joys wou'd find,
 And see new glories bright'ning on the mind ;
 Virtue's reward wou'd charm the captive throng,
 And win the heart by such persuasive tongue ;
 The proud wou'd sigh, the libertine obey,
 And error waste insensibly away !

B O O K XI.

NOW from the hills, that clos'd the West-
ward view,

Strangers, of aspect gay, in number few,
Approach'd the throng; attending slaves behind,
Watched, whilst those the list'ning audience join'd:
Each stood distinguish'd by his air, and mien,
From all I yet had in ACARIA seen.

I ask'd a shepherd, whence this train arriv'd,
Their names, their country, of what state or tribe?
He answer'd thus, 'These from ARMÆTHEA come,
' So call'd a prince who first that state begun;
' Whose ancient race from chiefs of *ARNA sprung.
' (ARNA, where first the hymning †Shepherd sung)
' O'er its extent did wide possessions spread,
' (Lords of those fields, and masters of the shade)
' Fair glebes, contiguous to the menian shore,
' That lay a waste unpeopl'd tract before:
' Thither ARMÆTHEA, father of their line,
' First led them forth, and form'd his new design,
' A shepherd's life resign'd, with other swains,
' To search for wealth, and bad adieu to plains.

* A North-west province of ACARIA. † ASTROPHIL.

' Soon

‘ Soon as industry made their province known,
 ‘ (By tents, and huts, and fisheries begun)
 ‘ In colonies, for wealth and commerce plann’d,
 ‘ High moles, and crooked havens grac’d the strand;
 ‘ In opening ports encreasing navies ride,
 ‘ And pour their riches from each rolling tide;
 ‘ Along the fertile coast, where MENOS flows,
 ‘ Towns, cities, stately domes, and temples rose;
 ‘ Temples! devoted to an unknown God,
 ‘ Where true religion’s banish’d as a fraud;
 ‘ Fame, pomp, and grandeur are their whole sublime,
 ‘ And self-puff’d wisdom is their law divine;
 ‘ The highest glory they attempt to gain,
 ‘ Is boast of merit, and the praise of men;
 ‘ Reason, as fancy leads, is all their guide,
 ‘ And power supreme, they own no God beside;
 ‘ No name they worship, no first cause adore,
 ‘ Nor their Creator’s blessing e’er implore;
 ‘ They think it mean to ask to be forgiven,
 ‘ And scorn their mighty souls shou’d stoop to
 ‘ heaven;
 ‘ Faith’s not conceiv’d in their divinity,
 ‘ They’ll not believe in what they cannot see;
 ‘ So gross of soul, so narrow is their view,
 ‘ They will allow no other system true;

‘ As

‘ As All-sufficient, claim a boundless right,
 ‘ And fathom all the ways of infinite !
 ‘ Self-lov’d esteem’s the maxim they lay down,
 ‘ Their favourite idol is their own renown ;
 ‘ Good works, they all, for this great end allow,
 ‘ To blandidh ostentation, form, and show ;
 ‘ The mind supported on no certain base,
 ‘ Sets proud ambition ever in disgrace ;
 ‘ Lost in wild thought, no maxim’s certain long,
 ‘ As modes of fancy change, it’s right or wrong ;
 ‘ Boasted perfection, each by rule essays,
 ‘ Yet ever lost in life’s perplexing maze ;
 ‘ Frailties of baffl’d reason, truth reveals,
 ‘ The labouring breast continual tumult feels ;
 ‘ Unfix’d to any point, they devious stray,
 ‘ Each has his different hope, a different way :
 ‘ Science and morals, are their gospel plea,
 ‘ And their own pride’s their ruling deity !
 ‘ Their manners, such as civilize the mind,
 ‘ To superficial forms ; no more’s design’d :
 ‘ Their morals are but specious rules of art,
 ‘ For vain pretence, not probity of heart ;
 ‘ Yet fond opinion such presumption brings,
 ‘ They call all else unmeaning, empty things.
 ‘ Young ELEMOS is chief, of godly form,
 ‘ From the high race of sovereign TALMO born ;
 ‘ With

* With him ALPHENOR, CLOES, first of tribes,
 * Whose ancient lands the Tefian stream divides ;
 * These take their progress thro' ACARIA's plains,
 * Pleas'd with the sylvan views, and doric strains.'
 So spake the shepherd, when with silent pause,
 Each gaz'd, as where some daring presence awes ;
 The crowd stands mute, and with attention view
 The noble stranger, as a reverence due.

ELEMOS shin'd in all the form of state,
 (Grand ELEMOS, by natives call'd the great)
 Bold arrogance sat solemn on his brow,
 And stern reserve, that haughty menace shew ;
 Contempt bore triumph in a rigid frown,
 Honour, self-wisdom seem'd to claim her own ;
 Yet soft'ning graces, whilst his look alarms,
 With these assuming passions mix their charms ;
 Grandeur, that in his noble presence shin'd,
 Express'd some generous sentiments of mind.
 HERMAS, whose look the lordly chief survey'd,
 Ceas'd to be heard, till loud'ning murmurs spread
 Amidst the throng : Observing DELIANS near,
 With cavils bold, censorious, and severe,
 Disputing subtle points, with learn'd debate,
 School sophistry, that endless feud create ;
 Fond of their parts, and big with self-esteem,
 Still their own merits were their darling theme ;

Pride, deckt with science, scorn'd to be out-done
By simple truth, nor wou'd conviction own.

HERMAS! with solemn pause, and kind regard,
Beheld the throng, then beckon'd to be heard;
The tumult hush'd, the crowded multitude,
Attentive to the sage, in silence stood;
Who mov'd with grief and pity, gaz'd a while,
Then reason'd thus,—Shall stubborn pride beguile
Eternal truth? Must virtue fall subdu'd?

Will man for ever thus oppose his God?
Shall human wisdom still attempt his throne
And boast a knowledge equal to his own?
Say, what does all thy bold presumption teach?
What does this pride discern, this wisdom reach?

By principles of nature to explode
The word of power, and mechanize a God.
'Tis thus the bold Invader grasps the skies,
And dictates laws to the Eternal Wife.

Grant me in mercy, heaven! a will resign'd,
O give me knowledge! with an humble mind;
And let that knowledge be to sing his praise,
Whose wisdom all behold, but none his ways.

Those talents, man! that heaven first bestow'd,
Sure they were given thee to be improv'd;
Yet, dar'st thou wrest them from the Donor's store,
To serve the world and satan by their power?

Might

Might not that wit, that wealth, that learning shine,
 In praise of Him, who makes those blessings thine?
 What glory might thy virtues here display?
 What interest to their bounteous Lord repay?
 How many learn true happiness from thee,
 And bless thy aid thro' all eternity!
 Where is the man who has no talent given,
 To serve his God, and do the will of heaven?
 If it's abandon'd, if apply'd to vice,
 'Tis by thy power, 'tis thy own partial choice;
 Sure we're created with a free-born will,
 Our actions unconfin'd to good or ill;
 All in their different spheres (if so inclin'd)
 May each become a friend to human kind;
 Are there no sparks of virtue yet remain,
 In whom does such infernal darkness reign?
 Something appears in all, by reason's light,
 That, spite of wild confusion, will be right;
 Something oft strikes the mind, and awes the
 thought,
 That vice, or hell, can never bring to nought;
 The talent hid rebukes the guilty soul,
 Shall we that warning flight, that check controul?
 For present things mistaken man aspires,
 The world enchants, and what it gives admires;

Yet cloath'd in robes, or rags, alike to Him,
 Virtue alone can merit heaven's esteem;
 All else is from the world, the pride of earth,
 All else we lose, stripp'd off by time and death.
 How *poor* the *monarch*, if he dies unblest,
 How *RICH* the *BEGGAR*, if of heaven possesst;
 Greater his views than he that wears the crown,
 Were all the kingdoms of the earth his own.
 To heaven lost, who'd call a monarch great,
 Can he an empire for his soul create?
 Can kingdoms purchase, or can power command
 The glory this has lost, and that has gain'd?
 No; all but virtue ends in wo and care,
 And sets the close of life in dark despair!
 Thus, transient world! how thy deceits beguile,
 Mock'd with false shows, vain hope exults a while;
 Fond, hapless man, deckt in thy glittering plumes,
 What pride, what state, what dignity assumes?
 Sporting thro' life, with worthless gewgaws pleas'd,
 Till by grim death (remorseless tyrant!) seiz'd;
 Like the gay insect of a sun-shine hour,
 That basks and flutters on the gaudy flower,
 Till sunk in win'try glooms, and seen no more. }
 'Tis this broad way so charms the worldling's eye,
 What Multitudes admire, the Prudent fly;
Riches

Riches or poverty (in nature's plan)
 Appearances may change, but not the man;
 Take from the gilded chief his blaze and state,
 Equal their honours, and alike their fate,
 Or grandeurs add, you make the Plebeian great.
 Distinction can no real merit boast,
 Unknown to virtue, 'tis but honour lost;
 Fame, wealth, and splendor, if alone thy choice,
 But cloath with shame, and shine the badge of vice.
 Take them away, alas! thou'rt all disgrace,
 The venal world will curse thee to thy face!

Stand fast, ye faithful! your reward is nigh,
 Glorious approach, as time wing'd evils fly,
 Your place on earth will soon be known no more,
 Made heirs of immortality and power!
 Essence divine! Eternal source of love!
 What has thy parent hand prepar'd above?
 O what! thou tender father of mankind,
 What has thy own Omnipotence design'd?
 In light ineffable, what then shall be,
 For those elect, who quit their all for thee?
 What richer treasures, what exalted sphere,
 What brighter seats shall dignify them there?
 O thou! by whom unbounded systems roll,
 Vast orbs, as floating atoms thro' the whole;

Yet,

Yet, dost thou promise in some future plan,
 Much greater wonders shall be done for man.
 Ah, listless mortals! do ye truth believe,
 Yet only grasp at what this earth can give;
 Say, will ye buy these vanities so dear,
 And quit the skies to dig for treasures here;
 Why is eternal bliss unwish'd, unsought,
 Virtue despis'd, and heaven set at nought?
 Is every trifle worthier of the heart,
 Shall every vice and folly have a part?
 Nothing excluded but thy Maker's Will,
 In wanton sport, resolv'd on doing ill!
 Thus grovelling, see! the wilful wretch undone,
 Slave to this world, heedless of that to come;
 In this, alas! his wasted talent lies,
 This, all his hopes, his toil, and time employs;
 Careful, for many things, but one alone,
 The one thing needful, that is left undone;
 Yes, needful sure! on which thy All depends,
 A happiness, or wo, that never ends!
 How oft by wealth and learning, misapply'd,
 Thy heaven's lost, thy future bliss destroy'd?
 High as the stars, ambition builds her throne,
 Allows no power superior to her own;
 Pride, as her God! assumes despotic sway,
 And sceptic ignorance bids all obey;

As

As the prime cause, false wisdom spreads her reign,
 Imposing laws, reverse to God and man !
 By censure, bigotry, and ridicule,
 Cavils, condemns, and claims a right to rule ;
 As self-sufficient, spurns at powers above,
 And will no system but her own approve ;
 Whilst truth, in simple garb, content below,
 Smiles at the frowns of this indignant foe ;
 That swollen with rage, or dropt into buffoon,
 Now laughs, now rails, and makes her follies known.

False wit ! thou, base fantastic, subtle fiend,
 Thou dictates more than even man has sinn'd ;
 Vile hardy boaster, that dar'st God oppose,
 And sharpen every dart which satan throws ;
 On sacred things (unknown within thy breast)
 Thou form'st a quaint conceit, or impious jest ;
 Nothing so awful thro' infinity,
 False meaning wit ! but is burlesq'd by thee !
 Not heaven itself escapes thy daring flight,
 The worst prophaneness gives thee most delight ;
 Minion of satan ! faithful to thy trust,
 Parent of pride, of blasphemy and lust ;
 How suits thy mirthful rant with sad despair ?
 Shall thy fond vot'ries laugh, and triumph there ?
 Do thy chief drolleries from such topics flow,
 Exulting louder at approaching wo ?

O !

O! hide me from the shock of wit prophane!
 (If wit-so prostituted bears the name);
 Happier that man, mere instinct all his guide,
 Than with such talents, if so misapplied.

Wherethen thy wisdom (man of earth!) O where?
 Does it in all thy boasted schemes appear?
 Why so elated but with toil and noise?
 Can fraud, and rage, and rapine give thee joys?
 What means the whole? For what great end de-
 sign'd?

Time scatters all, thou'rt to this clod confin'd;
 These anxious busy cares, are all in vain,
 Others shall waste what thy oppressions gain,
 Who watch those treasures, hoarded for thyself,
 Till death breaks in, then scramble for their wealth;
 With splendid thousands thou hast dy'd to save,
 Insult thy dust, and riot o'er thy grave!
 Why then so fix'd to life's false joys alone?
 Why do the worst, and leave the best undone?
 But present follies are the point pursu'd,
 Profit and pleasure lead the multitude;
 Still from the world, expecting something more,
 They court, caress, solicit, and adore;
 Time's poor contracted pittance fills their eye,
 They see no further tow'rd eternity!

Their

Their talent's left devoted to that shrine,
 They mock at truth, to error, slaves resign;
 What flagrant mischief does example spread?
 What souls by that to fatal ruin led?
 O wou'dst thou see the blessings of thy store,
 Improve it, to be rich for evermore!

If to be happy's to be just and good,
 Why seek we not for this beatitude?
 How might we then in lasting grandeur shine,
 How great! how wise! our actions how sublime!
 Example, by example, still improv'd,
 For worth and virtue, loving, and belov'd;
 Each talent gaining, for the purpose given,
 Our converse, truth; our mansions, schools from
 heaven!

And who is he so wretched, or so lewd,
 But might advance this universal good?
 Who that has life, but is with power endow'd,
 To bless his neighbour, and adore his God?

Much more, ye DELIANS! much, ye list'ning
 throng,
 Of artless truths, yet urge my faithful tongue;
 O cou'd I hold life's mirror, till ye've seen
 Error, in its death-haunted paths of sin;
 Till vice, so lovely in the sensual eye,
 Shew'd by what loathsome means it gives ye joy;

Pride, deckt with science, scorn'd to be out-done
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Riches or poverty (in nature's plan)
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 Take from the gilded chief his blaze and state,
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 Distinction can no real merit boast,
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 Fame, wealth, and splendor, if alone thy choice,
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 Take them away, alas! thou'rt all disgrace,
 The venal world will curse thee to thy face!

Stand fast, ye faithful! your reward is nigh,
 Glorious approach, as time wing'd evils fly,
 Your place on earth will soon be known no more,
 Made heirs of immortality and power!
 Essence divine! Eternal source of love!
 What has thy parent hand prepar'd above?
 O what! thou tender father of mankind,
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 In light ineffable, what then shall be,
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 What richer treasures, what exalted sphere,
 What brighter seats shall dignify them there?
 O thou! by whom unbounded systems roll,
 Vast orbs, as floating atoms thro' the whole;

Yet,

Pride, deckt with science, scorn'd to be out-done
By simple truth, nor wou'd conviction own.

HERMAS! with solemn pause, and kind regard,
Beheld the throng, then beckon'd to be heard;
The tumult hush'd, the crowded multitude,
Attentive to the sage, in silence stood;
Who mov'd with grief and pity, gaz'd a while,
Then reason'd thus,—Shall stubborn pride beguile
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Will man for ever thus oppose his God?
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Say, what does all thy bold presumption teach?
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Grant me in mercy, heaven! a will resign'd,
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Those talents, man! that heaven first bestow'd,
Sure they were given thee to be improv'd;
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Might

Might not that wit, that wealth, that learning shine,
 In praise of Him, who makes those blessings thine?
 What glory might thy virtues here display?
 What interest to their bounteous Lord repay?
 How many learn true happiness from thee,
 And bless thy aid thro' all eternity!
 Where is the man who has no talent given,
 To serve his God, and do the will of heaven?
 If it's abandon'd, if apply'd to vice,
 'Tis by thy power, 'tis thy own partial choice;
 Sure we're created with a free-born will,
 Our actions unconfin'd to good or ill;
 All in their different spheres (if so inclin'd)
 May each become a friend to human kind;
 Are there no sparks of virtue yet remain,
 In whom does such infernal darkness reign?
 Something appears in all, by reason's light,
 That, spite of wild confusion, will be right;
 Something oft strikes the mind, and awes the
 thought,

That vice, or hell, can never bring to nought;
 The talent hid rebukes the guilty foul,
 Shall we that warning flight, that check controul?
 For present things mistaken man aspires,
 The world enchants, and what it gives admires;

Yet cloath'd in robes, or rags, alike to Him,
 Virtue alone can merit heaven's esteem;
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Yet, dost thou promise in some future plan,
 Much greater wonders shall be done for man.
 Ah, listless mortals! do ye truth believe,
 Yet only grasp at what this earth can give;
 Say, will ye buy these vanities so dear,
 And quit the skies to dig for treasures here;
 Why is eternal bliss unwish'd, unsought,
 Virtue despis'd, and heaven set at nought?
 Is every trifle worthier of the heart,
 Shall every vice and folly have a part?
 Nothing excluded but thy Maker's Will,
 In wanton sport, resolv'd on doing ill!
 Thus grovelling, see! the wilful wretch undone,
 Slave to this world, heedless of that to come;
 In this, alas! his wasted talent lies,
 This, all his hopes, his toil, and time employs;
 Careful, for many things, but one alone,
 The one thing needful, that is left undone;
 Yes, needful sure! on which thy All depends,
 A happiness, or wo, that never ends!
 How oft by wealth and learning, misapply'd,
 Thy heaven's lost, thy future bliss destroy'd?
 High as the stars, ambition builds her throne,
 Allows no power superior to her own;
 Pride, as her God! assumes despotic sway,
 And sceptic ignorance bids all obey;

As

As the prime cause, false wisdom spreads her reign,
 Imposing laws, reverse to God and man !
 By censure, bigotry, and ridicule,
 Cavils, condemns, and claims a right to rule ;
 As self-sufficient, spurns at powers above,
 And will no system but her own approve ;
 Whilst truth, in simple garb, content below,
 Smiles at the frowns of this indignant foe ;
 That swoln with rage, or dropt into buffoon,
 Now laughs, now rails, and makes her follies known.

False wit ! thou, base fantastic, subtle fiend,
 Thou dictates more than even man has sinn'd ;
 Vile hardy boaster, that dar'st God oppose,
 And sharpen every dart which satan throws ;
 On sacred things (unknown within thy breast)
 Thou form'st a quaint conceit, or impious jest ;
 Nothing so awful thro' infinity,
 False meaning wit ! but is burlesq'd by thee !
 Not heaven itself escapes thy daring flight,
 The worst prophaneness gives thee most delight ;
 Minion of satan ! faithful to thy trust,
 Parent of pride, of blasphemy and lust ;
 How suits thy mirthful rant with sad despair ?
 Shall thy fond vot'ries laugh, and triumph there ?
 Do thy chief drolleries from such topics flow,
 Exulting louder at approaching wo ?

O! hide me from the shock of wit prophane!

(If wit-so prostituted bears the name);

Happier that man, mere instinct all his guide,

Than with such talents, if so misapplied.

Wherethen thy wisdom (man of earth!) O where?

Does it in all thy boasted schemes appear?

Why so elated but with toil and noise?

Can fraud, and rage, and rapine give thee joys?

What means the whole? For what great end de-

sign'd?

Time scatters all, thou'rt to this clod confin'd;

These anxious busy cares, are all in vain,

Others shall waste what thy oppressions gain,

Who watch those treasures, hoarded for thyself,

Till death breaks in, then scramble for their wealth;

With splendid thousands thou hast dy'd to save,

Insult thy dust, and riot o'er thy grave!

Why then so fix'd to life's false joys alone?

Why do the worst, and leave the best undone?

But present follies are the point pursu'd,

Profit and pleasure lead the multitude;

Still from the world, expecting something more,

They court, carefs, solicit, and adore;

Time's poor contracted pittance fills their eye,

They see no further tow'ards eternity!

Their

Their talent's left devoted to that shrine,
 They mock at truth, to error, slaves resign;
 What flagrant mischief does example spread?
 What souls by that to fatal ruin led?
 O wou'dst thou see the blessings of thy store,
 Improve it, to be rich for evermore!
 If to be happy's to be just and good,
 Why seek we not for this beatitude?
 How might we then in lasting grandeur shine,
 How great! how wise! our actions how sublime!
 Example, by example, still improv'd,
 For worth and virtue, loving, and below'd;
 Each talent gaining, for the purpose given,
 Our converse, truth; our mansions, schools from
 heaven!

And who is he so wretched, or so lewd,
 But might advance this universal good?
 Who that has life, but is with power endow'd,
 To bless his neighbour, and adore his God?

Much more, ye DELIANS! much, ye list'ning
 throng,
 Of artless truths, yet urge my faithful tongue;
 O cou'd I hold life's mirror, till ye've seen
 Error, in its death-haunted paths of sin;
 Till vice, so lovely in the sensual eye,
 Shew'd by what loathsome means it gives ye joy;

Till that black image of infernal power,
 Monster of hell! which frantic crowds adore,
 In all its odious, frightful forms appear'd,
 Hideous, and direful! Wou'd it be rever'd?

O virtue, amiable! of look serene!
 Goddess of shining charms! and heavenly mein!
 Thy happy smiles with pleasures ever bloom,
 Queen of delights! first-born of joys to come!
 O blinded mortal! thou who wilt not see
 This sovereign guardian of thy liberty!
 Yet! yet! shall vice thy flatter'd soul deprave,
 And lure thee hence to woes beyond the grave;
 Then let me dwell on this important cause,
 Time flies! death follows! this admits no pause;
 Each moment is uncertain! each may be
 The last, betwixt eternity and thee!

Yet, shall not all these truths awake the soul?
 Shan't wonder strike, nor power-supreme controul?
 Opens the vast amazing thing in vain?
 Can things beheld, no force, no credit gain?
 Raise but a thought on universal space,
 Illimitable systems still we trace,
 That multiply thro' indetermin'd skies,
 Expand, and shine, and magnify, and rise;
 This wand'ring planet, earth, its aspect wears,
 Suspended too amongst those neighb'ring stars.

How

How dreadful great the works by heaven ordain'd!
 Even man himself's a mystery unexplain'd;
 Yet see (alas! the reasoning creature's pride)
 See him in worthless vanities employ'd;
 Strange! Is this wife, this wond'rous man, so mean,
 As scarce to think above an earthly scheme?
 What, reason-gifted man! O can it be,
 Thou of importance! Is this charge on thee?
 Thou, whose days on time's swift axis roll,
 Till set in death, their dark, their destin'd goal!
 Awake vain sluggard! from thy sensual dream,
 Arise, ere that last movement close the scene!
 Regard'st thou not, till hapless snatch'd away,
 Why thou com'st here, or what concerns thy stay?
 Will naught convince thee? Can no suit prevail?
 Must heaven and earth, in that grand purpose fail?
 All we perceive, What but a work divine?
 Embody'd vision! Infinite! Sublime!
 Art thou indifferent what such order means,
 Or what beyond a future state ordains?
 Can we behold such worlds in æther pois'd,
 Ourselves a part, and yet not be surpriz'd?
 How then shall faith, with weight of glories blest;
 Lead to its God the unbelieving breast?
 How shall the evidence of things not seen,
 E'er reach the heart, if wilful blindness reign?

These are not fabled tales, nor fancy'd things,
 But real truths, experience daily brings;
 No faith's requir'd, they fill the earth and sky,
 Say, Is't not so? Canst thou the facts deny?
 But lost in meaner cares, in noise and strife,
 That still alarm the hurrying crowd of life;
 The same low views lead on the busy throng,
 Prone to the clod, from whence their beings sprung;
 This bounds their hope, their wishes, and their care,
 The whole concern of time is center'd there.
 Behold the rout of folly press along,
 All struggling to be foremost in the throng!
 Whilst rumour echoes thro' the wilds of fate,
 Know! to be happy's to be rich and great!
 Thus thro' frail life (short track of ADAM's race)
 Age follows age, to reach their destin'd place,
 Fast as their generations meet decay,
 Others crowd on, and tumults fill the way;
 The present now, with time itself goes round,
 Cent'ries are lost, but still that present's found;
 New life the same representation brings,
 The same reflux of people and of things;
 These orders, as they rise, and disappear,
 But shift the scene, the actors still are here.
 Not time, nor change, fate's endless chain destroy,
 Exhaustless nature ever brings supply.

Whilst

Whilst as autumnal leaves, some scatter'd fall,
 Others spring forth from like original;
 So man, unthinking man! from shades of death,
 Comes forth, is seen, and then returns to earth!
 Whilst here, for bliss his labouring thoughts enquire,
 How does he gaze! how listen, and admire!
 All! all attention to the transient views
 The world exhibits, or mankind pursues;
 Wrong led Imagination wanders wild,
 Still roams for bliss, with phantoms still beguil'd;
 All outward views direct his hopes in vain,
 Stretch'd to some distant point he cannot gain;
 Still far, more far, each fancy'd pleasure flies,
 Leads on his wish, and as it leads destroys;
 Spleen, and despair, the tempest of the soul,
 Break in dark storms, and bid their thunders roll;
 Strange agitations labour in the mind,
 And disappointment blasts what hope design'd;
 Folly for ever changing, ever worse,
 Heightens the evil, and augments the curse;
 Tir'd with the luckless track, so long pursu'd,
 Pale misery comes for the expected good.

The heart-felt smile, O Virtue! only thine!
 Vice cannot give a blessing so divine;
 Even when in all its noisy triumph seen,
 Inquietude and horror lurk within;

Foul-hagg'd nurse of sorrow, guilt, and care,
 Parent of thorny grief, and black despair;
 Has it one comfort that is truly so?
 What are its pleasures but the paths to woe?
 Glum doubts renew, its opiates sooth in vain,
 The cause is unremov'd, the ills remain;
 Impetuous flux of pleasure swells the mind,
 Then silent sinks, and leaves a filth behind;
 Convulsive rapture, weak distemper'd joy,
 When found, a blank! when lost, non-entity!
 True happiness sure wanders not abroad,
 It dwells within, dwells with its parent God!
 Throw off thy pride (O man!) that thou may'st see
 These clouds betwixt thy happiness and thee;
 Will thy Creator's mercy shine, to bless
 A thing so vile, swoln dust, and wretchedness?
 One that rebels, opposes, and betrays,
 Makes will his God, and what he wills obeys;
 Laughs at Almighty Wisdom on the throne,
 Denies those powers to deify his own.
 Pride! thou curst bane of every earthly good,
 Tormenting scourge of self-inquietude;
 Thy restless views on puff'd ambition climb,
 What follies so ridiculous as thine?
 The empty bubble, meteor-like, descends,
 Begins in vapour, and in darkness ends;

The

The boast of impotence, life's airy lure,
That brings on ills it has not power to cure.

Pride! subtle fiend, the captive soul retains,
Chief foe to all celestial graces reigns ;
Prevents the mercies heaven wou'd bestow,
Brings obstinacy, unbelief, and wo ;
Humility, contented, meek, and mild,
Like disregarded merit, tho' revil'd ;
Stands unprovok'd, is courteous and serene,
Dispensing generous smiles on all within ;
Can storms of fate disturb that peaceful mind,
That studies every means to bless mankind ?
Heaven becomes its guardian and defence,
Its hope is center'd in Omnipotence.

O pride, hell's factor ! shalt thou rule the breast,
And stop the very means of being blest ;
Down ! down thou cursed DAGON ! quit the soul,
Monster of folly ! Dar'ft thou heaven controul ?
Dire sycophant, thou curse to human kind,
Base guilt, that suits all foibles of the mind ;
Conceal'd in various forms, it still aspires,
By secret wiles to heighten vain desires ;
With smile serene can smooth its rigid brow,
And seem an angel or a grace below ;
Pretend to virtue, honour, truth, and fame,
Mimic them all, and then their merits claim,
Take either's form, and counterfeit each name.

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If to be happy's to be just and good,
 Why seek we not for this beatitude?
 How might we then in lasting grandeur shine,
 How great! how wise! our actions how sublime!
 Example, by example, still improv'd,
 For worth and virtue, loving, and belov'd;
 Each talent gaining, for the purpose given,
 Our converse, truth; our mansions, schools from
 heaven!

And who is he so wretched, or so lewd,
 But might advance this universal good?
 Who that has life, but is with power endow'd,
 To bless his neighbour, and adore his God?

Much more, ye DELIANS! much, ye list'ning
 throng,
 Of artless truths, yet urge my faithful tongue;
 O cou'd I hold life's mirror, till ye've seen
 Error, in its death-haunted paths of sin;
 Till vice, so lovely in the sensual eye,
 Shew'd by what loathsome means it gives ye joy;

Till that black image of infernal power,
 Monster of hell! which frantic crowds adore,
 In all its odious, frightful forms appear'd,
 Hideous, and direful! Wou'd it be rever'd?

O virtue, amiable! of look serene!
 Goddess of shining charms! and heavenly mein!
 Thy happy smiles with pleasures ever bloom,
 Queen of delights! first-born of joys to come!
 O blinded mortal! thou who wilt not see
 This sovereign guardian of thy liberty!
 Yet! yet! shall vice thy flatter'd soul deprave,
 And lure thee hence to woes beyond the grave;
 Then let me dwell on this important cause,
 Time flies! death follows! this admits no pause;
 Each moment is uncertain! each may be
 The last, betwixt eternity and thee!

Yet, shall not all these truths awake the soul?
 Shan't wonder strike, nor power-supreme controul?
 Opens the vast amazing thing in vain?
 Can things beheld, no force, no credit gain?
 Raise but a thought on universal space,
 Illimitable systems still we trace,
 That multiply thro' indetermin'd skies,
 Expand, and shine, and magnify, and rise;
 This wand'ring planet, earth, its aspect wears,
 Suspended too amongst those neighb'ring stars.

How

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 Even man himself's a mystery unexplain'd;
 Yet see (alas! the reasoning creature's pride)
 See him in worthless vanities employ'd;
 Strange! Is this wise, this wond'rous man, so mean,
 As scarce to think above an earthly scheme?
 What, reason-gifted man! O can it be,
 Thou of importance! Is this charge on thee?
 Thou, whose days on time's swift axis roll,
 Till set in death, their dark, their destin'd goal!
 Awake vain sluggard! from thy sensual dream,
 Arise, ere that last movement close the scene!
 Regard'st thou not, till hapless snatch'd away,
 Why thou com'st here, or what concerns thy stay?
 Will naught convince thee? Can no fruit prevail?
 Must heaven and earth, in that grand purpose fail?
 All we perceive, What but a work divine?
 Embody'd vision! Infinite! Sublime!
 Art thou indifferent what such order means,
 Or what beyond a future state ordains?
 Can we behold such worlds in æther pois'd,
 Ourselves a part, and yet not be surpriz'd?
 How then shall faith, with weight of glories blest;
 Lead to its God the unbelieving breast?
 How shall the evidence of things not seen,
 E'er reach the heart, if wilful blindness reign?

These are not fabled tales, nor fancy'd things,
 But real truths, experience daily brings ;
 No faith's requir'd, they fill the earth and sky,
 Say, Is't not so ? Canst thou the facts deny ?
 But lost in meaner cares, in noise and strife,
 That still alarm the hurrying crowd of life ;
 The same low views lead on the busy throng,
 Prone to the clod, from whence their beings sprung ;
 This bounds their hope, their wishes, and their care,
 The whole concern of time is center'd there.
 Behold the rout of folly press along,
 All struggling to be foremost in the throng !
 Whilst rumour echoes thro' the wilds of fate,
 Know ! to be happy's to be rich and great !
 Thus thro' frail life (short track of ADAM's race)
 Age follows age, to reach their destin'd place,
 Fast as their generations meet decay,
 Others crowd on, and tumults fill the way ;
 The present now, with time itself goes round,
 Cent'ries are lost, but still that present's found ;
 New life the same representation brings,
 The same reflux of people and of things ;
 These orders, as they rise, and disappear,
 But shift the scene, the actors still are here.
 Not time, nor change, fate's endless chain destroy,
 Exhaustless nature ever brings supply.

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 Others spring forth from like original;
 So man, unthinking man! from shades of death,
 Comes forth, is seen, and then returns to earth!
 Whilst here, for bliss his labouring thoughts enquire,
 How does he gaze! how listen, and admire!
 All! all attention to the transient views
 The world exhibits, or mankind pursues;
 Wrong led Imagination wanders wild,
 Still roams for bliss, with phantoms still beguil'd;
 All outward views direct his hopes in vain,
 Stretch'd to some distant point he cannot gain;
 Still far, more far, each fancy'd pleasure flies,
 Leads on his wish, and as it leads destroys;
 Spleen, and despair, the tempest of the soul,
 Break in dark storms, and bid their thunders roll;
 Strange agitations labour in the mind,
 And disappointment blasts what hope design'd;
 Folly for ever changing, ever worse,
 Heightens the evil, and augments the curse;
 Tir'd with the luckless track, so long pursu'd,
 Pale misery comes for the expected good.

The heart-felt smile, O Virtue! only thine!
 Vice cannot give a blessing so divine;
 Even when in all its noisy triumph seen,
 Inquietude and horror lurk within;

Yet cloath'd in robes, or rags, alike to Him,
 Virtue alone can merit heaven's esteem;
 All else is from the world, the pride of earth,
 All else we lose, stripp'd off by time and death.
 How *poor* the *monarch*, if he dies unblest,
 How *RICH* the *BEGGAR*, if of heaven possesst;
 Greater his views than he that wears the crown,
 Were all the kingdoms of the earth his own.
 To heaven lost, who'd call a monarch great,
 Can he an empire for his soul create?
 Can kingdoms purchase, or can power command
 The glory this has lost, and that has gain'd?
 No; all but virtue ends in wo and care,
 And sets the close of life in dark despair!
 Thus, transient world! how thy deceits beguile,
 Mock'd with false shows, vain hope exults a while;
 Fond, hapless man, deckt in thy glittering plumes,
 What pride, what state, what dignity assumes?
 Sporting thro' life, with worthless gewgaws pleas'd,
 Till by grim death (remorseless tyrant!) seiz'd;
 Like the gay insect of a sun-shine hour,
 That basks and flutters on the gaudy flower,
 Till sunk in win'try glooms, and seen no more. }
 'Tis this broad way so charms the worldling's eye,
 What Multitudes admire, the Prudent fly;
 Riches

Riches or poverty (in nature's plan)
 Appearances may change, but not the man;
 Take from the gilded chief his blaze and state,
 Equal their honours, and alike their fate,
 Or grandeurs add, you make the Plebeian great.
 Distinction can no real merit boast,
 Unknown to virtue, 'tis but honour lost;
 Fame, wealth, and splendor, if alone thy choice,
 But cloath with shame, and shine the badge of vice.
 Take them away, alas! thou'rt all disgrace,
 The venal world will curse thee to thy face!

Stand fast, ye faithful! your reward is nigh,
 Glorious approach, as time wing'd evils fly,
 Your place on earth will soon be known no more,
 Made heirs of immortality and power!
 Essence divine! Eternal source of love!
 What has thy parent hand prepar'd above?
 O what! thou tender father of mankind,
 What has thy own Omnipotence design'd?
 In light ineffable, what then shall be,
 For those elect, who quit their all for thee?
 What richer treasures, what exalted sphere,
 What brighter seats shall dignify them there?
 O thou! by whom unbounded systems roll,
 Vast orbs, as floating atoms thro' the whole;

Yet,

Yet, dost thou promise in some future plan,
 Much greater wonders shall be done for man.
 Ah, listless mortals! do ye truth believe,
 Yet only grasp at what this earth can give;
 Say, will ye buy these vanities so dear,
 And quit the skies to dig for treasures here;
 Why is eternal bliss unwish'd, unsought,
 Virtue despis'd, and heaven set at nought?
 Is every trifle worthier of the heart,
 Shall every vice and folly have a part?
 Nothing excluded but thy Maker's Will,
 In wanton sport, resolv'd on doing ill!
 Thus grovelling, see! the wilful wretch undone,
 Slave to this world, heedless of that to come;
 In this, alas! his wasted talent lies,
 This, all his hopes, his toil, and time employs;
 Careful, for many things, but one alone,
 The one thing needful, that is left undone;
 Yes, needful sure! on which thy All depends,
 A happiness, or wo, that never ends!
 How oft by wealth and learning, misapply'd,
 Thy heaven's lost, thy future bliss destroy'd?
 High as the stars, ambition builds her throne,
 Allows no power superior to her own;
 Pride, as her God! assumes despotic sway,
 And sceptic ignorance bids all obey;

As

As the prime cause, false wisdom spreads her reign,
 Imposing laws, reverse to God and man !
 By censure, bigotry, and ridicule,
 Cavils, condemns, and claims a right to rule ;
 As self-sufficient, spurns at powers above,
 And will no system but her own approve ;
 Whilst truth, in simple garb, content below,
 Smiles at the frowns of this indignant foe ;
 That swollen with rage, or dropt into buffoon,
 Now laughs, now rails, and makes her follies known.

False wit ! thou, base fantastic, subtle fiend,
 Thou dictates more than even man has sinn'd ;
 Vile hardy boaster, that dar'st God oppose,
 And sharpen every dart which satan throws ;
 On sacred things (unknown within thy breast)
 Thou form'st a quaint conceit, or impious jest ;
 Nothing so awful thro' infinity,
 False meaning wit ! but is burlesq'd by thee !
 Not heaven itself escapes thy daring flight,
 The worst prophaneness gives thee most delight ;
 Minion of satan ! faithful to thy trust,
 Parent of pride, of blasphemy and lust ;
 How suits thy mirthful rant with sad despair ?
 Shall thy fond vot'ries laugh, and triumph there ?
 Do thy chief drolleries from such topics flow,
 Exulting louder at approaching wo ?

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 What fouls by that to fatal ruin led?
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The heart-felt smile, O Virtue! only thine!
 Vice cannot give a blessing so divine;
 Even when in all its noisy triumph seen,
 Inquietude and horror lurk within;

Foul-hagg'd nurse of sorrow, guilt, and care,
 Parent of thorny grief, and black despair;
 Has it one comfort that is truly so?
 What are its pleasures but the paths to wo?
 Glum doubts renew, its opiates sooth in vain,
 The cause is unremov'd, the ills remain;
 Impetuous flux of pleasure swells the mind,
 Then silent sinks, and leaves a filth behind;
 Convulsive rapture, weak distemper'd joy,
 When found, a blank! when lost, non-entity!
 True happiness sure wanders not abroad,
 It dwells within, dwells with its parent God!
 Throw off thy pride (O man!) that thou may'st see
 These clouds betwixt thy happiness and thee;
 Will thy Creator's mercy shine, to bless
 A thing so vile, swoln dust, and wretchedness?
 One that rebels, opposes, and betrays,
 Makes will his God, and what he wills obeys;
 Laughs at Almighty Wisdom on the throne,
 Denies those powers to deify his own.
 Pride! thou curst bane of every earthly good,
 Tormenting scourge of self-inquietude;
 Thy restless views on puff'd ambition climb,
 What follies so ridiculous as thine?
 The empty bubble, meteor-like, descends,
 Begins in vapour, and in darkness ends;

The

The boast of impotence, life's airy lure,
That brings on ills it has not power to cure.

Pride! subtle fiend, the captive soul retains,
Chief foe to all celestial graces reigns;
Prevents the mercies heaven wou'd bestow,
Brings obstinacy, unbelief, and wo;
Humility, contented, meek, and mild,
Like disregarded merit, tho' revil'd;
Stands unprovok'd, is courteous and serene,
Dispensing generous smiles on all within;
Can storms of fate disturb that peaceful mind,
That studies every means to bless mankind?
Heaven becomes its guardian and defence,
Its hope is center'd in Omnipotence.

O pride, hell's factor! shalt thou rule the breast,
And stop the very means of being blest;
Down! down thou cursed DAGON! quit the soul,
Monster of folly! Dar'st thou heaven controul?
Dire sycophant, thou curse to human kind,
Base guilt, that suits all foibles of the mind;
Conceal'd in various forms, it still aspires,
By secret wiles to heighten vain desires;
With smile serene can smooth its rigid brow,
And seem an angel or a grace below;
Pretend to virtue, honour, truth, and fame,
Mimic them all, and then their merits claim,
Take either's form, and counterfeit each name.

Nay

Let only grasp at what this earth can give;
Say, will ye buy these vanities so dear,
And quit the skies to dig for treasures here
Why is eternal bliss unwish'd, unsought,
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Thy heaven's best gift, thy future bliss dost miss!

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O! hide me from the shock of wit prophane!
 (If wit so prostituted bears the name);
 Happier that man, mere instinct all his guide,
 Than with such talents, if so misapplied.

Wherethen thy wisdom (man of earth!) O where!
 Does it in all thy boasted schemes appear?
 Why so elated but with toil and noise?
 Can fraud, and rage, and rapine give thee joys?
 What means the whole? For what great end de-
 sign'd?

Time scatters all, thou'rt to this clod confin'd;
 These anxious busy cares, are all in vain,
 Others shall waste what thy oppressions gain,
 Who watch those treasures, hoarded for thyself,
 Till death breaks in, then scramble for their wealth;
 With splendid thousands thou hast dy'd to save,
 Insult thy dust, and riot o'er thy grave!
 Why then so fix'd to life's false joys alone?
 Why do the worst, and leave the best undone?
 But present follies are the point pursu'd,
 Profit and pleasure lead the multitude;
 Still from the world, expecting something more,
 They court, caress, solicit, and adore;
 Time's poor contracted pittance fills their eye,
 They see no further tow'rd eternity!

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 What souls by that to fatal ruin led?

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 The whole concern of time is center'd there.
 Behold the rout of folly press along,
 All struggling to be foremost in the throng!
 Whilst rumour echoes thro' the wilds of fate,
 Know! to be happy's to be rich and great!
 Thus thro' frail life (short track of ADAM'S RACE)
 Age follows age, to reach their destin'd place,
 Fast as their generations meet decay,
 Others crowd on, and tumults fill the way;
 The present now, with time itself goes round,
 Cent'ries are lost, but still that present's found;
 New life the same representation brings,
 The same reflux of people and of things;
 These orders, as they rise, and disappear,
 But shift the scene, the actors still are here.
 Not time, nor change, fate's endless chain destroy,
 Exhaustless nature ever brings supply.

Whilst

Whilst as autumnal leaves, some scatter'd fall,
 Others spring forth from like original;
 So man, unthinking man! from shades of death,
 Comes forth, is seen, and then returns to earth!
 Whilst here, for bliss his labouring thoughts enquire,
 How does he gaze! how listen, and admire!
 All! all attention to the transient views
 The world exhibits, or mankind pursues;
 Wrong led Imagination wanders wild,
 Still roams for bliss, with phantoms still beguil'd;
 All outward views direct his hopes in vain,
 Stretch'd to some distant point he cannot gain;
 Still far, more far, each fancy'd pleasure flies,
 Leads on his wish, and as it leads destroys;
 Spleen, and despair, the tempest of the soul,
 Break in dark storms, and bid their thunders roll;
 Strange agitations labour in the mind,
 And disappointment blasts what hope design'd;
 Folly for ever changing, ever worse,
 Heightens the evil, and augments the curse;
 Tir'd with the luckless track, so long pursu'd,
 Pale misery comes for the expected good.

The heart-felt smile, O Virtue! only thine!
 Vice cannot give a blessing so divine;
 Even when in all its noisy triumph seen,
 Inquietude and horror lurk within;

Foul-hagg'd nurse of sorrow, guilt, and care,
 Parent of thorny grief, and black despair;
 Has it one comfort that is truly so?
 What are its pleasures but the paths to wo?
 Glum doubts renew, its opiates sooth in vain,
 The cause is unremov'd, the ills remain;
 Impetuous flux of pleasure swells the mind,
 Then silent sinks, and leaves a filth behind;
 Convulsive rapture, weak distemper'd joy,
 When found, a blank! when lost, non-entity!
 True happiness sure wanders not abroad,
 It dwells within, dwells with its parent God!
 Throw off thy pride (O man!) that thou may'st see
 These clouds betwixt thy happiness and thee;
 Will thy Creator's mercy shine, to bless
 A thing so vile, swoln dust, and wretchedness?
 One that rebels, opposes, and betrays,
 Makes will his God, and what he wills obeys;
 Laughs at Almighty Wisdom on the throne,
 Denies those powers to deify his own.
 Pride! thou curst bane of every earthly good,
 Tormenting scourge of self-inquietude;
 Thy restless views on puff ambition climb,
 What follies so ridiculous as thine?
 The empty bubble, meteor-like, descends,
 Begins in vapour, and in darkness ends;

The

The boast of impotence, life's airy lure,
That brings on ills it has not power to cure.

Pride! subtle fiend, the captive soul retains,
Chief foe to all celestial graces reigns;
Prevents the mercies heaven wou'd bestow,
Brings obstinacy, unbelief, and wo;
Humility, contented, meek, and mild,
Like disregarded merit, tho' revil'd;
Stands unprovok'd, is courteous and serene,
Dispensing generous smiles on all within;
Can storms of fate disturb that peaceful mind,
That studies every means to bless mankind?
Heaven becomes its guardian and defence,
Its hope is center'd in Omnipotence.

O pride, hell's factor! shalt thou rule the breast,
And stop the very means of being blest;
Down! down thou cursed DAGON! quit the soul,
Monster of folly! Dar'st thou heaven controul?
Dire sycophant, thou curse to human kind,
Base guilt, that suits all foibles of the mind;
Conceal'd in various forms, it still aspires,
By secret wiles to heighten vain desires;
With smile serene can smooth its rigid brow,
And seem an angel or a grace below;
Pretend to virtue, honour, truth, and fame,
Mimic them all, and then their merits claim,
Take either's form, and counterfeit each name.

Nay

Nay, oft this great deceiver may we see,
 Assume the likeness of humility!
 By these false arts gain sanction to conceal
 Its hateful self, and raise its bigot's zeal;
 With partial fancy keep the reason blind,
 And fix its fatal errors on the mind;
 Steal on the heart where easiest of access,
 And seem the hope of what it would possess.
 From this foul source what baleful miseries flow,
 The spring of every dreadful ill we know;
 By pride, the great apostate angel fell,
 Pride was the cause that led him to rebel;
 Seen in another, how the fiend alarms;
 Possessing us, it like an angel charms!
 Yet sure, by all, the monster is disdain'd,
 The man accus'd's affronted, and ashamed;
 Th' infernal passion kindles into blaze,
 Pride that he wou'd conceal, he more betrays;
 Persuaded by this false pretence of pride,
 What wrongs he suffers, and how truth's bely'd!
 Leagu'd with opinion, it confirms the curse,
 Inflames the soul, and makes the error worse;
 Pale envy, discontent, revenge, and feud,
 Burn in the heart, and rancour thro' the blood;
 Bear no restraint, with fiercer fury driven,
 They combat wrath divine, and challenge heaven!

O watch! and guard against this subtle foe,
 That first prepares, and then brings on our wo;
 Fence every pass it labours to assail,
 Where pride usurps, can humble virtue dwell?

Thou, Infinite, Almighty! wilt thou see
 Man, mortal man! oppose thy dignity?
 Shall he on pride erect his empty fame,
 Disown thy wonders, and blaspheme thy name?
 So the vile spider, whilst his web remains,
 Looks o'er its bounds, as lord of those domains;
 Drags in the feeble fly to his abode,
 Then is himself to dirt and ruin trod.

B O O K XII.

HERE distant, in the crowd, a voice unknown,
 Curfings and railings instantly begun!
 One (foreign by his garb) of ANAK size,
 Rage on his tongue, and passion in his eyes,
 Disturb'd the place; Each dreaded the event,
 And wonder'd what the horrid outrage meant:
 Fierce arrogance, with calumny, and scorn,
 Heav'd his swollen breast, pale envy shook his form;
 His vehement cries, the gazing swains alarm'd,
 As if of some approaching vengeance warn'd;
 By hideous terms, wou'd unknown powers invoke,
 The frighted audience trembled as he spoke;
 Then bellowing curses! with distortion rude,
 He star'd on the astonish'd multitude;
 In strange grimace, wild pantomime began,
 And to an ape's buffoon'ry chang'd the man.
 Madly diverted, antic postures form'd;
 Now grin'd a droll, and now a fury storm'd:
 So horrible his sports (if sports they were)
 They seem'd the mad delusions of despair;
 Till with derision, dreadful in a smile,
 He clos'd the scene, and uproar ceas'd a while;
His

His dire malignant look, and ghastful eye,
 On HERMAS fix'd, as big with some reply.
 Deep struck the pause! All stood with horror aw'd,
 Whilst silent frowns their just resentment shew'd;
 Dreading the impious wretch, when he again,
 With direful imprecations thus began.

Vengeance! thou mighty chief of MOLON's
 throne!

Thou gift of GODS! begin the deadly groan;
 Nerv'd with the force of MOLON's arm appear,
 Hurl out thy bolts, and spread destruction here.
 Vengeance! (some others cry'd) ye Nubean powers,
 Ye whom we worship, whom our chief adores,
 Let instant forth, your daring foe repel,
 Defend your altars, let him not prevail.
 Then in one voice at HERMAS join'd their cry,
 Curs'd his rebukes, and mock'd the Deity;
 Till howls and groans alone exprest their rage,
 Too great for words to utter, or assuage.
 When loud'ning uproar thro' the tumult rose,
 Resolv'd their wicked insults to oppose;
 Whilst others laugh'd amidst the solemn scene,
 As if in sport to hear the fiends blaspheme.

HERMAS, unmov'd, with look convictive saw
 The clamorous rout, and bad the clan withdraw

At this the monster (such he seem'd to me)
 Belch'd hell-born oaths, with louder infamy;
 With him his wretched partisans divide,
 And from the wond'ring audience turn aside;
 Their horrid leader punctually obey,
 And with him take their solitary way,
 As aliens lost, to sad perdition driven,
 From their Creator's mercy, and from heaven;
 Eager to meet their earth-born views again,
 And jest at all beside, with mirth prophane.
 My watchful eye purfu'd the devious road
 Those wand'ers took, and mark'd the steps they
 trod;

Now here, now there, they wanton gambols play,
 Till from a bushy vale that cross'd their way,
 A people rose (for such they seem'd to be):
 Engag'd in sprightly mirth, and pleasantry;
 These, with those tribes, in hidden darkness dwell,
 By whom young POLLIO and ADULMO fell!
 Each seem'd to greet them friendly as they past,
 Or as they met with kind salute embrac'd,
 In mirth obscene, amidst the hilly down,
 Mad revel'ry and riot then begun;
 Till, dreadful! bursting from a lurid cloud,
 Bluelight'nings flash'd amongst the sportive crowd.

That

That moment each to me seem'd fix'd as stone ;
 (The airy beings, like the light'nings, gone!)
 As wak'd from strange amaze, again they move,
 And wand'ring flow, in dark confusion rove ;
 Link'd arm in arm, they groping, strive to fly,
 (With blindness struck) how sad their lonesome cry !
 Till on a precipice, whose craggy brow,
 Hung o'er deep pits, and marshy lakes below,
 All in a moment tumbling from its height,
 Dash'd headlong down, and vanish'd from the sight !
 None e'er inform'd me of this people's name,
 Nor heard I who they were, or whence they came.

HERMAS (as each in deep attention stood,
 And this last scene of fatal ruin view'd)
 Varning their rash forbidden ways to shun,
 With stern composure, thus anew begun.
 Learn hence, presumptuous ! learn your certain fate,
 And leave your wilful madness, ere too late ;
 Ere ye, with hopeless groans, like them complain,
 And your obdurate hearts lament in vain ;
 When anguish tortures, when your fall draws nigh,
 Whom then to save you ? Whither will ye fly ?
 Where seek your refuge ? Where the safe retreat,
 When ye in death, despair, and vengeance meet ?
 Consider this ! beware, ye mighty proud !
 Ye, who on earth, forget there is a God !

Soon !

Soon, soon this vaunted glory shall subside,
 Your joys be gloom'd, and all your hope destroy'd;
 What shameful meanness are ye doom'd to know,
 Poor trembling slaves, of wretchedness, and wo!
 What hapless fall do your high views portend?
 How despicable will such greatness end!
 Bold arrogance, that durst encounter heaven,
 To what an abject state of misery driven!
 So sink the proud, so scorners are betray'd,
 Death blasts their line, they vanish as a shade;
 Like empty meteors into darkness hurl'd,
 That shin'd a while the envy of the world;
 The spell is broke, the dear enchantment's done,
 In airy change the splendid phantom's gone;
 Where just before such wond'rous pomps had been,
 Nothing but lonesome desert now is seen:
 Such are those blazing vapours, bright to-day,
 Then, as consuming smoke, they fade away.
 The busy crowds that hail'd their pomp before,
 In silence gaze, and know their place no more;
 Where then the boast of those fond devotees,
 That leave their God, to put their trust in these?
 Let this direct the pilgrim on his way,
 And teach the humble, wisdom to obey;
 Be those for noble deeds of virtue known,
 Alone esteem'd, whom heaven gives renown.

Let

Let their exalted views enlarge the mind,
 Views, truly great, and worthy of mankind;
 Scorn all the mean delusive plumes of pride,
 Those charms of vice that vanish, ere enjoy'd;
 Nor envy such their spreading show of bliss,
 Wait but a while, and thus their names shall cease:
 The baseless vision flies the giddy eye,
 Swept hence, they vanish to eternity!

What then this world-adoring passion, Pride,
 A bubble rais'd, that bursts into a void;
 Lasp'd in thy arms, all fancy cou'd suggest,
 Oh, wou'd it make thee more completely blest?
 Wou'dst thou, as chief, in pomp and grandeur shine,
 Were all the treasures of each India thine?
 Wou'dst thou reach the top-moſt ſeat of fame,
 And o'er ambition's utmoſt empire reign?
 Wou'd expectation reſt, wou'd hope ſubſide,
 And every want, and every wiſh ſupply'd?
 Wou'd vain thy views the wond'rous ſummit climb,
 And diſappoints, and mocks thy grand deſign;
 New cares, new toils, wou'd ſtill prevent thy peace,
 And every wiſh enjoy'd, thy woes increaſe;
 Thy mortal frame oppreſs'd, fall'n from its God,
 Worn, and ſad, wou'd ſink beneath its load;
 All theſe vanities are world-fought joys below,
 And all that wealth or empire can beſtow;

How

How wretched then his state, whose heart-swollen
 pride,
 Feels all its famish'd passion unsupply'd !
 Who vainly mimics what the world calls great,
 Apes it in show, and imitates the cheat ;
 Lets its ambition, all his actions guide,
 Slave to its customs, of the means deny'd ;
 What flagrant madness ! is not this the law
 That fancy'd monarchs dictate in their straw ?
 Pride ! pride alone ! his envy, and his bliss,
 What vanity of vanities is this ?
 Perplex'd with wilful wo, pursu'd with scorn,
 In pining wants, detested, and forlorn ;
 Curst with some burning rancour in his breast,
 Desires unquench'd, and wishes unpossess'd ;
 How mean the object he so much admires ?
 How low the views to which his soul aspires ?
 Were all thy own, that's rich, or great, or gay ;
 They'd all as airy phantoms fleet away !
 The things themselves, uncertain when possess'd,
 Nor can they purchase, wisdom, health, or rest,
 A cumb'rous train, of life-perplexing ills,
 The luscious portion, whilst it pleases, kills ;
 Then shall the shadows of this empty scene,
 Employ thy care, and rack thy mind with spleen ?
Man

Man, what a child! (how infant-like his choice)
 immortal glory quits, for tinsel'd vice;
 How vast, Ah! how irrep'able the loss!
 Celestial thrones exchange'd for dung and dross;
 'or worse than nothing all his hopes are sold,
 The paradise of God he leaves for gold!

Look up! once look to yonder utmost sky;
 Look how it spreads magnificence on high!
 What lumin'd worlds within its spacious dome,
 Farther than eye can gaze, or fancy roam:
 This earth, a floating atom, but a grain,
 O space immense, that wide ætherial plain;
 What then the place? Where ends that glory'd
 height

That forms the palace of Him-Infinite?
 Light, inaccessible! distance, unexplor'd,
 Here dwells this vast creation's mighty Lord?
 What is the elevation of his throne?
 Heaven of heavens! but to thee it's known:
 'Inestimable treasures, Lord, are thine;
 Long as eternity itself shall shine!

Ah! who e'er sojourn'd to those realms of day?
 From what Pisgah can we them survey?
 No here has reach'd those regions, yet unknown?
 What thought e'er travell'd in that world to come?

Say, who can tell us what the wonders there,
 Or how those glory'd kingdoms shall appear?
 Faith! be our guide to that tremendous height,
 Hence dimly seen by thy far beaming light;
 Suffer us not, for vanities below,
 To lose that promis'd land, and sink in wo:
 Deluded man! what poor ambition's thine?
 How sunk, how vary'd from its first sublime?
 What light fantastic folly plumes its wings,
 For the pursuit of temporary things?
 Things, wild as fancy, fleeting as the blast,
 Present to-day, perhaps to-morrow past!

Alas! how changeful are our best designs,
 Imperfect good to evil still inclines;
 Till truth and virtue reconcile the mind,
 How inconsistent with themselves, mankind!
 Something in all we do eludes our care,
 We've something to our shame in all we are;
 How oft we rail at follies unpossess,
 And only envy what we shou'd detest;
 Our neighbour's frailty's always told alone,
 Silent to every failing of our own;
 Even innocence itself is oft accus'd,
 And truth, for falsehood, slander'd and abus'd.

Lord! fill my heart with charity divine,
 That sacred gift shall make me ever thine;

If

If fawning guilt surprize, and taint the soul,
 O interpose (great God!) and make me whole;
 Nature's corrupt, and I am frailty all,
 I left by Thee! perdition waits my fall;
 Thou'd latent evils lurk within my breast,
 O drive those dæmons hence, and make me blest;
 Make me more conscious of the guilt I bear,
 And fill my soul with heart-relieving prayer;
 A wretch, degenerate, by thy love restore,
 Guard, and protect me, Thou, for evermore!
 Parent of being, holy, just, and good,
 Father of mercy, and beatitude!
 The adoration, glory, hope, and trust,
 Of man, a mean existence, rais'd from dust;
 Or Thee the heavens shine, the seraphs blaze,
 O spread thy honour, and exalt thy praise!
 All gladden'd nature that our eyes can see,
 Rais'd and created by thy own decree;
 By thee call'd into life, what myriads rove,
 How many forms of being live and move!
 How many but a summer's fun enjoy,
 When with the fading season droop and die?
 What vary'd thousands trace the flow'ry green?
 What infect nations in the verdure's seen?
 What transmigrations in each new-born race?
 What fair-plum'd wonders glitter on the grass,

Or sportive wander o'er the field or stream,
 Reflecting lustre in the genial beam?
 Dead matter, earth and sea, are uninform'd
 Of all thy works, or how their orb's adorn'd;
 They cannot praise thee, yet thy gifts receive,
 Rais'd out of these, how many millions live;
 Live, to enjoy thy bounty and thy care,
 Tho' small as dust, they taste the vital air;
 Social their atom species multiply,
 And live for what ordain'd, then cease, and die;
 Have their successions, every toil engage,
 Adapted to their momentary age.

All nature swarms with life in its degrees,
 All animated earth thy goodness fees!
 All's teeming, birth prolific to bring forth,
 Exhaustless nature still renews the growth;
 Where end thy mercies, or thy bounties where,
 Since all that is, does at thy will appear?
 To deck this sphere for man, Dost thou for him
 Furnish the floods, and bless the sylvan scene?
 How sad the fields, how lonesome every grove,
 Without their songs of harmony and love?
 How melancholy earth, how dead the stream,
 Untouch'd with life, how sad wou'd nature seem!
 Did not inactive matter start to birth,
 And numerous offspring hail their mother earth.

If

If these *mute wonders are to use ordain'd,
 Is man alone rais'd for no certain end?
 Sure next the gifted angel he's endow'd,
 To serve, and praise, and magnify his God.
 Aspiring mortal! plac'd in this degree,
 Shall but ingratitude distinguish thee?
 Ah wilt thou forfeit (for some foible gain'd)
 The glorious right thy God for thee ordain'd?
 Wilt thou oppose the purpose he design'd,
 Are death and wo more pleasing to thy mind?
 Alas, what dreadful bondage wou'd it be,
 The slave of satan to eternity?
 Left to his will, abandon'd to his power,
 Midst rage and torment, who cou'd this endure?
 Author of power! O Infinite, Supreme!
 Deign to preserve, and save my WILL from sin;
 How much on this short pause of life depends,
 What misery, or bliss, that never ends?
 Time! when past, shut all these transient scenes,
 Judgment appears! eternity begins!
 Begins, alas! with lost redeemless man,
 His own duration fix'd that ne'er began.

* The animal creation, and every species of being, endowed
 with self motion and life, if they can utter any sounds, tho'
 not a language perceptible to us, undoubtedly impart some
 meaning that is understood by themselves; therefore, the word
 mute, above-mentioned, signifies that articulate language is
 not known to man.

If thus, abandon'd! rebel to his God,
 Where shall that ruin'd wanderer find abode?
 Can chains of darkness represent the state?
 Can mortal tongue that penal doom relate?
 Where even vengeance shrinks, dismay'd to shew
 Its dens of sorrow, and its racks of wo!
 Whilst down the steep of age my years descend,
 Be thou (great God!) my safety, guide, and friend;
 O shou'd I lose my hope of heaven and thee,
 Drove to eternal exile!—yet to be;
 Cou'd I more ghastful scenes of misery know,
 Or cou'd the deepest hell augment my wo?
 Attend ye powers of heaven! hear me implore,
 Ere glory's lost, and I can ask no more;
 Welcome distresses, misery, or death,
 Yea, welcome all calamities on earth;
 Have mercy Lord, chastise me as a son,
 Support me suff'ring, and thy will be done!
 From thy commands, alas! we daily swerve,
 What then our claim, what do the best deserve,
 Since sin, that mortal curse, brought death on man,
 And doom'd him to perdition, wo, and pain?
 Yet from this vengeance wilt thou man relieve,
 With gentle stripes correct, and bid him live!
 Shall a disease, a loss, that scourge with grief,
 Appease thy wrath, and give the foul relief?

May

May I with humble heart, indulgent God,
 To mercy kneel, and kiss thy friendly rod ;
 Ah ! what is this, lost heaven to regain,
 To be redeem'd from never ending pain ?
 Nay, what, even hell, if in some age of time,
 (Howe'er remote !) mercy might thither shine,
 Spread its bright-comforts, and with God to reign,
 Call back its hopeless captives from their pain.
 And sure if that first dear creating love,
 Who form'd all being, can such woes remove ;
 By fiery torments purge those souls undone,
 And make them pure, when time shall pass un-
 known ;

At such grand period will their miseries end,
 And they shall to their long-lost God ascend.
 But who wou'd such presumptuous hope assume ?
 Who risque his all on Sin's infernal doom ?
 Whilst yet salvation waits, to crown him heir
 Of Paradise, Will he first choose despair ?
 Lur'd into darkness at the overthrow,
 That leaves him plung'd in agonies of woe.

Eternal Father ! thy free grace alone
 Saves us from this sad state, of death and moan ;
 Had not thy love and mercy interven'd,
 This was our lot, when first frail man had sinn'd ;
 Without

Without the promise, by thy gracious Will,
 Mankind had been in that dark exile still;
 For what cou'd man, thus fall'n, expect from Thee?
 What place or portion in immensity?
 From native dust sprung forth at thy command,
 Directed, mov'd, and fashion'd by thy hand;
 His life, his powers, his being not his own,
 Without a property,—Himself undone!
 Yet, dares he prostitute these blessings given,
 And act his fool'ries in the face of heaven?
 Deny thy bounty, at thy mercy spurn,
 And mock that future, where he's doom'd to
 mourn;

Laugh at redemption, shun the only road
 Leads him to life, which cost a Saviour's blood!

I feel the warning vision,—O I come!
 Doubts are no more, all earth-born cares are done;
 Blessed return, I wait the heavenly call;
 What gracious warnings, ere this fabric fall!
 Receive me thou parental source of love,
 To sing thy praise among the blest above;
 Let me with everlasting hymns adore,
 Where sin and grief are ne'er remembered more;
 What are life's light afflictions, what to this?
 What momentary ills, to endless bliss?

Lift

Lift up your heads, ye helpless and forlorn,
 To worlds celestial look! be THIS your scorn;
 Behold the promis'd Paradise in view,
 That everlasting rest, prepar'd for you;
 Soon then, how soon! must all your evils fly,
 Glory approaches, your redemption's nigh;
 But some few troubles, some few evils more,
 Ere heaven appears, and all your griefs are o'er.
 Aint not beneath a momentary weight,
 The yoke is easy now, the burthen light;
 Supported by Omipotence ye stand,
 Swift time's on wing, your vast reward's at hand;
 O your relief indulgent mercy flies,
 Angels attend your welcome to the skies!
 All with the God of glory fain wou'd reign,
 At few will suffer that they may attain;
 Some flow'ry path is sought, some easy road,
 Where all seems pleasant prospects, smooth and
 broad;
 Where fancy's gaudy fields they wildly stray,
 Where pleasures lead, and custom points the way;
 Not more delighted, if they can believe
 Those foibles virtues that can most deceive.
 He spreads its joys, the present things delude,
 He court the world for our beatitude.

Fain would we revel here without restraint,
 Live as the libertine, but die a faint!
 What weakness this? Say, can it be believ'd?
 Heaven may be flatter'd, God's to be deceiv'd?
 Can we no error, no temptation fly,
 No sensual passion for his sake deny;
 Are God and mammon reconcil'd as one,
 Can we rebel? yet say, Thy Will be done!
 Shall darkness mix with pure ætherial light,
 Or glory shine in everlasting night?
 That word divine still holds the precept true,
 We cannot serve both God and mammon too!
 Shall we not cleave to earth, our native dust,
 Make that our hope, our treasure, and our trust?
 Hence comes this doubt, this horrid dread of death,
 This constant longing to remain on earth;
 Longævity drags on a tiresome load,
 The world affords it but a gloom abode;
 Wearied with doubts, the empty wishes give,
 Weak nature groans, but anxious still to live;
 With age, a second childhood, leads us on,
 Slaves to its misery, fearing worse to come:
 Why do we thus for joyless moments strive,
 To be more wretched, wou'd we still survive?
 Can we out-live our vice, or youth restore,
 Or count our years till sin shall be no more?

Each

Each helpless passion still disturbs the breast,
 With impotent desire the mind's oppress;
 Canker'd in vice exhausted nature pines,
 And feebly doats on what the will designs;
 This is the hapless state of sin and age,
 In folly's lifts still crowding to engage;
 We grasp at shadows, each expedient try,
 No taste again swift time's embitter'd joy;
 Cling to its darling world! that cannot save,
 Our hoary relics from the dreaded grave;
 'Tis all our pleasures long have bid adieu,
 Yet how the fancy labours to pursue!
 Thus does life's soothing, soft, bewitching care,
 Lead on to death, and lure us to despair!
 'Tis wou'd be blest, all wish their lot in heaven,
 Yet will oppose the laws that it has given;
 'Tis wou'd be holy, all be true, and just,
 Yet these consist in things that pleas'd them most;
 That serv'd their caprice, charm'd the sensual mind,
 And left their worldly interests unconfin'd!
 How pious wou'd the profligate appear,
 If heaven's doctrines teach prophaneness here;
 How pride-plum'd ambition, and the Drudge for gold,
 That zealous bigots shou'd we each behold;
 How wou'd heaven form its precepts to their will,
 How punctual each those precepts to fulfil!

But God admits no rival in the breast,
 Nor bears a foe of half the heart possess;
 No evil dwells in virtue's pure abode,
 The flesh, the world is enmity with God;
 Thro' christian ages still these truths remain,
 Folly's unchang'd, and vice is still the same;
 'Tis this makes death, whilst yet approaching near,
 Darken'd with all those hideous glooms appear;
 Alas! a wounded conscience who can bear!
 Foretaste of hell, the prelude to despair!
 A devil in the heart is every sin,
 Unconquer'd vice can usher legions in;
 Infernal horrors dreadful centry keep,
 Thought wanders on thro' Chaos dark and deep;
 Accumulating griefs, hopeless, and dole,
 That stagger reason, and affright the soul!
 Yet worse! when being ends, this cannot cease,
 But as life shortens, so these woes encrease.
 Such is the state of unrepented sin,
 The mind's possess, and all is hell within;
 Yet how happy cou'd he e'er be free,
 Or ceas'd his misery, when he ceas'd to be:
 If thus he sinks remorseless, and undone,
 Already his *Forever* is begun!

When death's keen darts unguarded man surprize;
 To fancy's eye a thousand notions rise;

Chimeras

Chimeras form'd from Phantoms of the thought,
 What faith, or truth, or virtue never taught;
 How strange his vague conjectures on the whole,
 What wild ideas haunt the sitting soul;
 Tremendous wonder opens unconceiv'd,
 And shews him next those truths he disbeliev'd;
 In never-ending space he sees before,
 On earth he treads the path of life no more;
 Eternity! meets his astonish'd view,
 Dreadful vast! that yet he never knew;
 Here awful visions infinite extend,
 With a fate he cannot comprehend;
 Wisdom is lost, and learning pines in vain,
 No science here the systems can explain;
 'Tis solemn! secret, dreadful, deep, sublime!
 Penetrable powers, unknown design!
 'Tis this that makes death's passage look so
 strange,
 The baleful fear that waits that fatal change;
 Faith unfix'd, the notion's unresolv'd,
 Hoping doubt, and restless cares involv'd;
 Unable to discern hereafter, hence,
 But in mysterious prospects, all immense!
 Lost in the maze of unbelief confin'd,
 Where virtue is not, there the reason's blind;
The

The feasted senses ne'er detect the cheat,
 Whilst folly spreads its splendors at his feet ;
 Quit ! quit the dangerous lure, 'tis painted show,
 How vain to seek our happiness below ;
 Can these be order, harmony, and peace,
 Where hurricanes and tempest never cease ?
 Pleasures far distant, mighty objects seem,
 Caught in thy grasp, they vanish like a dream ;
 Light as the gliding phantoms nimbly haste,
 By thee, oft scarce discover'd, ere they're past ;
 Whilst eager fancy's panting to pursue,
 Or turns with speed, to catch the next in view ;
 Time, swift-wing'd time ! in silence steals away,
 And yields thee up to fate, death's destin'd prey.

Health, fair-ey'd goddess, blooming and serene,
 Cherub of life ! with joyous aspect seen ;
 Debauch'd in lust, and gluttony of man,
 Becomes a haggard spectre, pale, and wan ;
 Loaden with foul excess in grief declines,
 Throbs in the bosom, and with anguish pines ;
 For wilful ruin thus we God oppose,
 And spurn the choicest gift his hand bestows.
 Can we, salubrious health ! thy charms disdain,
 To sigh and languish on a bed of pain !
 Did heaven this angel-essence send on earth,
 To plant diseases, sorrow, groans, and death ?

not, why this fair blessing so destroy'd,
 y dost thou, man! commit this suicide?
 Is it thy Creator thus ordains
 se fatal ills to revel thro' thy veins;
 it serpent-like, with poisons in reserve,
 brace each sinew, slacken every nerve;
 's vital powers, thro' all thy human frame,
 h languour prest, Say, Whence this mortal bane?
 re those dim wat'ry eyes, with trembling sight,
 w weak and wane, form'd for thy vain delight?
 re their bright optics fashion'd but to shew
 wanton wish, or serve some sordid view?
 lead thy passions, spread thy lewdness more,
 teach the heart to wonder and adore;
 ide thee thro' life, to god-like reason prove,
 attributes of heaven, light, and love.
 he ear, whose organs thus distinguish sound,
 rd in ideas secret, and profound,
 it by thy Creator e'er design'd,
 ooth the wanton fallies of the mind
 h views of false delight, or vitious tale,
 urge thy passions, or bid envy rail;
 atch the sport that laughing follies bring,
 ount desire on fancy's insect wing.
 t gift divine! how mystic, how abstruse
 hidden powers, how flagrant their abuse!

For

For what a different purpose first ordain'd,
 By man how prostituted ! how prophan'd !
 Wanting thy aid, unsocial life wou'd moan,
 A silent blank, and friendship stand unknown ;
 By thee lov'd converse cheers, by thee are found,
 Those sweet enchanting charms that dwell in sound ;
 Touch'd by the influence of thy heaven-born
 powers,

How every sense in boundless transport soars ;
 Whilst these celestial strains the soul possess,
 The bliss we feel no language can express ;
 A harmony, by hymning angels taught,
 Wakes in the mind, and captives every thought ;
 Mounts in melodious praise to reach the throne
 Of Him we sing, and heaven seems fore-known.
 Sacred Inspirer ! Shall we quit these joys,
 For the loud rants of revelry and noise ?
 Are these rare gifts vouchsaf'd to man in vain,
 In wanton sport, burlesqu'd with mirth profane.
 Is voice (thy social charmer) so employ'd,
 What ills ingrafted on the good destroy'd !

When sovereign reason thus yields up her power,
 The pride-swoln heart will own her rule no more ;
 Rebellious passions then their reign begin,
 And all becomes wild anarchy within ;

Like

Like some poor helpless captive in his chain,
 All'n reason strives her freedom to regain,
 But all her feeble efforts prove in vain.
 Darkness and error now usurp her throne,
 Powerless she lies, and leaves the man undone.
 Thou, that beyond the azure mantled height,
 Pen'st those everlasting climes of light!
 By whom immortal extasies begin,
 And shew the soul what eye has never seen:
 Divine Perfection! what has chang'd thy plan?
 Reason inverted in the heart of man!
 From thee (all-bounteous power!) pure blessings
 flow,
 It wilful man devotes them to his wo;
 Drowning, indiff'rent, lost in sensual trance,
 As if he sprung from nothing, liv'd by chance:
 With vain conceits thus he himself deceives,
 Dreads at every truth, and disbelieves;
 No' all is wonder, he remains untaught,
 Nor proofs affect his eye, nor heaven his thought.
 How strange thy stupor then, regard, and see,
 From living atoms, to infinity!
 This is one unbounded maze, too great to tell,
 Myself a part, yet so insensible!
 Why, think'st thou miracles, like these, design'd
 But an amusement for the human mind?

Canst thou behold, unconquer'd, unamaz'd,
Creation spread in worlds his hand has rais'd?

O canst thou trace their systems unalarm'd,
Or nature's beauties, with a soul uncharm'd?
What strange discoveries there does thought pursue?
What boundless wonders open to the view?
Why thus endow'd with eminence and power,
But to behold, praise, worship, and adore?
Presumption! yet the faithless heart rebels,
Demands to see a God, and miracles!
Thou blind discernless mole, that shun'st the light,
That wilt not see, nor set thy reason right;
What else to thee has wide creation taught?
What else that meets the eye, or fills the thought?
What universal nature to our sight,
But one continued wonder, infinite!

All thou canst see, and all thou canst conceive,
Shew there's a God! yet wilt thou not believe?
Strange! that a being of immortal date,
Amidst such proof shou'd laugh at future fate;
Or else all gloomy, wander, sigh, and mourn,
Thro' life's dark sojourn, as for misery born!
Pore eyeless on thro' dismal wilds of thought,
And stumble to the tomb, a thing of naught:
This is thy sting, O death! thy victory, grave,
The last dire woes that conquer, and enslave.

Welcome

Welcome sad vale! shall thy lone shades affright?
 bro' thee we pass to worlds of endless light;
 or in thy borders shines the pointed ray,
 that spreads and opens into boundless day;
 no more our fears death's vanquish'd powers
 conceal,

error's a phantom now, the bliss is real.

ALTENOR! cou'd my tongue impart to thee,
 what I by faith, by truth, and reason see;
 MELIANS! might I convince, ere life be done,
 what strange, what mighty things are yet to come;
 eternity of bliss, or penal woe,
 how little wou'd ye think of aught below!
 amazing fate! yet such a change is sure,
 we must attain the first, or last endure!
 not more alarming, moments bid adieu,
 swift as the wind, and as uncertain too!
 consider, man! the past return no more,
 wou'd they a heaven to the lost restore?
 consider, whilst these moments wait on thee,
 their fix'd, their irrevocable decree;
 the next expected bounty snatch from time,
 the next!—alas! that never may be thine!
 or vast important All! that All to come,
 endless duration! Being, yet unknown!

Is he unmov'd about this grand affair ?
Does every trifle thence divert his care ?
Of all the wonders thro' creation's plan,
Sure none more great than this mistaken man

Hear me, ALTENOR ! as thou wou'dst be
Hear what will give thy bosom peace and rest
The world is still the same deceitful friend,
On it the giddy multitudes depend ;
Still with false arts is subtle to destroy,
Death in its aim, and pleasure in its eye ;
The same wild follies reign, as heretofore,
Enslaving vice is still its ruling power ;
Degeneracy and error lead the throng,
Gen'ral example makes temptation strong ;
All that escape the snare it ridicules,
Commands obedience, and by custom rules
Hear thou kind stranger, quit its subtle wile
Despise its threat'nings, nor believe its smile

sink on that fatal hour thou seem'st to fear,
 prepare to meet it, bring the period near;
 turn thy attention search those different ways,
 that lead to truth, for which thy reason strays;
 as plain, tis easy, O 'tis heavenly bright,
 the path of life, that leads us up to light!
 where there thy soul may range, thy wishes rove,
 thro' all the glorious infinite above!
 All will vanish that misled the thought,
 doubt will subside, and bring thy fears to nought;
 look but thy Saviour in his word divine,
 embrace his meekness, make his precepts thine;
 resign to his hands resign thy troubled soul,
 he'll give thy bosom peace, and make thee whole;
 he'll beams the heart-felt joy, the certain trust,
 that guides the hope of all the good and just.
 All other schemes for happiness are vain,
 all other wisdom brings but care and pain;
 transient views, fame, learning, riches, power,
 lead to their base, or build a Babel Tower;
 these we leave, all these with life go down,
 that dim torch, that lights us to our tomb;
 vain we trifle to evade the blow,
 the fate has pre-ordain'd it must be so.
 What wou'dst thou mortal, with that power con-
 tend,
 that ne'er begun, nor ever will have end? Call

Call back thy lab'ring fancy from its views,
 That only toilsome vanity pursues ;
 The gospel's humble path directs thee home,
 Lay hold on Him who holds the life to come ;
 He'll give thee pleasures cannot be express'd,
 Heaven foretasted in the human breast ;
 Ungloom'd with guilt, and undisturb'd with sin,
 What secret rapture ever burns within ;
 These blessings far beyond the reach of time,
 By Him secur'd, for ever will be thine ;
 No chanceful change, no envy, force, or fraud,
 Can seize thy right, or wrest thee from thy God ;
 From rapine, thieves, and violence secure,
 Thy treasures none can steal, they're ever sure :
 There happiness has its perfection full,
 Great as thy wish, capacious as thy soul !
 From Treachery's snares, releas'd from envy free,
 Nor men, or devils can thy fate decree,
 Nought but thy own false heart can lose the prize,
 Or disappoint thy hope of endless joys ;
 If thou accept it on the terms assign'd,
 Unfix'd thy powers, thy limits unconfin'd.
 But from this point if doubtful reason veers,
 When dreaded tempest swells, and death appears ;
 Amaz'd, we struggle with the bursting tide,
 Our dismal course affecting horrors guide ;
Black'ning

lack'ning despair prevents the mind relief,
 opeless and lost, to sink in unbelief.
 Or look thro' life, with heart-observing eye,
 'hat wretched pilgrims for eternity!
 w dreadful solemn death appears to All,
 w Mighty tremble at their sudden fall.
 ie prideful boaster, how he shrinks dismay'd,
 ie bold blasphemer owns his baleful dread;
 l shudder at the sentence, start at doom,
 it few observe its miseries ere they come!
 hat daily warnings in this mortal state;
 hat's all but the repeated call of fate?
 hold! as fleeting time pursues his road,
 w death and ruin ravage all the globe;
 e dearest bonds of friendship these divide,
 at groaning victims gasp on every side!
 Nature's productions bloom a while, and fall,
 de wasting desolation comes on all;
 spring's new birth what vernal beauties rise,
 w ripening summer gilds their burnish'd dyes,
 sober autumn, with his win'try breath,
 les their bright charms, and yields them up to
 death:
 ge towers, and lofty fabrics sink away,
 e mountains moulder, and the rocks decay;
 Creation's

Creation's works thro' all their changes pass,
Grand revolution; all that Is, and Was.

Observe (O man!) rais'd from their darksome urn,
To life, the vegetable tribes return;
Then shall not heaven our human race restore,
When time shall cease, and changes are no more?
Tho' all that on this planet shall appear,
Or men, or things, return and center there,
And dust to dust, promiscuous, blend in one,
Which reptile, brute, or plant, or man unknown?
What eye the nice distinction e'er discern?
What human art can analyze their dust?
Here then, for ever sink the worldling's schemes,
Here ends the whole his great ambition means;
But can his being thence to nothing fall?
Can there be birth without original?
Cou'd we those forms, consum'd by time, explore,
Shou'd we not find them left in nature's store?
Annihilator! then review thy plan,
Have all those treasures no remains of man?
Some ever-living power must reign above,
From whom we spring, in whom we live and move.
Think'st thou what guides our reason to the skies,
Fair emanation of our Maker, dies?
Did once a NEWTON, once a MILTON soar,
To perish thus, and then to be no more?

Art

: their angelic powers now lost and gone,
 apt into nothing, empty, Void, unknown?
 thy reason, to conceal thy shame,
 is not with man, unworthy of the name!
 : brute from thee shall this distinction shew,
 shares thy bliss, without thy guilt and wo;
 give the mortal of his reasoning mind,
 is but an animal of human kind:
 generate nature, savage, uncontrol'd,
 he was that Babylonian King, of old.
 marvel not, STRANGER! that I know thy clime,
 every land your BRITISH WORTHIES shine;
 these fair glebes the wiser swains ere-while,
 use a LOCK, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE:
 : live your laurel'd bards in sacred song,
 a boundless MILTON, to instructive YOUNG.
 those for science, truth, and virtue known,
 a hapless RAWLEIGH, to an ADDISON;
 wledge display'd in their exalted strains,
 a leisure hours amusement entertains.
 HARVEY'S * thought, harmonious, and divine,
 meditate, and catch his views sublime;
 every bower, or vale, or grot, or shade,
 see new beauties, by his art display'd;

* HERVEY'S Meditations.

at to explain what gifts may bless the Fair,
 that men, by you, might guess what angels are;
 higher purpose do your merits gain,
 Virtue mortal? Does it bless in vain?
 must such nobler beings end in dust,
 be no more! as fleeting shadows lost?
 ye of wisdom! * whose wide searches roam
 herial space, to regions yet unknown;
 whose powers those high material systems climb,
 and thro' his works pursue the Hand Divine;
 assure ecliptic! magnitudes display!
 and heavens remote, by rules of art survey;
 and in what order orbs celestial move,
 fine their distance, know their place above;
 the principles on which they all depend,
 their powers, effects, and to what use ordain'd;
 (if thou dost these hidden deeps explore,
 and all bounds, e'er science reach'd before);

These characters are mentioned as some of the most shining ornaments of human literature, with a charitable hope, the chief moral end of the writings those authors have left to the world, calculated and designed for the knowledge and improvement of mankind in general, by exposing folly and vice, or giving morality and virtue their true and genuine lustre. However, of them have given undoubted proofs of this with true sincerity of heart (so far as man can judge) truths great and true, worthy of rational beings, endowed with powers, to those transporting views of glory and immortality in a moment come.

pt down a gulph unfathom'd, pathless, steep;
Nothing, undisturb'd, for ever sleep!
 we'er ensnar'd by vice, or chill'd with fear,
 let me never seek for refuge there),
 light, nor dark, no object, form or sound,
 in thy joyless, empty regions found;
 ouch'd with power, from all its causes free,
 hout the verge of all immensity!
 it then is *Nothing*? Can the mind conceive,
 ublic art its definition give?
 u! thou utmost, last, faint glimpse of all,
 place how distant, and how deep thy fall?
 ther from hence shall hapless man descend?
 re does this wide forlorn begin or end?
 o that has being can the thought sustain?
 to be born, if ne'er to live again!
 on is useless! all the race of men
 s of nothings! shadows of a dream!
 : high eternal powers! that rule mankind,
 a this sad deep'ning vale call back the mind;
 your radiant kingdoms to my view,
 pt the soul that hopes to dwell with you;
 l, and redeem'd, to be hereafter blest,
 ories infinite, and endless rest.
 ight I once o'er-leap these mounds between,
 enter there, no more with mortals seen!

Awake

His, and toys, that vanity displays,
 k all his hopes, again the world betrays;
 ming all his pride, fix'd to rebel,
 pocks at vengeance, and derides a hell;
 PHAROAH, suppliant whilst his woes increase,
 more heart-harden'd when the plague is ceas'd
 ibertine! how low foe'er debas'd,
 not these struggles in thy bosom past?
 even now, when silent and alone,
 thou not feel a hell thou dar'st not own?
 flight'st thou then the fatal crisis near,
 d of all thy hope, or all thy fear?
 every foible, transient as the hour,
 mand thy will till life's short span is o'er?
 te of heaven, resolv'd to persevere,
 f-persuaded, thou hast nought to fear.
 STRANGER! thus mankind on ruin run;
 thousands fall, and millions are undone:
 nappy he! who shuns that crowded road,
 es their fate, and humbly seeks his God!
 many follow vice with dread and shame,
 : repuls'd, must suffer cold disdain;
 bl'd virtue, folly still assails,
 irst retreating till the last prevails;
 n! beware, ere all-awaits death
 ze thee thus! ere it dissolve thy breath!
 Then

Break forth, fair Dawn of that celestial Day,
 And cheer the Bosom with thy purer ray ;
 Guide hence the mind, above yon starry height,
 The first glorious firmament of light ;
 Brightness ineffable ! there be my seat,
 Where true Ambition shines, divinely great ;
 What then of earth-born vanity and show ?
 What of the world, and all that's seen below ?

Why shou'd we here still groan in doubt and care?
 Why linger thus to seek our treasures there?
 While we pass our mortal stage on earth,
 Amid the show of life we are in death;
 What hereafter's ours, such being there,
 What proportion does the present bear?
 You'dst thou more plain that riddle man define,
 Know him, mark his fix'd, his last design,
 Depend thy judgment till the period come,
 It seizes life, and warns him to his tomb;
 When all his world-enchanting views are o'er,
 Of wounds his soul, and pleasure sooths no more;
 When he's sincere, the monitor, the friend,
 His heart is honest, and his words unfeign'd;
 When in his agonies behold him well,
 Will best resolve when thoughts no fraud conceal.
 What true pathetic preachers death has made,
 How well they teach, admonish, and persuade;
 When the mid-way view their doctrines join,
 Given to earth, eternity to time;
 Why shew us too (what mortals hold so dear)
 Madness, dreams and shadows, all things here;
 Led by these, men forfeit health and ease,
 Court those charms, that whilst they ruin, please;
 How they labour to make virtue known,
 How arduous pray, Lord! may thy Will be done!

Meek prayer, attended with a heart sincere.
 That all wou'd thus their parent God revere;
 Why then delay'd? Is heaven to poor a claim,
 Not to deserve submission to attain?
 Sure flesh and blood reveals not what we are,
 Corruption that with animals we share.

Don't this convince? Had we but death in view
 Where follies crowd, that wou'd direct us thro';
 If those forlorn delinquents, doom'd to die,
 Of all conditions, as their fate draws nigh,
 Confess their guilt, and cry to heaven to spare,
 Is't not conviction, this shou'd be our care?

A certain proof to all, that men believe
 Heavens solemn truths, when things no more
 deceive;

Whilst their last moments take an endless flight,
 They find all vanish into Infinite!

And are we not condemn'd, decreed to fall?

Yes! *Thou shalt die*'s the sentence pass'd on all:
 Mortal, alas! thy execution's near,

Thy respite shortens, death advances here;

But who can tell as hasty moments fly,

Or day, or night, what hour thou art to die?

Thou'st done no murder! yet hast thou no sin?

Not one transgression to repent like him?

The

e thief may suffer for a mite of gain,
 tress might first thus tempt him to attain;
 s! cou'd justice, with impartial hand,
 rt its powers, and its own rights command;
 s, how enormous wou'd in some appear,
 om laws protect from any sentence here;
 miserable object led to die,
 as an out-cast to the public eye;
 h infamy must to his fate resign,
 what, with those compar'd, scarce seems a crime;
 it sordid guilt, which earthly powers may
 screen,
 y the naked eye of justice seen,
 ses his appear a mote to such a beam!
 at cries of want, what families undone,
 orce or fraud, where justice ne'er cou'd come;
 at subtle snares for public spoils are laid,
 at nations oft by power of gold betray'd;
 these foul deeds that pass the bounds of shame,
 t wealth protects, and gives the robber fame.
) then that all wou'd seriously attend
 's sojourn hence, and meditate its end;
 p search their inmost thoughts, that heaven
 will try,
 l always live as men prepar'd to die;
 ent, confess to the Great Judge of all,
 who with him but is a criminal?

At

whilst time's on wing, shall we from day to day,
 is ~~lost~~, this great momentous work delay?
 All all be lost in indolence supine,
 no to-morrow's left for our design?
 When all the present, man so doats upon,
 all the wealth of worlds can buy him one.
 Can make salvation, ere it's past, secure,
 Not all! that endless all! O make it sure!
 Be not thy care whilst there's a doubt remains,
 Consider what the great event ordains;
 Wou'd one light vanity invade the mind,
 Turns to folly all the good design'd;
 Turning vice the yielding breast involves,
 Breaks thy designs, and breaks thy best resolves;
 Even he who lifts a heaven-piercing eye,
 Soon apostize, and his God deny;
 Resolv'd for time mispent we mourn,
 But respited will soon return;
 Prejudices, opinions, rise,
 E-boasted merit reigns, meek virtue flies.
 Quails, disputes, truth's humble maxims scorns,
 Calls religion what opinion forms;
 Rents the seamless garment, but in vain,
 Idol false, religion's yet the same;
 Christ's sacred base the same for ever stands,
 Gospel teaches all that heaven commands.

The

lly provok'd, revenge, and hatred, led
 pale-ey'd envy, rancour'd slander spread.
 m that foul breath of rage what monsters spring,
 pom, as adder's tooth, or scorpion's sting.
 en happy he, unshaken in his trust,
 io dares, in spite of all these ills, be just;
 io bravely ventures to oppose the crowd,
 kes truth his guide, and glorifies his God.
 How indefatigable, how sincere
 e worldling's zeal, for what he holds so dear;
 ibition's airy flight, what laws can bound?
 at depths to gold has sordid av'rice found?
 at walls not ransack'd, sacred, or prophane,
 at guile not practic'd for a mite of gain?
 at is so holy, if it wealth conceal,
 at subtle fraud will not break thro' and steal?
 Men thus debas'd, unconscious of their shame,
 own a God to take his name in vain;
 f to his word, obnoxious to his laws,
 rship-divine, with them's an empty pause;
 the Almighty's mercies, all his love
 acts them not, nor can his warnings move;
 lind the heart, so lost the human soul,
 ear'd the conscience, folly guides the whole.
 when poured from the lips, those solemn vows,
 t Adoration, every mortal owes;

No raging persecution at his door,
 Drags him to judgment, nor destroys his store.

O who might stand that fiery trial now,
 Who quit his All, and keep so strict a vow?
 Who destitute, in misery, disesteem'd,
 Suff'ring, adore the holy name blasphem'd?
 I dare not ask to whom such honour's due,
 Who are that mighty, that selected few;
 Yet, O ye nobler champions of the skies,
 (For can I doubt such chiefs wou'd yet arise)
 Such chiefs there are, yet faithful martyrs fall,
 Where the same God is now confess'd by all;
 Such, clouds of witnesses can testify,
 Now here with us, that saw such martyrs die;
 Ye, more than men, what shall your victory-crown?
 By what distinguish'd power shall ye be known?
 What will he give in worlds invisible,
 Whose laws ye kept, and for whose sake ye fell?

O might this thought sink deep within the soul,
 Might this our pride, our self-lov'd pride, controul;
 Set us above the fear of ills below,
 And to the world true christian valour shew;
 The meanest here might act an equal part,
 The mite's a treasure, when it brings the heart.
 And is't not due to him who gave us birth,
 Implanted life, and form'd us first from earth?

Else

e we'd remain'd in our original,
 rk atoms, uninform'd, insensible ;
 t great the wonder of created man,
 ish'd in heaven, what in dust began ;
 This is the hope of virtue, this its power,
 conquer death, and live for evermore ;
 s, only this, can all his arts beguile,
 I make the seats of desolation smile ;
 d on the soul thro' horror's darkest gloom,
 that eternal state of joys to come ;
 ar the lone paths where sorrows intervene,
 I guard us safely thro' the gulph between,
 light of endless glory close the scene.
 every view what fair-wing'd hopes aspire,
 ghten the bliss, and bring the prospect nigher ;
 I I with glory'd swains immortal shine ?
 I treasures of eternity be mine ?
 en summer smiles no more, nor wint'ry skies,
 d in black storms, nor growling tempests rise ;
 en springs no more their vernal blush assume,
 flow'ry lawns appear, nor verdures bloom ;
 en groves no more their thick'ning alcoves
 spread,
 leafy coverts stretch the sylvan shade ;
 en all as one short transient scene is o'er,
 sun's extinct, and planets roll no more ;
 But

e matter is, ere nature forms them here,
 d must have being when they disappear;
 e elements, and earth, from whence they came,
 not every change receive them back again;
 y may not then the All-Eternal Wife,
 m their own atoms cause the dead to rise?
 ll he not find those scatter'd lost remains,
 I know the members that he first ordains?
 y shou'd this wonder so thy faith destroy?
 w many pass familiar to thy eye?
 list thou ne'er known a winter's freezing powers,
 ail, its snows, and all its northern stores,
 u'dst thou believe the waters tepid stream,
 fix'd as stone, e'er suffer'd such extreme;
 hard'ning where its silent currents pass,
 each congeal'd, becomes a solid mass;
 p crufted now, what in soft fluid run,
 he firm chrystal glittering to the sun.
 Were death and mortal change to thee unknown,
 man in bloom of health and vigour shewn,
 'dst thou believe his form (as sure it must)
 I'd fall to earth, and crumble into dust?
 what sad proofs! And does not this explain,
 n what original his being came?
 plain a demonstration, that from earth
 reatures sprung, all from its womb had birth;
 Man,

Man, only gifted with a higher power,
 Endow'd with reason, form'd for evermore!
 Had he this life alone (vain transient scene)
 Sure brutes might plead more privilege than him.
 Yet thy proud heart wou'd even proofs disown,
 Bold disbelief! says, these are things unknown.
 But why if nature's miracle to thee,
 Wilt thou not credit those that are to be?
 Since the great Author wants not art or power,
 Or to preserve his works, or to restore;
 His word is certain, as his Ways are true,
 He tells us naught but what his hand can do.
 Present discoveries but in part reveal,
 Fond man pursues all heaven and earth conceal;
 Labours incessant, 'striving to explain,
 Their grand Arcana, tempting God in vain;
 Beyond his search those wond'rous schemes extend,
 Nature is more than Art can comprehend;
 He's still a novice in her hidden laws,
 Still the effects appear, but not the cause;
 Shall he in vision thus absorb'd and lost,
 But sleep for ever in his native dust?
 Then, to what end, is man with knowledge curst?
 Lord o'er the brutes, is He himself the worst?

Why all creation so exactly spread,
 By weight, by measure, and proportion made;

Such

h works so plac'd, extensive and sublime,
 sue an Author of this grand design ;
 vens ! hung on nothing, like our earthly ball,
 due dependencies appear thro' all ;
 se worlds ! on worlds ! we know not what
 they are,
 what the mighty center where they bear ;
 sophistry, that subtle art of schools,
 d there's no author, where such order rules ;
 t it consists unguarded, unsustain'd,
 hout beginning and without an end ?
 egulated, plac'd in due degree,
 n orbs immense to the least mite we see.
 n all this various whole, structure divine,
 great incomprehensible design,
 n thro' creation, in each vary'd part,
 t is it but omnipotence of art ?
 what avails us, all this mighty plan,
 work of God, without his love to man ;
 at's deny'd, each mortal's doom'd to mourn,
 ect of ills, and but to misery born ;
 e, in death, how hopeless, how forlorn. }
 n of ambition ! thou that climb'st to fame,
 at immortal honours point'st thy aim,
 reat ! be happy ! push thy views as far
 ough't can soar, or heaven has a star ;
 OL. II. B b Nay

ler of cities, nations, empires, kings,
 I all the whole surrounding scene of things ;
 ut an atom, stated laws retain,
 that broad surface, till it sinks again ;
 hat the bound'ries of extension lye,
 re All encompast with Eternity !
 las ! how narrow then thy vain desires,
 /mean, how wrerched, what thy soul admires?
 : to misery all the golden blaze,
 t wastes thy moments, and delights thy gaze ;
 e religion, blot those future views,
 lon is lost, knowledge its shade pursues ;
 se out that glorious hope, and what remains,
 guilt and woe, anxieties and pains ?
 man ! thy fancy'd pleasures, when enjoy'd,
 at else but evils, chang'd and multiply'd ;
 nce every fatal stream of misery flows,
 aultless source of all our human woes !
 appinefs had ever been our own,
 se shadows of the name had ne'er been known ;
 n with what toil dost thou to ruin run ?
 at ills encounter, but to be undone !
 ere SOME, with rage disdainful, turn'd aside,
 th shew'd their follies, meekness piqued their
 pride ;
 e honour thus expos'd to naked view,
 vok'd revenge, false ever hates the true :

is shatter'd crest, held forth by hoary time,
 nee bore the titled honours of his line;
 lose by his side the gauntlet, and the spear,
 or scraps, and broken shivers, now appear.
 Next, rear'd aloft in yonder tott'ring height,
 headless form gigantic meets the sight;
 llen behind in cruel triumph led,
 group is seen, with wars dire emblems spread;
 : kings, or vanquish'd chieftains, now unknown,
 r savage might, or dint of arms o'erthrown.
 is thus the conqueror, and the conquer'd fall,
 :struction comes with pow'rs that conquer all;
 ch these obscure remains, that yet proclaim,
 ie silent footsteps of departed fame:
 me near! peruse the blotted annals o'er,
 nnals of human vanity and power);
 it with a transient look—but ponder well,
 hat fatal truth, these solemn views reveal.
 rk—there renown'd of old, tall fabricks stood,
 l now by defolating time subdu'd;
 ergrown with weeds each spiral turret lies,
 at with old babel vy'd to reach the skies,
 id once in height of gorgeous splendour shone,
 e gaze of all—, in ages now unknown;
 me's iron hand has all their pride eras'd,
 oke down their tow'rs, and laid their grandeurs
 waste:

Time

for ostentation, that my soul disdains,
 pread the low mansion of my last remains.
 On earth's damp bed, my hoary relics trust,
 Till opening glories wake them from the dust;
 Let be the letter'd scroll unmark'd with fame,
 Ne bad may censure, or the good may blame;
 As! vain pride, why look for honours there,
 Ne grave and worms best shew what mortals are.
 A pleasing anguish from each faded shrine,
 Wakes the mind, and bids our wishes climb;
 Truth's deepest scenes, in death's still haunts appear,
 Epitaphs on all that charms us here;
 Thus read—amidst this filth and rubbish hurl'd,
 The departed glories of the world;
 The wreck of beings that extends to all,
 The gulph, in which the sinking ages fall.
 Perhaps amidst this desert, waste and drear,
 Some lost, some sleeping friend demands a tear;
 Now learned, how great, how good—left to decay,
 Sociates loved, with kindred snatched away;
 Some familiars once, to science known,
 Whom we read, and mark the letter'd stone;
 How does the mind recal past freedoms o'er?
 How weep their memory, when they breathe no
 more?

O'er

egions ! all future from the present hide,
 immense unknown, that mocks the stoics pride.
 Here some, perhaps, that clad in ruins lye,
 have view'd these walks with contemplations eye;
 arch'd like us, now, this dreary desert o'er,
 and mourn'd the friend or parent gone before;
 we in these charnels trac'd their native line,
 and with the hasty travellers of time,
 they meet, and in the deep'ning havock join ;
 thro' life's mortal track we take our way,
 pursue its end, and hasten to decay ;
 on what these are, what we lamenting see,
 (others wept) even we ourselves shall be ;
 why should we then with pining grief deplore,
 soon must follow, where we're known no more!
 Hail ! hail ! all hail Inhabitants below,
 long lost in these rude wilds of sin and woe ;
 I scatter'd atoms of the midnight gloom,
 partner to your viewless shades I come,
 here life's poor pilgrim casts his burthen down,
 and worms embrace the brow that wore a crown ;
 where are ye monarchs ? where ye splendid trains ?
 these lone courts what silent darkness reigns !
 here weary'd vassals, friendless and distressed,
 from once yespurn'd, lye down with you and rest :
 OL. II. C c Nor

Hide, hide them earth—! O hide in deepest shade,
 these vales of death, where all this havock's made,
 you'd nature draw the sable veil aside,
 That scenes in view, of perish'd human pride,
 what a chaos of confusion there,
 you'd those fall'n glories of the world appear ;
 That clouds of noxious vapours wou'd ascend,
 That lonesome desarts to the eye extend,
 you wou'd affrighted mortals, thus beset,
 lament the ghastly horrors of their fate,
 and shudd'ring nations stand appal'd with dread,
 to see the mangled captives, death has laid ;
 that dark haunted maze, they soon must tread. }
 you wou'd world-wasting tyrants fly the gloom,
 that open'd thus, to their approaching doom,
 as the swift transient shadow, lost and gone,
 sink in those ruins, late they walk'd upon ;
 despis'd by all, the coward, and the brave, }
 the vilest miscreant, or the meanest slave, }
 whose hasty footsteps spurn the tyrants' grave. }
 thus ends the horrid spoiler's dreaded power ;
 cast out as dung, laid waste, and seen no more.

If heaving sighs that from his bosom stole,
 tray'd the inward anguish of his soul:
 illd perturbation, such as guilt must feel,
 came at last too mighty to conceal;
 When he, as urgent grief flow utterance gain'd,
 Broken accents thus address'd his friend,
 Oh! thou ALPHENOR, heavens! What am I?
 What all my glories?—ELEMOS must die!
 Death's lonesome track my busy thoughts pursue,
 Fictions of death for ever haunt my view.
 Ah, what is life, if thus the fam'd, the great,
 Must be consign'd to this dark forlorn state?
 Where spleen, perplexing doubt, and restless fear,
 Urk'd the sad sequel with a silent tear.
 When young ADRASTUS, meek and gentle swain,
 Came for his cares, and sympathiz'd his pain;
 Who pitying, saw the vanquish'd chief distress'd,
 With weight of wo that cou'd not be express'd;
 By trying subjects of the day declin'd,
 Comfort with novel song his anxious mind;
 And thus revers'd, what true experience taught,
 His fancy vague in speculative thought.
 From these lone seats of solitary wo,
 Sent and sad, since heaven ordains it so;
 Hast HERMAS yet suspends his sacred lore,
 To subject new amuse the present hour;

Let

f millions, plac'd on every diff'rent sphere,
 as light's shining orbs to us appear;
 as or height, or distance, close the gloom,
 some may seem a star, to some a moon;
 they with prying search look out to find,
 hat fills this globe, or for what end design'd;
 id if such race of beings shou'd be there,
 ey may be mortals, tho' not like us here;
 ortals with stronger powers, or wisdom blest,
 all yon starry-visible possess;
 here in a purer clime each brighter form,
 y feel no change, for long duration born;
 it whilst those fair elucient orbs shall last,
 main, and live till heaven and earth's laid waste;
 t sure if heaven and earth shall be consum'd,
 they contain to equal fate are doom'd;
mortal must arise, what e'er has been,
 om living powers that *Mortal* ne'er has seen.
 at art can trace thro' all that went before,
 who can dark Futurity explore?
 io can secure this momentary breath,
 who withstand the fatal hand of death?
 us all the record that we can attain,
 ut the era when our race began.
 ere that, did nature in its embryo sleep,
 d life lie quench'd in death's lone shadowy deep?

Till

Why might not these first messengers of God,
 From some sun-glitt'ring orb, have their abode,
 Or in the distant azures of the sky,
 Regions remote to gazing mortal's eye?
 How know we their rank, existence, or their birth?
 What intercourse they hold with heaven or earth?
 Their state, their orders, can we comprehend?
 How know we how far their active pow'rs extend?
 Are they like us, to one small spot confin'd?
 Are life's short views, the limits of their mind?
 Quick as our thought, may their pure beings move;
 Who knows their essence? who the space they rove?
 As the will, perhaps they soar and live,
 And look on more than thoughts of men conceive;
 Or are these speculations here on earth
 Impugnant, or to reason, or to faith.

How rose that lonesome deep, whence chaos
 Sprung,

Forb'd in night, ere choral cherubs sung
 Mans to creation, when almighty power,
 Stretch'd infinite, in regions hid before;
 The heaven's and earth, when shining wonders
 Blaz'd,

To' wide expanse, from one huge ruin rais'd:
 As it some black'ning gulph, of darkness spread
 To space unknown, or night-born ocean's bed?

Vol. II.

D d

Void

See, sea-bred shells, deep hid by inland hills,
 Petrified preserv'd, what wrecks the ground conceals;
 Why thro' the earth's coagulated veins,
 Mayn't subterraneous rivers spread their streams,
 From sea to sea, thro' hidden channels flow,
 Or center in capacious lakes below?
 What is it to the vale or mountain brings
 Thus filter'd from their source) these briny springs?
 From whence those salts, in broken stratas hurl'd?
 Were they not once in ocean's liquid world?
 Might not its waters leave their saline mass,
 Drain'd thro' the rocky syphons, where they pass?
 When in deep gulphs the shaken earth divides,
 Whence rise those new canals, those unknown tides?
 Are they the fountains of the mighty deep,
 Thus broken up? Those floods what cisterns keep?
 If ask'd, what this terrestrial globe contains
 Within itself? The secret who explains?
 That strange mysterious sojourn, Who can shew?
 What science ever reach'd those realms below?
 Earth's center who can penetrate or sound?
 Who search the stratas of that deep profound?
 Layn't its huge surface as an arch extend,
 O'er other orbs? Who knows its destin'd end?
 Or why such vast consolidated mass,
 But to support the tribes of human race?

If this was but a world renew'd for man,
 Why, when destroy'd, may it not be again,
 Refin'd and model'd by the Hand divine,
 Or happier bliss, and pleasures more sublime.
 Since there's a promise tells us at the end,
 Jew heavens, and new earth shall be ordain'd;
 Inexhaustible great original!

Who knows thy works! eternal source of all!

Arise proud mortal! tell me what sustains
 Those mighty worlds in yon cerulean plains;
 Creation! wond'rous plan, thou work divine;
 Whence rose thy fabricks? whence such vast design?
 Whilst God in ample space those structures hung,
 Amaz'd, the sons of morning! prais'd and sung;
 Heaven's hierarchy, their new hymns compose,
 All hail'd this fair creation as it rose;
 Saw the dark concave, late a void of night,
 Lum'd and fill'd with colonies of light!
 Orbs, in ascending systems, rang'd on high,
 Array'd with glowing lustre beam'd the sky:
 Whither extends magnificence divine?
 Lord of the whole, what provinces are thine?
 With fear and awe, I shudder to behold,
 Such pond'rous space, in distant orbits roll'd;
 Dreadful each globous mass that wheels its course,
 What cou'd oppose its gravity and force?

What

he hosts of heavenly powers obey thy nod,
 pro' all, thy will commands—All own their God,
 I know their purpose, answer to their end,
 except frail man, none vary, none offend.
 Cou'd we the heights of vast creation soar,
 and trace its ample fields of wonder o'er;
 the shining spheres, that light yon ether round,
 unknown extent, unsearchable profound:
 worlds, that in remotest distance glow,
 read fathomless to earth, and all below:
 they must wax old, and as a garment fade,
 and thro' the whole, their burning ruins spread;
 this six-days work of God! those fabrics round,
 run from their orbits, when that trump shall
 sound;
 whirl'd dreadful headlong thro' the void of space,
 massive havoc, end their destin'd race.
 When thus from high those pond'rous globes
 are driven,
 and dreadful tumult shakes the powers of heaven;
 and deep'ning groans, and length'ning trains of
 fire,
 the fate's last doom, and death in flames expire:
 what frightful conflagration will it raise,
 worlds to worlds unite their kindling blaze;
 VOL. II. E e When

ations and ages, all that live on earth,
 If that have pass'd the gloomy vale of death;
 Angels, and spirits, as their orders rise,
 If those bright hosts, that fill their native skies;
 If Almighty's self, with awful judgment come,
 To summon all, and pass the final doom;
 O range! glorious! terrible—what joy! what fear!
 What a bar must mortals now appear!
 Say, shall we then (when thus prepar'd to know,
 Ght's fairest bliss, or blackest depths of woe;)
 d, with salute of love, each social friend,
 Welcome to joys, he's ready to ascend?
 all we behold, and know the good, the just,
 ne intimates, rais'd glorious from the dust?
 all we with glowing rapture, spring to greet
 e long lost parent; as again we meet?
 all we with nobler friendship be endu'd,
 low, and be known, amidst such multitude?
 all I long left a captive to the tomb,
 silent dissolution lost, and gone,
 eak loose from death, and find a world to come,
 all I then live, when all's extinguish'd here,
 I that does now to mortal view appear;
 ren all that knowledge, science, art can show,
 I we discern above, or find below;

All that does now to mortal view appear;
 ren all that knowledge, science, art can show,
 I we discern above, or find below;

Eternal first Existence, uncreate,
 Which no circumference bounds, no numbers date;
 Yet see the mite of earth, presumptuous man!
 Measuring the whole in life's contracted span;
 Thinks his conception has by knowledge brought
 Th' Almighty's plan within the verge of thought.
 Dares criticize, dispute, and ridicule,
 From dust and ashes form'd, dregs of the whole,
 Assumes to teach JEHOVAH how to rule;
 Limits his powers within a certain sphere,
 As if he knew not of our actions here;
 But like frail man of some few things possess,
 Busy'd with them must overlook the rest.
 Back he computes the years what thousands past,
 Nor time, nor seasons change, nor earth's laid waste,
 Then thus concludes, the whole must ever last.
 Alas! poor ant! these limited decrees
 Are all thy knowledge learns, or wisdom fees;
 But who his works can date, or their decay,
 A thousand years to him's as yesterday;
 Can thy chronology with these descend,
 From their beginning, to their stated end?
 Those wond'rous buildings, know'st thou what
 they are,
 Or when the system'd whole may want repair?

How

Immeasurable space, who can survey?
 Spread without limit, fix'd beyond decay;
 How shall a mortal's ken discern the pole,
 Center of all? 'Where terminates the whole?
 Incomprehensive maze to mortal sight!
 Beyond all length, or breadth, or depth, or
 height;

Those measur'd points as they to us appear,
 Lost in profound, bear no idea here.
 What then to thee, All-perfect! All-divine!
 Are days, or months, or years of scanty time?
 As heaven's unbounded powers thy will obey,
 And at thy word pursue their destin'd way;
 In every moment, thro' their vast unknown,
 What wonders open! what a work is done!
 Immensity in motion every where,
 Thro' every world, thro' every vary'd sphere
 Spread universal, by supreme decree,
 Thro' all abyssal infinite to thee!

What vast extent of wonders crowd the soul!
 What but Eternity can reach the whole?
 Am I then form'd by that tremendous power?
 What do I see! what do my thoughts explore?
 What do these awful views, these prospects mean,
 Whither yet leads the ever opening scene?

All o'er their massy regions, light and shade,
 In checquer'd show, amazing prospects spread :
 Is this a country, that some oceans stream,
 Or else from objects by reflection seen ?
 Or are the phantoms on the phase of each capacious globe,
 Seem vast dominions ! who has there abode ?
 What those thin glooms, in different shapes appear,
 In air, or clouds, can these be atmosphere ?
 Or regnant with humid mists, or rains, or snow,
 Or nitrous frost, like our gross climes below ?
 What yonder monstrous world-involving flame,
 That hither-ward directs its sweeping train,
 Emitting blaze, that distant skies illumines ;
 With horrid glare, still bright'ning as it comes ?
 Whirl'd in its burning vortex (direful glow !)
 What streaming fires, what smoaky torrids flow !
 What rising Comet, that with scorching ray,
 thro' the immense of æther takes its way ;
 Dreadful appearance ! lighted by what fan,
 Thus burns thy heat ! from what far region come ;
 What azure heights thy dusky vapours shade,
 What leagues of space, thy conflagrations spread !
 Or to what deep recess, what unknown skies,
 From hence remote, thy revolution lyes ?
 Great Architect ! how pow'rful thy decrees,
 What awful, strange phenomenon, are these ?
 Vol. II. F f Yet

Celestial empires! Whither do ye guide?
 What new discoveries from your further side;
 Far opening into other wonders; shine,
 Kingdoms extending to the verge of time?

If nations here! Whence do those nations rise?
 Or heaven-born, or natives of these skies;
 With them does sin, or want, or woe appear?
 Disease and death, do they e'er ransack here?
 All hail! ye tenants of these fair abodes,
 Or angel-born, or delegated gods!
 Ye borderers on the hallow'd climes of bliss,
 E'er saw ye the Creator as He is?
 Have ye your sojourns to that land unknown?
 Visit ye those that worship at his throne?
 Souls of the just, in their celestial light,
 Nay, pass they by your provinces of flight?
 Behold ye universal nature's plan?
 Know ye our race, or heard ye e'er of man?
 High rank'd in glory, from the dust his birth,
 Know ye of his low residence, call'd earth?
 A globe, enlighten'd with a distant sun,
 And roll'd beneath a planetary moon;
 This gilds the hours of night with silver rays,
 And that with brighter radiance gilds the days;
 A system wide, with worlds (enthron'd in height)
 The sun's resplendent lustre fills with light;

Forgive me, gracious heaven ! Thee I implore,
 I humb'd to dust, may I that God adore :
 If now indulg'd awhile to linger here,
 In upper climes, so distant from my sphere ;
 If towering thought on this tremendous height,
 Can keep its hold, and view these fields of light,
 'Tis'd on the summit, let me gaze to see
 Earth's huge revolving orb ! Where can it be !
 Alas ! 'tis lost ! from hence it moves unseen,
 Where rolls its atom in yon blue serene ?
 O kingdoms ! oceans ! empires ! world of man !
 Where now thy place in the Almighty's plan ?
 Alas ! the glorious sun that gives thee light,
 (If hither seen) appears a star of night !
 Where in earth's hidden point those fields of blood
 Where heroes strive, and mighty lie subdu'd ?
 Where the attending trains, and festal car
 That wait the great, do they at all appear ?
 Where lurks that grub of earth ? Let me behold
 That worship's gain, and roots his hope from Gold ;
 Where now ambition ? Where thy sons of pride ?
 How small a speck thy out-stretch'd prospects hide !
 Who can the vary'd tumult hence discern ?
 None from those heights but heaven's all-piercing
 eye.

Alas

Night brooding darkness, fills us with surprize,
 New objects croud, new apprehensions rise;
 Without hope, what scenes of black despair,
 What to support, who cou'd such miseries bear!
 When all those ghastly fears so long fore-known,
 Centre in death, and all our days are gone?
 We're unacquainted, with that God of pow'r,
 O vengeance doom'd, when vice can charm
 no more;
 Now dark the woes of that decisive hour.

But look, ye blest, ye heaven's elected few,
 That glory, love, and mercy, wait for you;
 The world and life go down, in endless rest,
 Your morning dawns, and all your sorrow's past:
 Your long Desir'd appears! the God of love,
 Repairs your seats, in happy fields above;
 Omnipotence, attentive to your prayer,
 Supports and protects you, with a parent's care.
 Blissful change! adieu to all below,
 And up to joys, the blest alone can know;
 That may express those secret comforts given
 By his last views, whose faith is fix'd in heav'n:
 His steady mind, the world cou'd ne'er deprave,
 His better wisdom, shines beyond the grave;
 That brings thee peace, past understanding here,
 Peace, the world can't give, nor all that's there;
Blessing

B O O K XV.

HERE thro' the DELIAN THRONGS, that list'n-
ing gaz'd,

Incommon zeal, both grief and transport rais'd;
Some sigh'd conviction, some with joy receiv'd
The sacred truths, consented, and believ'd;
All seem'd affected, all with HERMAS clos'd,
But pleasure, wealth, and int'rest, still oppos'd.
Again he spoke.—Tho' truth cannot prevail,
Yet hear these warnings, as my last farewell:
Unconvinc'd there is a future doom,
Repine, and careless of a life to come!
Remember, in that last important hour,
When nature droops, and truth can warn no more;
Remember! yes, ye shall! HERMAS foretold
These rising woes, and warn'd you thus of old;
Warn'd you, ye great! to trust in God alone,
Warn'd ye, whilst time was yours, ere yet undone;
Warn'd *you* likewise, ye indigent, and poor,
Now to be rich, and live for evermore!
Warn'd All to make immortal life their choice,
To fly from wo, and shun the paths of vice;

Will ye not, DELIANS! join this humble prayer;
 Will ye not hearken? Will ye not beware?
 See life and death before you! 'tis your own,
 To be for ever happy, or undone:
 Then why in doubt? Why not to heaven resign'd?
 Why wavering thus? Why so unfix'd the mind?
 Since life is offer'd, death ye may refuse,
 Is it so nice a scruple which to choose?

Mortal! resolve, ere evening close thy day,
 Thy answer, man! admits of no delay;
 Whilst thou art musing which shall be embrac'd,
 Swift time's on wing, this hour may be thy last.
 If heaven's thy choice, the present Now secure,
 And catch the moments ere they are no more.
 I rest it here, I cannot force thy will,
 If so resolv'd, thou may'st be impious still;
 Knew I a means to set thy reason free,
 Or cou'd I more, it shou'd be done for thee;
 But sure, if truth and virtue can't prevail,
 To turn the heart, my weak essay must fail.

And will ye, DELIANS! every grace deride,
 To follow vice, and heaven itself avoid?
 Long have ye stood attentive to my theme,
 All hear with patience, all affected seem,
 In looks, and gestures, as convinc'd appear,
 I know your wish, O was that wish sincere!

refusing wisdom's ever at a loss,
 to reconcile the manger and the cross.
Saviour! what! betray'd and crucify'd?
 Now this affronts the haughty sceptic's pride;
 All high ambition from its greatness fall,
 And level man to his original *;
 All boasted honour! stoop to bend the knee,
 Of adoration, to humility;
 Meekness, long expos'd to ridicule,
 Like him the jest of every laughing fool?
 With a scorn the sons of folly plead,
 To claim reproof, on gospel precepts tread.
 Men's persons, these in admiration hold,
 For interest sake, nor worship God, but gold;
 The world's their idol, where their treasure lies,
 The heart's the altar, soul the sacrifice;
 His first oppos'd, free mercy's gospel-plan,
 Still in rebellion holds mistaken man.
 This is the very curse, that from on high,
 The son of God descended to destroy;
 Sink, fancy'd great! to what ye condescend,
 What shame your pride, what vanity its end.
 Rise with candour, these known truths and see,
 What pretence ye hold your dignity:

Look

Shalt thou with joy relinquish for thy God,
 And on those plains secure thy last abode ;
 When thus resigned, thy fame, thy treasure's gone,
 Thy heart shall glow with rapture yet unknown.

And thou *Armathean*, born of princely line,
 Great on the Jesian shores, such lot is thine ;
 Thou too, for heaven shalt quit thy native land,
 Where once in regal state, thy fathers reign'd.
 Such HERMAS was, cou'd boast of equal line,
 In realms where now another people shine,
 Shine, if by savage pow'r, relentless man,
 To greatness climbs, and ruin builds his fame :
 Those happy regions once, are scenes of blood,
 Fill'd with barbarian spoilers, fierce and rude ;
 Where persecuted virtue flies and mourns,
 Religion's banish'd, and its votry burns.
 On every side what rapine and distress,
 Those conqu'rors spread, nor mis'ry finds redress ;
 What dreadful squadrons, brought from foreign
 climes,

To ravage there, extend their hostile lines ;
 How the fall'n natives, helpless and undone,
 Fly to thy wilds, and lost in desarts groan ;
 Drove from their country, like the Hebrew-race,
 Whose scatter'd tribes, we thro' all kingdoms trace.

Beyond the eastern states, those regions lie,
 Behind the farthest Indian monarchy ;

Is

Where

ALTENOR! thou shalt yet these fields adorn,
 And call forth virtue in its brightest form,
 Truth shall direct thy age, and teach thy tongue
 The sacred lessons that inspire my song;
 ACARIAN SHEPHERDS, as they live and love,
 Shall thy examples quicken and improve.

Once in thy DELIAN Seat, an exile stray'd,
 From vice, from folly, and his country fled;
 (HIEROPHILUS by name) with thee convers'd,
 Till sacred friendship glōw'd in either's breast;
 Thou too wou'dst listen to his moral tales,
 With social pleasures, yet that thought prevails.
 Oft in the secret grove, or near the stream,
 That murmur'd by, whilst nature gave the
 theme;

Retire from blaze of courts to sit with Him.

Whilst youthful science spread its copious page,
 In various subjects wou'd ye oft engage;
 Till bright exalted virtue reach'd the ear,
 Then how intent thy thought, how pleas'd to hear.
 How oft, or arm in arm, or 'neath the hill,
 Or spreading beech, or seated by the rill;
 Or when the noon-day beams have scorch'd the glade,
 Have ye (fast hast'ning to the inmost shade)
 In solace sweet the pleasing hours beguil'd,
 And rov'd, delighted, thro' each flow'ry wild.

But all was open, candid, just and free,
 Without reserve, yet all humility ;
 Each spoke unfeign'd, the language of his heart,
 Flattery or partial interest had no part.
 Such is pure friendship, such, and such alone,
 Then to how few is real friendship known !
 What worthy deeds thy faithful mind pursues,
 How glorious, how exalted are thy views ;
 The glooms of life, what mingling graces cheer,
 Grief cannot wound, nor hardship be severe ;
 Whilst each unbosoms every secret thought,
 Their joys return, and pleasures comes unsought ;
 From secret cares, the drooping heart relieves,
 Unburthens life, and spreads content, and ease ;
 Friendship ! on thee what heavenly gifts descend,
 What mutual comforts flow, from friend to friend ;
 Sacred delights, with harmony and love,
 Unite their souls, and all their joys improve ;
 Intainted with the fordid views below,
 Friendship ! how few can reach, how few can know ?
 Here check'd with tears, again ALTENOR ceas'd,
 Then fill'd with joy, again his friend embrac'd :
 Silence profound, the list'ning audience kept,
 All sympathiz'd, and even DELIANS wept !
 Each wish'd himself in such a union blest,
 Each felt the same emotions in his breast ;

Each

Lost as a pilgrim, wander'd in distress,
 Sigh'd forth my wants, and mourn'd my wretch-
 edness;
 Grief, care, and anguish, ever pierc'd my soul,
 Fear, dread companion, follow'd gloom, and dole;
 Till near the borders of those happy plains,
 Pensive wander'd, where the chearful swains
 With sacred transport tun'd their grateful lays,
 In rural hymns to their Creator's praise;
 The charming prospects fill'd my breast with joy;
 And every wish'd-for comfort blest the eye;
 There in a deep sequester'd vale unknown,
 I sought retreat to meditate alone;
 Reason'd on being, and our mortal state,
 Trac'd man in every labyrinth of fate;
 Labour'd by this some certain point to gain,
 Where hope might fix, but all my search was vain;
 In vain amidst those hidden secrets toil'd,
 Knowledge as more it search'd, was more beguil'd;
 The solemn school-men's rules discovery boast,
 They lead us in, but are in errors lost;
 Infix'd, and unresolv'd, I still remain'd,
 Fate was unknown, and truth was unexplain'd;
 I study'd morals, read some fables o'er,
 These left me undetermin'd as before;

Trac'd

But in a moss-green vale, alone I liv'd,
 And by the mellow'd fruits my wants reliev'd.
 HIEROPHILUS! blest guide, what do I see!
 To practice virtue how we're brought to thee;
 On these blest plains, what various people meet,
 Improv'd by thee, here wisdom claims its seat;
 What happy views my glowing wishes raise,
 Happy with thee, to end my future days.
 When HERMAS thus—ye DELIAN throng, and ye
 ACARIAN swains,
 Or known, or strangers, that frequent these plains,
 Age checks my pow'rs, and warns me of my fate:
 Life must resign, it cannot pass its date;
 When I'm no more, whilst yet ALTENOR lives,
 Revere his virtues, he on truth believes;
 He, school'd in wisdom, and of faithful mind,
 Is an example for your lives design'd:
 Of faith unfeign'd, and of a heart sincere,
 Ordain'd by heav'n, to be a patriarch here.
 Now let me seek retirement, HERMAS goes,
 In peaceful shades, to take a long repose;
 How great the work, what awful views appear,
 When the last solemn close of time draws near:
 O thou creator! thou supreme above!
 Didst thou not shew thy mercy and thy love?

VOL. II. *THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF ALI*

Desires were baffled, inward fear, and mean,
 Not all the powers of vice cou'd overcome ;
 Till plung'd again in all the wild abyss,
 Blind passions cou'd suggest, or fancy wish.
 Some with such resolution seem'd inspir'd,
 Virtue awhile they honour'd and admir'd ;
 Till present things regain'd their former power,
 And truth and virtue were esteem'd no more.
 Others, with fix'd resolve, to heaven resign'd,
 Vow'd future strictness both in heart and mind ;
 Truth and experience deep impress'd, prevail'd
 In vain, or pleasures, wealth, or pomp assail'd.
 When thus the crowd (by various ways dispers'd)
 In loud dispute, or joyful, or distress,
 Departed from the plains, I saw no more,
 A stranger left to wander, as before :
 Of fruits (for various fruits in plenty grew)
 I pluck'd, and eat the grapes of purple hue ;
 Then o'er the pleasing prospects rov'd alone,
 The countries various, and the paths unknown,
 Till by a silver stream, embrown'd with shade,
 Beneath the gloom that spreading poplars made,
 ACARIAN SHEPHERDS, after noon-tide hour,
 In social converse o'er their native store,
 With rural tales, prolong'd their cool repast,
 Now reason loud, and now the banquet taste.
One

Compos'd to rest, as from a rushing sound,
 With sudden violence all shook around ;
 When on yon hither down, me thought I stood
 To watch the flocks, that cropt their flowery food ;
 Far in the East a bursting glory spread,
 Quick as it came the humid vapours fled :
 Lo ! there enfolded in a beamy cloud,
 (Whence streams of light in sparkling radiance
 glow'd)

A sage appear'd, thron'd in the shining height,
 Striking his splendors thro' the dun of night ;
 Innumerable orders round him plac'd,
 Close lin'd his way, and hail'd him as he past ;
 And sure, ye shepherds ! each remembers well
 ADULMO's fate, and how young POLLIO fell ;
 These, ray'd in light, tho' distant, I beheld,
 Each likeness plain, as when they watch'd the field.
 These seem'd to triumph, but with awe amaz'd,
 Looking to heaven, worship'd, sung, and prais'd ;
 The sage more bright, in purer æther shone,
 Till near approach had join'd their blaze in one.

O how my soul ! or did, or seem'd to sing,
 The lost restor'd, and set each thought on wing ;
 The eye in rapt'rous gaze, blest with delight,
 Fix'd my attention on that glory'd height ;

But

To whom the next reply'd ; bleſs us ye pow'rs,
 That know our fate, and know its deſtin'd hours ;
 Protect us, heav'nly ſhepherd ! watch thy ſwains,
 O why ſuch ſigns on theſe ACARIAN PLAINS !
 Whiſt I on ARNA'S mountains watch'd my ſheep,
 For ſuch it ſeem'd, tho' I was lock'd in ſleep ;
 Beneath that clump of pines, near yonder ſtream,
 Where nature's ſylvan charms adorn the ſcene.
 'Twas on thoſe hallow'd ſoils, we've oft been told,
 Our fathers met thoſe awful forms of old
 In holy viſion ; when ſome new command,
 Th' Almighty ſent, or wonders were at hand ;
 Or friends deceitful, wander'd to betray,
 And ſet their pow'rs to make theſe climes their
 prey :

Some angel gueſt ! ſoft ray'd in brightneſs there,
 To ſhepherd oft a heav'nly meſſenger ;
 In eaſy converſe, ſecret things reveal'd,
 And by the ſwains undreaded, walk'd the field.
 Ah bleſt communion ! when thus ſocial join'd,
 The heav'nly beings talk'd with human kind :
 Oft thoſe celeſtial viſitants came down,
 To ASTROPHIL, ere virtue here was known ;
 Till pious ſhepherds, thro' each ſecret ſhade,
 Where'er they paſs'd, beheld them undiſmay'd ;

f we offend, Lord! let us know thy will,
To thee we fly, be thou our safety still.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Alas! how vain this mortal state,
What miscellany is our fate!
It's but an essay all we do,
And all we know is essay too.

O join ye shepherds! join in prayer,
To Him whose property we are;
Implore his mercies, sing his praise,
Whose wisdom numbers out our days.

He gives us health, and ease, and rest,
He gives those blessings here possesst;
All things are destin'd to his will,
All in their course his word fulfil.

All that excels our knowledge here,
All signs or visions that appear;
Or angels bright, on errand sped,
That haunt the fountain, lawn, or shade.

What e'er can happen, still must be,
By his permission, or decree;

What does the whole of life imply,
But this grave lesson, *learn to die.*

If vice and folly (fwains!) we shun,
Death cannot sting, His will be done;
Truth in the soul will ever bloom,
And virtue triumph o'er the tomb.

Now from their dasy'd seats, the shepherds rose,
Some fought their flocks, some still retirement chose,
When back o'er field, or plain, or hill, or dale,
With hasty steps I fought ALTENOR'S vale;
Intent ere Eve in dewy shades came on,
To reach his grot, and meditate alone.

When young ALEXIS (he that in the bow'r,
Where shepherds hymn'd, had welcom'd me before)
And AREDON (with that fair cottage blest,
Where he receiv'd me as an evening guest):
With other fwains, but fwains to me unknown,
Pass'd towards a village, on the bord'ring down;
Each quickly hail'd me, with a courteous smile,
Such as true friendship gives, that knows no guile;
When AREDON, benevolent of heart,
Stranger to partial views, or selfish art;
Kindly address me, as a social friend,
Enquir'd my welfare—what had entertain'd?

What

Of bleating sheep, set free at fultry moon,
 In scatter'd rows, wide up the mountains roam,
 Or dry and whiten on the airy hill,
 Or flow'r-gilt plain, that decks the winding rill;
 The shearing next demands the shepherds care,
 When busy nymphs the rural feast prepare.

So those by whom the fertile glebes are till'd;
 (Their ripen'd harvest gather'd from the field)
 Repeat the solemn mirth, all join in praise,
 To him whose hand did those free blessings raise,

Thro' all ACARIAS distant plains around,
 At seasons due, these sacred rites abound;
 But from each neighbouring vill, or hamlet nigh,
 Where HERMAS dwells, they come with shouts
 of joy,

And tuneful song, leave flocks, or quit the team,
 To celebrate these annual gifts with him;
 All met, they one loud hallelujah join,
 Then hail each others blifs in odes divine;
 The sylvan banquet spread, each takes his seat;
 And kindred tribes, with social welcomes greet:
 Glory to God! grand chorus ends the feast,
 For all his bounteous gifts, ador'd and blest.

Thus are we come, prepared with songful lay,
 To hail our chief, and keep a festive day:

All

Yet them it meant, for we explain the theme,
Such mortals are by due reflection seen.

Thus did I reason with the swains I met,
And oft wou'd some remember'd phrase repeat,
By HERMAS spoke, forgetting him their guide,
To whom my weak reflections were apply'd ;
Still prais'd his precepts, told how he inspir'd
ALTENOR'S breast, with whom he thence retir'd ;
ALTENOR ! (each repeated) mighty name !

This is the DELIAN CHIEF so known to fame ;
Then told his power, his wealth, his hist'ry, all
His noble birth, his great original :
How oft of late, flow wand'ring o'er the green,
With scrip and crook he'd been by many seen ;
Then gave this reason for his present state,
He flies from fame and grandeur, to be great ;
Now, as a forlorn stranger, hither come,
In some ACARIAN cot to find his home ;
And spend each future day, by heaven bestow'd,
In rural life, devoted to his God :

Yet, tenant to some unfrequented shade,
His food ripe wildlings, and the moss his bed ;
Has liv'd alone, nor sought in hamlets near
For some abode, nor joins the shepherds here.

Whilst thus with new surmize, and kind debate,
They told his former, guess'd his present state ;

All with one lamentation mourn'd his end,
 All thus exclaim'd, O HERMAS! O our Friend!
 Whilst thy blest shade in some new glory reigns,
 What growing anguish spreads our mournful plains!
 Ah! where thy wonted presence cheer'd the field,
 Where we so late, our guide, our chief beheld;
 Where thou, lov'd Patriarch! by a life divine,
 In precept and example mad'st us thine;
 Now but like desert wilds to us appear,
 Since never more to see our HERMAS there.
 How oft at thee the active soul took wing,
 Those happy hours what sad reflections bring;
 How deep they wound, with care, distress, and pain,
 Remember'd bliss! that ne'er can be again.
 To him each shepherd, as his soul, was dear;
 To all his heart was love, his love sincere;
 His life, his care, his time, were all bestow'd
 More to advance the glory of his God!
 In each familiar labour he was one,
 And with our daily toils encreas'd his own;
 Mixing each burthen'd care with sweet delight,
 That promis'd rest in glories infinite;
 Or looking o'er our flocks, and drawing thence
 Some casual reasoning on Omnipotence;
 Some beauty unobserv'd, some blessing new,
 That ever claim'd our thanks and praises due;

At noon-tide hour, oft hast'ning from the plain,
 To shades and groves, wou'd lead the shepherd train;
 There to expatiate on the hand divine,
 How glorious round creation's wonders shine;
 Th' Almighty's parent work! life, fun and soul,
 Prime cause of all, grand centre of the whole:
 Till they with adoration prais'd aloud,
 Confess'd his love, and glorify'd their God.

In evening walks, when falling glooms appear,
 That tell the solemn pause of darkness near;
 When sleep of death's night-boding ills forewarn'd,
 And ling'ring shepherds from the fields return'd;
 His love embrac'd them, with its wonted smile,
 Reliev'd their daily cares, and chear'd their toils
 Compos'd their minds, bad all their troubles cease,
 And clos'd the eve, with harmony and peace.

Soon as he saw nights stary splendors rise,
 Wou'd open wond'rous lectures on the skies:
 How all those vary'd orbs, in circuits move,
 Thro' certain heights, what distances they rove:
 Dispos'd and govern'd by the hand divine,
 Witness of his Omnipotence they shine!
 How lighted up by his amazing pow'r,
 They show his wisdom, teach us to adore;
 His views sublime, so charm'd the list'ning ear,
 Each in attention seem'd translated there.

How

Commit the sacred burthen to its dust,
 And with the grave his hoary relics trust;
 The day shall shine, when from yon ample skies,
 Call'd forth to life, they will in glory rise.

This said, in social trains they took their way,
 Ere whiles they wept, then sung some mournful
 lay.

I seem'd to follow, but 'twas fancy led,
 As I pursu'd, the wand'ring vision fled;
 Then wak'd, as from a trance, with pensive sigh,
 I look'd around to see if any nigh;
 Again return'd to act life's drudgeries o'er,
 Mix'd with the crowd, and saw the swains no more.

The story done, anxious PHILÆMON yet,
 Attentive gaz'd, whilst LINUS silent sat:

Till thus:—

If aught I've told deserves PHILÆMON's care,
 Then think with me, think, what we mortals are;
 Why should one earthly wish disturb the mind,
 Why are we not to heav'n alone resign'd,
 So soon must leave this present all behind. }

Time makes no pause, death steals with silence on,
 Fell savage like, he kills and pities none;
 Then whilst vain trifles heedless man ensnare,
 Let us, (my friend!) let us, in time beware;

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